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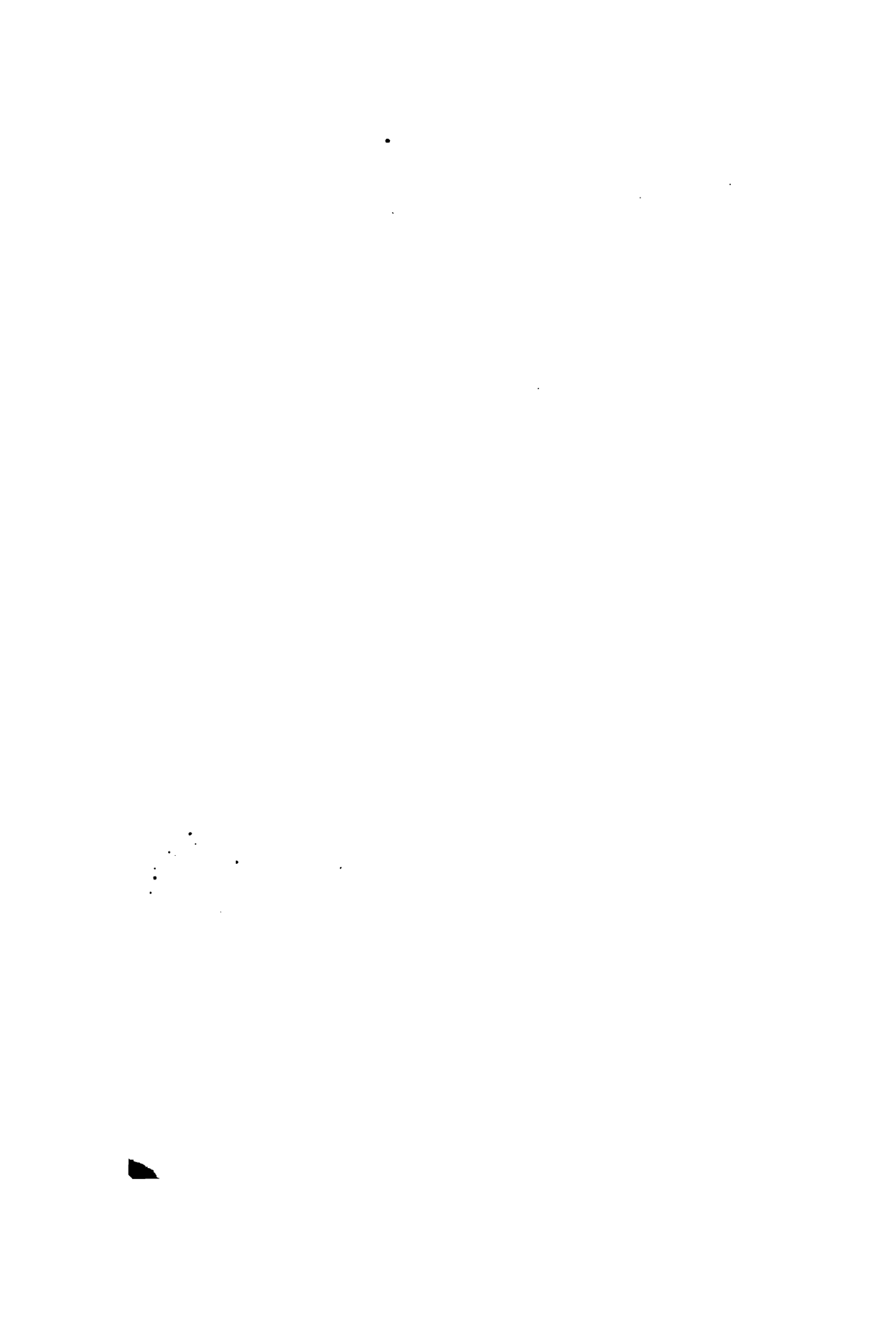
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WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ELOPEMENT.

I.

AMONGST the motley collection of English, residents and visitors, that congregate in what we are apt to think the most crowded and fashionable of all the French watering-places, Boulogne-sur-Mer, whose bathing-machines were last summer converted into sleeping-rooms, was a Mrs. Seymour—the Honourable Mrs. Seymour. Mrs. Seymour was the daughter of a Scotch nobleman, and, years ago, had married, in defiance of her friends, a young officer, who had nothing but his commission, his handsome face, and his relationship to a ducal family, to recommend him. Captain Seymour fell in India, leaving his widow only her half-pay, and her “good blood”—if that was of any service. Since then Mrs. Seymour had vegetated in Boulogne. Somebody had spoken to her of it as being “cheap,” especially for education, and she had retired to it with her only child, Eleanor. Her father, the Right Honourable Baron. Loftus, had died, soon after her marriage, without forgiving her, and had erased her name from his will, so Mrs. Seymour had to do the best she could with her pension, and an occasional bank-note from one or other of her relatives. Not a very magnificent income; but Mrs. Seymour, in right of her noble connexions, and her own prefix of “Honourable,” held her head higher, and was allowed to do it, than anybody else in the Anglo-French watering-place. She was a tall, faded lady, with a hooked nose and supercilious grey eyes. Eleanor was placed at the educational establishment of Madame de Nino, a school renowned in Boulogne, nearly one-half of whose pupils were English. She remained in it till she was eighteen, when she returned to her mother, one of the “family” having obligingly settled the school-bills.

The time went on. Eleanor made a visit to her aristocratic relatives in Scotland and London, and was taken by some of them to Italy: but she came back at length to Boulogne. The tattlers (and if you do want tattle, go to any of these continental watering-places) said she would never get a chance of changing the name of Seymour; for men in a high rank would be scarcely likely to seek her, wanting, as she did, both fortune and position, and her mother would never suffer her to marry in any other. Mrs. Seymour forgot that her daughter’s inclinations might become enthralled, and that she might choose to assert a will of her own, as she herself had done.

There came into Boulogne one day, on his road to Paris, a very handsome young fellow, George Marlborough. Mrs. Seymour was introduced to him at the house of a friend, and though she bowed (figuratively) to his personal attractions and his winning manners when in his presence, she turned up that hooked nose of hers afterwards, and spoke of him con-

temptuously to Eleanor. One of the rich commoners of England, indeed! she slightly said; she hated commoners, and especially these rich ones, for they were apt to forget the broad gulf that rose between them and the aristocracy. This old Marlborough, Mr. George's father, had begun life as a clerk, or a servant—she could not tell which, and it did not matter—and had plodded on, till he was the proprietor of an extensive trade, and of enormous wealth. Either iron works, or coal works; or it might be cotton works; something, she believed, down in the North; and this Mr. George, the eldest son, had been brought up to be an iron man too—if it was iron. She desired Eleanor to be very distant with him, should they come in contact again.

Now poor Eleanor Seymour had inherited her father's notions (which were by no means exclusive, though his great uncle was a duke) with her father's beauty, and, talk as Mrs. Seymour would, she had never been able to make her thoroughly comprehend the fearful and immense superiority of rank over everything else, especially worth and riches. Mr. George Marlborough stayed in the town, instead of going on to Paris, for—it is only the old tale, reader—he had fallen in love with Eleanor.

And she with him? Yes, verily. Mrs. Seymour, enshrined in her "honourable" state and her exclusiveness, and having warned Eleanor to be cold, because he was a plebeian, never gave a thought or a suspicion that danger could arise. These very exclusive people are often as blind as beetles. Mr. George Marlborough danced with Eleanor at "soirées," met her at an occasional pic-nic, which were much in vogue that summer, and often joined her in those pleasant (and crowded) evening walks upon the pier; so that if he had any inclination to make love, he did not want for opportunity.

It may have been about two months after Mr. George Marlborough's arrival, that Mrs. Seymour received a summons to England. A sister of hers, much older than herself, who had never married, was laid up with nervous fever, and wanted Mrs. Seymour to be with her. Mrs. Seymour wished to comply with the request, but she was at a loss what to do with Eleanor. The Honourable Miss Loftus hated children—in which light she was pleased still to consider Eleanor—and never willingly admitted them to her house, and Mrs. Seymour knew that a nervous fever is no soother of prejudices. The Honourable Miss Loftus, moreover, had a very comfortable little fortune at her own disposal—though of course nobody accused Mrs. Seymour of casting an eye to that. She took her decision, which was to go; and she determined to place Eleanor, during her absence, under the roof of Madame de Nino. And then she despatched to everybody in Boulogne about the "sacrifice" she was making for her dear sister.

It was a lovely evening in July, and Mrs. Seymour went out with her daughter to take her customary walk on the pier. Probably her last for some time to come, for on the morrow Eleanor was to enter at Madame de Nino's, and Mrs. Seymour to leave for London. Several friends, by twos and threes, made haste to join them—Boulogne thought it was a great feather in its cap to be on walking terms with a lord's daughter—but, ere they had well reached the pier, one, dearer than all, had come up to Eleanor; and she, with a deep blush and a thrill of happiness, suffered herself to fall into the rear of her party, side by side with George Marlborough.

"Ellen! I have been waiting for you all the afternoon," he began, in a low tone, "and you never came out!"

"No," she answered, "we were busy with our packing and preparations. I believe you know that mamma has let the house during her absence, so it was necessary to take an inventory of the furniture. Altogether, there has been a good deal to do to-day."

"The reason I so particularly wished to see you, Eleanor, was to say that I shall seek an interview with your mother this night."

She interrupted him with a startled, beseeching exclamation.

"Yes, Eleanor, for it is my duty," he said. "I have deferred to your fears longer than I ought. Before Mrs. Seymour leaves, she must be informed how we stand to each other."

"It is but seeking our separation," she returned, with emotion.

"Ellen," he answered, in a tone of impassioned earnestness, "I cannot see it in the light you do. I can give you a good position in society; my father comes forward with the offer of liberal settlements; my family are all anxious to receive and love you. I know that Mrs. Seymour has prejudices in favour of hereditary rank, and that I can boast only of being one of the people. Still, my dearest, when she knows that our whole future happiness is at stake, she will forget these prejudices."

"She never will," returned Eleanor.

"My mother arrived from Paris to-day," resumed Mr. Marlborough, "and she intends to make some stay in the town, purposely, Eleanor, to become acquainted with you. To-morrow, she will call upon Mrs. Seymour—after our explanation."

"Oh, George," she interrupted, in an imploring tone, "delay this explanation till mamma's return! Let us at least have a few more weeks of happiness together."

"When you are my wife, Ellen," he returned, half jokingly, half lovingly, "I shall lecture you for an aptness to be unreasonable. Do you not see that I am bound in honour to speak to your mother before her departure?"

Eleanor did see it: she was a girl of sound sense and right feeling, but she would willingly have delayed the explanation, for her dread of it was great. At the end of the crowded pier, when the party turned, and Mrs. Seymour saw who was her daughter's companion, she bent her head coldly and haughtily to Mr. Marlborough, and called Eleanor to her side. But several of her own companions, her friends, eagerly welcomed George Marlborough. Young, rich, handsome, and attractive, they were willing to take him as he was, devoid of "ancestry."

When Mrs. Seymour reached her residence, on her return from the pier, Mr. Marlborough alone remained with her, for the others had dropped off, one by one. She motioned to Eleanor to enter.

"Good night, Mr. Marlborough," she coldly said.

"Can I be permitted to have five minutes' conversation with you?" he rejoined, by way of reply. And Mrs. Seymour, with a slight gesture of surprise, a movement of her haughty eyelids, led the way to the drawing-room. Eleanor flew up-stairs to her chamber, and there waited and listened, her hands trembling, her temples throbbing, her heart sick with suspense and agitation.

An interval of about ten minutes elapsed—it seemed to Eleanor like as many hours, if time may be reckoned by anxiety—when the drawing-room bell was rung. Not loud and fast, as if her mother were in anger, but quietly. What was it for? For her? If so, could it be that he was accepted? The next moment, she heard Mr. Marlborough's step in the corridor, and he was shown out of the house. He was rejected then! and Eleanor sank on a chair, and covered her aching eyes. Her disappointment was very bitter.

The bell rang sharply now, and a summons came for Eleanor. She trembled, from head to foot, as she went down.

"Eleanor!" began her mother, in her sternest tone, "you knew of this application to me to-night?"

Eleanor could not deny it, and, frightened and agitated, she burst into tears, by way of reply.

"You may well cry," retorted Mrs. Seymour, angrily. "The disgrace of having encouraged the addresses of an iron man! It is iron: he made no scruple of avowing it."

Eleanor wept silently.

"Look at his family, all iron too! do you think they are fit to mate with ours? His father was nothing but a working man, and has made his riches by actual labour. You are no true daughter of mine, Eleanor, to have suffered yourself to become attached to this Mr. Marlborough."

Eleanor shivered: but she had nothing to answer.

"I hope I may be forgiven for plotting and planning prospects, when I ought to have left all to Providence," proceeded Mrs. Seymour, growing somewhat agitated herself, "but I have long cherished a hope that you would become the wife of John Seymour."

Eleanor looked up in surprise, and shook her head. "Mother," she said, "I do not like Lord John Seymour. I never shall—except as a relative."

"Ugh!" growled Mrs. Seymour. "Listen. I have not accepted the proposals of this Mr. Marlborough; but I have not rejected them." Eleanor's heart leaped within her. "I must say, they seem to be rolling in money—for commoners. He says there's a fine country seat of theirs, which will be settled on you, and be your home, and that I may also make it mine: indeed the settlements he mentioned were altogether liberal; but these low people are often lavish of their wealth. It was surprise at his magnificent offers that caused me to hesitate before rejecting him. So now, if you can make your mind up to abandon your rank, and enter a family who never had, by descent, a crest or a coat-of-arms, you must do so. Mr. George Marlborough obligingly assured me your life's happiness was centred in him."

Mrs. Seymour spoke with the most ineffable contempt, but there was a sweetly joyous feeling diffused through Eleanor's heart.

"No reply now," continued Mrs. Seymour, arresting the words on Eleanor's lips. "Take this night to reflect on the advantages you enjoy in an unblemished descent, remember the halo that surrounds the aristocracy, and ponder well before you obstinately put yourself without its pale. To-morrow, Mr. Marlborough can receive his answer."

The morrow came; and George Marlborough was the accepted husband of Eleanor. "What will 'the family' say?" groaned Mrs. Seymour.

II.

CLASS was over for the day, and the girls were tired enough. They hated Fridays. There was no dancing, no drawing, no walking; nothing but writing, learning, and strumming on the everlasting old pianos. And they had been up at five, studying for the prizes.

Some of the elder girls, their ages varying from sixteen to twenty, were sitting on a bench before the first-class desk-table. Those, in the middle, sat very back; those, towards the ends, very forward; and the two outer ones were turned sideways, each an elbow on the desk; so they formed a sort of half-circle, and were gossiping away in English, in defiance of rules. The teachers were fatigued, like themselves, and were mostly at a distance, paying little attention.

Rose Darling was the middle girl. She was one of the wildest creatures that ever went into a school, but she was lovely, clever, and as vain as a peacock. Her friends, aware of her random propensities, judiciously (or injudiciously) kept her at school longer than they would otherwise have done, and Rose was very rebellious over it. She had been only twelvemonths at Madame de Nino's, but she had her own way in the school, and *would* have it, did just as she liked, was always in scrapes, or getting out of them, and was much courted and invited out by different friends in the town. One of her propensities was to be continually falling in love. She used to boast about her conquests, and, nearly every time she went out, would, on her return, favour the girls with the description of some fresh gallant who had laid siege to her heart. The last idea of the sort had lasted longer than usual. A gentleman, whom she had only seen at church, or in their walks, was the object. She did not know his name, but he was remarkably handsome, and Rose raved of him.

"Where did you see him?" she whispered to Carry Davis, who had been fetched out that afternoon, and had just returned, and told Rose she had met her fiancé, as he was called in the school.

"In the Grande Rue," replied Carry. "He was strolling up it. My aunt bowed to him."

"I *know* he was watching for me! these horrid Friday evenings! What a fool you were, Davis, not to ask his name. I vow I'll find it out before many days are over."

"Just see how those French cats are eavesdropping!" exclaimed Carry Davis. "They'll go and tell Mademoiselle that we are speaking English."

"There's a new pupil come in to-night," observed Charlotte Singleton, in the very best French she could call up, for one of the teachers was nearing the class.

"Not a pupil," returned Adeline de Castella, the only truly beautiful French girl who ever entered the school, and she had a name and a face fitted for a romance in history. "She is only coming on a visit to Madame, during her mother's absence in England."

"Who is she?" asked Rose. "What's her name?"

"Eleanor Seymour," replied Adeline. "She left school before you came. They live here, but she has been away from the town until lately,

paying visits. She comes of your haute noblesse, but they are very poor."

"Oh of course; those poor people are sure to be somebody—if you believe them," ejaculated the cynical Emma Mowbray, relapsing into English again.

"Her mother is the Honourable Mrs. Seymour; she was the daughter of Lord Loftus," returned Adeline, who spoke English fluently, and understood our grades of rank and titles as well as we do.

"How old is she? grown up?"

"Oh yes: about twenty," cried Mary Carr. "She is a favourite with everybody."

"Le souper, mesdemoiselles," called out Mademoiselle Henrietta, the head teacher.

Eleanor Seymour made her appearance in school the next morning. She was to be treated, at her own request, quite as a pupil; sitting in the schoolroom, and joining in the studies when she chose. A pale girl with long dark hair, delicate features, and an exceedingly sweet expression of countenance. Rose Darling disliked her at once, as she did all who had unusual pretensions to beauty; and she began to set up, in her heart, a sort of rivalry. Miss Mowbray also took a strange dislike to her, but Emma Mowbray's disposition was violently envious. Miss Seymour certainly presented a contrast to the majority of the school-girls, with her nicely-arranged hair, her flowing lilac-muslin dress, and her delicate hands. School-girls invariably display red hands, and Madame de Nino's pupils were no exception, save Rose Darling and Mademoiselle de Castella. Adeline's were naturally beautiful, and Rose took such care of hers, wearing gloves in bed with some mysterious pomatum inside them, and gloves, with the fingers cut off, all day in school. The girls, too, were habited anyhow; ugly cotton dresses and faded mousselines de laine.

"Well," cried Rose, snappishly, "if she is to be one of us, she ought to dress consistently. Look how she's decked out!"

"Don't be envious, Rose," said Mary Carr. "It is said she is going to marry young Marlborough."

"Who's he?" cried Rose.

"Some rich gentleman, staying in the town."

"Rich!" repeated Rose; "rich and old, then, I conclude. I don't envy her. But catch me stepping here if I were going to be married. I'd have a runaway wedding first."

And so she would.

The next day was Sunday, and long before the hour for church, Rose Darling was dressed, and striding restlessly about the room, worrying the others to get ready.

"You are impatient," remarked Miss Seymour to her. "It is not time."

"And you would be impatient also, if you had somebody waiting for you there, as I have," retorted Rose.

"She means her lover, Miss Seymour," laughed Bessie Clark. "A pretty sort of lover though, for they have never yet spoken."

"I know he loves me," cried Rose, earnestly. "He never takes his eyes off me in church, and every glance speaks of love."

"He looks up at the other schools as much as at us," remarked Miss Carr, "like all the rest of the young men do. It's fine fun for them, having girls' schools to stare at."

"And if he does look at Rose," added Emma Mowbray, sneeringly, "he only pays back a tithe of the glances she gives him, and, love or no love, he would be very ungallant not to do that."

"Last Thursday," cried Rose, unheeding this reproof, "he smiled and took off his hat to me, as we passed him in the street."

"But little Annette Duval said she saw you nod to him first," said Miss Carr.

"Annette Duval's a story-teller," raved Rose. "I'll box her ears, when she comes in from Mass. The fact is, Miss Seymour, the girls here are all jealous of me, for he's one of the divinest fellows that ever walked upon legs. You should see his eyes and his auburn hair!"

When the school took their seats in the British chapel, Rue du Temple, as many of them as were in Rose's secret, glanced down at the pew usually occupied by her lover, as they all styled him. He was not there, but presently he came up the aisle with a lady and a little girl.

"There he is!" whispered Rose exultingly to Miss Seymour, who sat next her. "Is he not handsome?"

"Where? Which?" asked Eleanor.

"Going in to a pew down stairs, just opposite to us, in the middle aisle. He is handing in the little girl; she is in pink; the lady's in half-mourning. I wonder who they are. Oh! he's looking up! Look at his dancing blue eyes! Don't you envy me?"

"What of him?" repeated Eleanor.

"It is *he*, I tell you—whom the girls tease me about—I trust my future husband. For that he loves me, I am positive."

Eleanor Seymour's face flushed crimson, and just then the gentleman looked up towards the gallery, and a bright smile of recognition, unmistakably meant for some one in Madame de Nino's school, spread over his features. Rose took it to herself.

"Did you all see that?" she whispered, right and left. "Who took first notice now?"

When the service was concluded, Rose rushed, post haste, out of the pew, and the rest followed her; contrary to all precedent, for the schools usually wait till last. But the previous Sunday, Rose had been too late to see him, he had already gone. And this, as the event proved, she was as much too early. She tried to linger, but Mademoiselle Clarisse, who was in an ill-humour, because she had forgotten the French novel she had meant to take to church to read, marched them off at a swinging pace, grumbling and scolding at their having pushed so rudely out.

"Is he not a fascinating man?" ejaculated Rose to Miss Seymour, as they entered the dressing-room.

"The glossiest fabrics are often the worst to wear," called out Bessie Clark.

"If ever there were truth and faith in man, it is in him," cried Rose, vehemently. "He will make an enchanting husband."

"You have not got him yet."

"Bah! did you all see the look and smile he gave me? There was

love in that, if ever I saw love. That beastly Mademoiselle Clarisse, to have dragged us on so! I wish she had been taken with a fit of apoplexy on the steps! I shall write to him before many hours are over."

"You don't know his address," interposed Emma Mowbray.

"There are ways and means of conveying a letter besides through the post," answered Rose, nodding her head mysteriously. "Where's Miss Seymour going to? she has not taken her things off."

"I heard her say she was invited to dine at Mrs. Marlborough's. Make haste, all of you; there's the dinner-bell."

That afternoon, Madame de Nino conducted the English girls to church, herself, for which they did not thank her. They were obliged to be on their church-behaviour with her: there could be no rushing out early or stopping in late, as they pleased; and they reasoned that Mademoiselle Clarisse must have told about their pushing out, in the morning. Rose's lover was not there, and Rose fidgeted on her seat, but just as Dr. Singleton, who was going to read prayers for the chaplain, began the service, he came up the aisle. The lady and little girl, before mentioned, were walking first, and he followed, by the side of Eleanor Seymour. The girls stole a glance at Rose: never had they seen such a frown on her face.

"The forward creature! the deceitful huzzy!" broke from Rose Darling's lips, as soon as the school got home. "You girls have called me bold, but look at that brazen Eleanor Seymour! She never saw him before this morning: I pointed him out to her in church for the first time: and she must go and make acquaintance with him in this barefaced, disgraceful manner, hoping to cut me out! As sure as she lives, I'll expose her to Madame de Nino! She has no business to be in the school! She'll contaminate us all! If our friends knew it, they would remove——"

Rose's passionate words were cut short by the entrance of Madame de Nino, who came to the schoolroom to give some instructions to the teachers, for she was going out for the evening. Rose, too angry to weigh what she did, went up to Madame, and said something very confusedly and very fast. Madame de Nino concluded her directions, and then turned to Rose, who was a somewhat favoured pupil.

"What do you say, Rose? Did I see the gentleman with Miss Seymour? Yes; a very prepossessing young man. I spoke with him to-day when they came to fetch her."

"Do you know his name, madame?" gasped Rose, a frightful thought taking possession of her—"who he is?"

"Young Mr. Marlborough. Miss Seymour is engaged to him."

The girls sat, breathless with astonishment, till Madame left the room, and then Bessie Clark, who was a wild romp, after a derisive dance in front of Rose's white and stony features, executed a pirouette and leap over several forms in succession, for which she was favoured with a punishment of two-and-ninety lines by the teachers.

III.

THEY were now in the sultry days of August, studying away, might and main, for the prizes. A month had elapsed since Miss Seymour's entrance, and there was no talk of her leaving. A new day-pupil had entered the school, Anna Marlborough, to remain only during Mrs. Marlborough's stay in Boulogne, which would be but a few weeks. She was the youngest daughter of Mrs. Marlborough, and the only one with her.

It will scarcely be credited that Rose Darling, after the discovery, continued to pursue her preposterous flirtation with Mr. George Marlborough. She was more strenuous in it than ever. The girl seemed bewitched. There is little doubt that a real, an ardent passion for him had grown up in her heart: and she regarded Eleanor with an unconquerable, jealous hatred. Whether she really deemed that she should succeed in supplanting her, no one could say: the girls thought so, and they were keen observers. She was now upon speaking, nay, intimate terms with him, for they had met him at the houses of friends, and Rose had been to dine at Mrs. Marlborough's. Miss Seymour was commissioned to invite three or four of the young ladies to dine there, and something was said, in the school, about her not *daring* to ask Rose: it came to Eleanor's ears, and Rose was asked forthwith. Anna Marlborough, a giddy child of twelve, was the go-between, and not an evening did she return home, without taking a message or letter from Rose to her brother—for it had come to writing. None of the girls knew what Eleanor thought: and none could presume to guess at the feelings of Mr. Marlborough. Of course he felt flattered, they said amongst themselves, for Rose Darling was very lovely, and she evidently *loved*.

Just upon this, Captain Darling, Rose's brother, came to Boulogne. He soon struck up a friendship with George Marlborough, and here was another link in Rose's chain. She would meet the two young men in the street, and stop, in defiance of all school rules, ostensibly to shake hands with Frank, but in reality to flirt and talk nonsense with George Marlborough. The school would be gone the length of the street, two sometimes, before she caught it, panting and flushed, and boasting what George had said to her. It was of no use the teachers remonstrating and forbidding; do it she would, and do it she did.

There was a large party given one night at Sir Sandy Maxwell's, and Rose and Eleanor, whose families were known to the Scotch laird, were invited to it. Madame de Nino grumbled and growled a little: she did not approve of her pupils going to these grand assemblies: but she had no pretext for denying Eleanor, so she suffered Rose to go as well. Emma Mowbray laid a bet with Miss Carr, and it got whispered about, that George Marlborough would dance more dances with Rose than he would with Eleanor. So eager were the girls to hear the result, that those in the large dortoir kept awake till they came home. It was one o'clock in the morning, and a fine fuss Madame made about it the next day: she had only given them till half-past eleven, and they had kept the coach waiting all that time, and Madame's own maid, old Félicité, in it. After all, there was no bet to decide, for George Marlborough did not make his appearance at the party.

Class was not over the next morning till past one: it was always late, just before the giving of the prizes. It was the third Thursday in August, the sortie day, and some of the girls were going to Mrs. Marlborough's. Miss Seymour, of course, Mary Carr, Rose Darling, and Adeline de Castella. It had oozed out, in the school, that Emma Mowbray was excessively mortified at Miss Seymour's never fixing upon her, as one of the visitors to Mrs. Marlborough's; but Eleanor never did. They were to partake of the usual dinner at school, for the Marlboroughs did not dine till six.

While the cloth was being laid in the schoolroom, the girls dispersed about, some in the court-yard, some in the garden, all in the shade, for it was very sultry. There was certainly something more than common the matter with Rose; she appeared half crazy with joy, and Mary Carr remarked it to Eleanor Seymour.

"Don't you know the cause?" said Emma Mowbray, hearing the remark. "She has just got another letter from Mr. Marlborough."

"Don't talk absurdities!" exclaimed Miss Carr, catching a side-glance of Eleanor's changing cheek.

Emma Mowbray moved away, but she presently returned with a letter in her hand. Taking it out of its envelope, she gave it to Miss Carr. "Seeing's believing," she exclaimed; "read that." And Mary, suspecting some school-girl trick, read the letter:

"MY DEAREST,—You must have been surprised not to see me last night at the Maxwells'. I was dressing to come, when a message arrived for me from a friend, who is staying at the Hotel du Nord. He had met with a dangerous accident, from the bursting of a gun, and I have been sitting up with him till now, four o'clock. I write this to you before I sleep, and shall send it by Anna, when she goes to school, for you have a right now to know every thought and movement of mine. You dine here to-day, and others, my fair fiancée amongst them; but I wish you were coming alone, for I have many things to say to you.

"Ever, my dearest, yours only,

"GEORGE MARLBOROUGH."

Miss Carr had often heard of mistakes and deceit in letters; but there could be none in this. The writing was George Marlborough's, and the address, "Miss Rose Darling, En Ville," all plain enough; and the seal, which was well known in the school now, was nobody's but his. And yet, there were strange suspicions hovering in Mary's mind. Miss Mowbray walked away with the letter, and at that moment Anna Marlborough went by.

"Come here, Anna," called out Miss Carr. So the child arrested her steps, and faced her.

"Now—don't equivocate, or I'll acquaint Madame de Nino that she has got a letter-carrier in the school," began the young lady, sternly. "Did you bring Miss Darling a note from your brother this morning?"

"Yes, I did," stammered Anna. "Don't tell, please."

"What did he say when he gave it you?" continued Miss Carr.

"He told me to give it into her own hands when nobody was by, with his love," answered Anna. "Oh pray don't tell of me, Miss Carr!"

"Does he send Rose many?"

"Not many: she sends him most. I'll never do it again if you won't tell."

But poor Eleanor Seymour! She had sat there, on the old wooden bench by the porch, white as marble, and Mary had risen and stood before her. Now that Anna had darted off, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, she clasped Mary Carr's hands with a painful pressure, and finally glided away by the bedroom staircase. "Make any excuse for me at the dinner-table," she whispered.

It was a terrible shock to Eleanor Seymour. Those who have never experienced such, could not understand or believe in its intensity. She had a long life before her, in all physical probability; but, no matter to what misery that life might be destined, she could never experience a moment of anguish so sharp and dire as this. And yet, she would have wagered her life on the truth of George Marlborough. Here were his letters to her, breathing an earnest faithfulness, and speaking hopefully of their future wedded life. In a paroxysm of despair she flung them from her, and paced her bedroom with fierce, uneven steps, the tumult of her outraged feelings increasing, till it seemed to verge upon madness. How was she to act? What must be her conduct to him? Should she write, and give him up? Oh no, no, in mercy to her own self, let her not be the one to sever the precious tie which was her stay in life! And then she fell on her knees, a wild prayer issuing from her lips, that this dreadful vision might pass away, and her lover not desert her for another.

To the surprise of Miss Carr, Eleanor was dressed and ready to join the party to the Marlboroughs. George came down to the coach when they arrived, laughing and pleasant as usual. Rose was the last to get out, Eleanor had run hastily into the house, and he gave Rose his arm up the steps, whispering and laughing with her, as men, engaged though they may be, like to do with a pretty girl. Captain Darling dined there, and a Mrs. Ponsonby.

It nearly came to an explosion. They had been admiring a very beautiful rose-tree, and Rose, in her flirting, joking manner, said the rose was the emblem of love; if any gentleman offered *her* one, she should deem it equivalent to the offer of his heart. Afterwards, when she had left the spot, George Marlborough cut one of the roses, and quietly slipped it into the hand of Eleanor.

She spoke, her face white with agitation and her voice unsteady:

"Look here, Mary! Mr. Marlborough would press this upon me, *with his love*," holding out the rose contemptuously. "It would be better for him to bestow it where it will be deemed worth the keeping." And she threw the flower over Anna's harp, through the window, towards the spot in the garden where Rose was standing.

Miss Carr disliked scenes, and she quitted the room, leaving them alone. When they came out of it, Eleanor was looking flushed and indignant, and he confounded.

From that hour, there was no peace, no mutual understanding between George Marlborough and Miss Seymour. He repeatedly sought an explanation, sometimes by letter, sometimes by words. She never would give either. She returned his letters in blank envelopes, she refused to

see him when he called, she haughtily shunned him when they met. Mrs. Marlborough saw that something was wrong, but as neither party made her their confidant, she could not interfere. Rose alone seemed radiant with happiness, and Anna carried no end of notes, generally three-cornered ones, from her to George.

The day of awarding the prizes was a great day. The girls were all dressed in white, with blue sashes, and the hair-dresser arrived at eight in the morning, to get done in time. About two o'clock, the hour fixed, Madéleine de Gassicourt exclaimed, in her bad English, "For de goodness sake who is it dat is to de garden, deranging deir hair before we do go in?"

Emma Mowbray and Miss Carr peered, through the trees, to the far-off garden, and there saw Rose Darling and George Marlborough. She appeared to be crying, and he held her hand as he bent over her and talked earnestly. Emma Mowbray looked round at Eleanor Seymour, who was at the window and saw it all. She was very pale and still, her lips compressed together.

"I tink it is Rose Darling," observed Madéleine, who was very near-sighted, and wore spectacles at her studies. "I do suppose it is her brodare wid her."

They suffered her to believe in the "brother," for they never trusted the French girls, with the exception of Adeline.

It was a pleasing sight when the young ladies went in. Two pretty little English girls walked first, sisters, of the name of Lee, and certainly the two prettiest of the elder girls walked last, Rose Darling and Adeline de Castella: both beautiful, but so unlike in their beauty. Adeline with exquisitely sculptured features, graceful and statue-like; and Rose a very Hebe, with laughing blue eyes, the most brilliant complexion, and golden curls. A large company was assembled, Mrs. Marlborough and George amongst them. He scarcely took his eyes off Eleanor, and those in the secret of affairs despised him for his deceit. Some of the girls had as many as nine prizes. Rose gained two: but she had been studying for another sort of prize.

Miss Maxwell, the kindest old lady that ever breathed, the laird's sister, insisted on taking some of the girls home to dinner, Miss Seymour, Rose Darling, and Mary Carr. Madame de Nino graciously consented. After dinner they went for a walk on the pier: it was a lovely evening, warm and bright, and the harvest moon shone, large and clear. Whilst they were sitting at the end of the pier, George Marlborough came up and joined them.

Suddenly, everybody rushed to one side, watching a steamer that was making its way up the harbour. Miss Seymour alone retained her seat, and George Marlborough, seeing this, came back and sat down by her. Eleanor instantly rose, and would have moved away, but he laid his detaining hand upon her arm.

"Hear me, Eleanor," he exclaimed, "this is an opportunity that I have long sought in vain; I pray you hear me. Not two months ago, on this pier, I told you I was about to ask for you of your mother. I had reason to believe you loved me—nay, I *know* you loved me. I did ask for you: I obtained a promise that you should be mine: we both looked forward to a happy future; and you cannot forget the blissful dreams of that future in which we mutually indulged. Eleanor! in the very midst of

these hopes your conduct suddenly changed—in an hour—without warning,—without cause—unaccountably. You have hitherto denied me all explanation, but once more I entreat of you to give it me. Were we alone, I would kneel to beg it of you."

"Oh that my mother were here!" she wailed, wringing her hands, "I should not then be subjected to these insults."

"Eleanor, I *demand* an explanation," he exclaimed, in agitation. "Is it an insult thus to speak to one who is my promised wife? Your words are to me mysterious, inexplicable. Has any serpent stepped between us?"

"You are the serpent," she passionately exclaimed. "And you can dare thus to address me—knowing it!"

"Oh Ellen, dearest Ellen, in mercy let this be cleared up. I declare on my honour that I am innocent of fault towards you. What is it you suspect me of? It must be something grave and terrible. Speak now, whilst we are alone."

"Shame upon you," she haughtily exclaimed, "thus to persist in your show of innocence! You shall have no explanation, sir, from me. I beg you to leave me, or to allow me to rejoin my friends."

"Mr. Marlborough, Mr. Marlborough," cried Rose Darling, running up, "do come and look at the effect of the moonlight on the water! It is more than beautiful."

He removed his hand from Eleanor's arm: and she rose and glided away into the midst of the crowd, which still pressed over the side of the pier.

The first week or two of the vacation was dull enough at Madame de Nino's. None of the French girls were passing it at the school, save Adeline de Castella. She remained, partly because her parents were travelling, partly that she might continue her sea-bathing, from which she was deriving benefit. Miss Carr, Rose Darling, and a few more of the English, were likewise remaining. They were sometimes invited to Mrs. Marlborough's, but Eleanor Seymour invariably excused herself. Not so Rose: and, twice, Anna had fetched her to spend the day when no one else was asked. The flirtation between her and Mr. Marlborough seemed to be progressing; and Eleanor was wearing to a shadow, and grew paler day by day.

One afternoon, a bit of folded paper was brought to Eleanor in the schoolroom. She opened it, and read the following lines, written in pencil:

"I am now waiting in the salon. You have denied yourself as usual; yet, Eleanor, let me entreat you to grant me, for this once, an interview. I leave for London to-night, but if I can see you, my journey may then be unnecessary. By the love we once bore for each other, I beseech you, Eleanor, come.—G. M."

Eleanor deliberately tore the paper in two, and gave the pieces to Clotilde. "Give that to the gentleman," she said, haughtily, "and tell him there is no other answer."

"Clotilde," whispered Rose, following the servant from the room, "who is in the salon?"

"Ce joli monsieur qui va se marier avec Mam'selle Seymour. Personne autre."

"Give me the paper: I'll go and deliver Miss Seymour's message. I say, Clotilde, don't tell Madame that he's here."

The servant suspected nothing, and went her way. Rose moved stealthily into the salon. She remained there some time, talking with Mr. Marlborough, and then flew up-stairs to the bedroom, Mr. Marlborough quitting the house.

At the dusk of evening, the same evening, Adeline de Castella, Eleanor, and Miss Carr, were gathered in a corner of the schoolroom. Eleanor was languidly giving the latter a description of Rome, which she had visited the previous year, and Adeline corrected her when she was wrong, for *she* knew Italy well. Mademoiselle Joséphine (Mam'selle Fifine the school called her in general), the only teacher remaining, was at her table, writing letters, when she suddenly turned round, and asked where Rose was.

They did not know. She came down stairs for collation, but went up again. They had not seen her since.

Mam'selle Fifine began to scold. It was not likely she was up-stairs, in the dusk; she must have got a light, which was against orders. And she told Miss Carr to go and fetch her down.

"Who will go with me?" asked Mary Carr.

Eleanor and Adeline both rose, and all three stumbled up the dark staircase together. They could see nothing of Rose in the bedrooms, or make her hear. Mary Carr suggested that she might have fallen asleep on one of the beds, but it was too dark to see, and Adeline ran down, and got a light from the servants.

There was no Rose, but on her bed lay a sealed note, addressed to Miss Carr:

"DEAR MARY,—I know you have been in league against me for some time. Miss Seymour and I were rivals—you would have forwarded her views, though it left me to a broken heart. I believe it has been a neck-and-neck race between us, but I have won. I hope mamma will approve of the step I am taking—I always longed to make a runaway marriage—and if Frank flies out about it, I shan't hear him and shan't care. When next you see me, I shall be

"ROSE MARLBOROUGH."

"Look to Miss Seymour!" broke from the quivering lips of Adeline de Castella; and it was well they did look to her, for she was falling. She did not faint, not quite; and when she revived, her nose began to bleed violently. As soon as it stopped, they descended the stairs together, for Eleanor would go down, and met Mam'selle Fifine coming after them, in a furious state of anger at their delay.

"Miss Seymour's nose has been bleeding dreadfully," interrupted Mary Carr, "that's what kept us. And we can't find Rose." For they did not dare to confess, and had hid the letter.

Rose not to be found! Madame de Nino was dining out, and Mam'selle Fifine was terrified out of her sober senses. In the midst of the

hubbub and search that ensued, Julie put her head in at the schoolroom door, and said, "The Honourable Mrs. Seymour."

Many a laugh had the school at Julie. She had once been taken to England by an Irish nobleman's family, as under nurse, and there she became familiar with British titles, and remarkably fond of using them. If anybody called at the school, who possessed but the half of one, Julie was certain to give it at full length. One day, Ethel Daw's mother came to see her: the lady was very fine, all flounces and feathers and gold chains, and Julie flung open the schoolroom door, and screamed out, "Mrs. Daw, Esquire." She never heard the last of it: the girls still call her Squire Daw.

"The Honourable Mrs. Seymour."

With a sharp cry, Eleanor started up, and fell into her mother's arms, in the salon, sobbing convulsively. Mrs. Seymour had just arrived by the London boat. She was shocked and astonished at her daughter's altered appearance and burst of grief, and took her home at once.

It was three days afterwards. Mrs. Seymour sat in her drawing-room, the blinds down and the green Venetian shutters partially closed; for Eleanor lay there on the sofa, in a state that seemed to be hovering between life and death. Mrs. Seymour was in a most aristocratic state of indignation against the "iron man:" for, in spite of the "iron" drawback, she had unconsciously hugged to her heart this eligible establishment for her daughter, and now Eleanor had told her it was broken off, though she gave but the faintest possible explanation of recent events. Suddenly the door opened, and the iron man himself walked in. Eleanor struggled up from the sofa, and Mrs. Seymour rose haughtily.

"Mrs. Seymour," began George Marlborough, "your servants denied you to me, but you must pardon me for saying no formal denial would avail with me now. Do you know that I have been to London purposely to seek an interview with you? And, upon finding that you had left for this place, I followed you, and now seek it here."

The flush of insulted pride darkened the brow of Mrs. Seymour. "Mr. Marlborough, you must have more assurance than I could have supposed was possessed by any *gentleman*, thus to intrude yourself on our presence," was her answer. "I can hold no intercourse with you, sir, directly or indirectly, now or at any future time, and I desire you to be gone."

"Madam," he replied, deeply agitated, yet in a tone in which much decision was blended with entreaty, "the explanation I am about to ask of you, I have a *right* to seek. When you left for England, two months ago, Eleanor was my promised wife."

"To my sorrow, she was—to my shame, that I consented to it! A consent which she has already retracted, and I now confirm."

George Marlborough's cheek burnt, as he continued:

"During your absence, her conduct suddenly changed. We parted one day, as—as I hoped we always should part, and the next, she met me with every expression of dislike and contempt. I have demanded in vain of her the cause of this change: Mrs. Seymour, I now demand it from you."

"This is unbearable!" exclaimed the lady, indignantly. "If you do not leave my house, sir, I will order my servants to thrust you forth."

"Not without an explanation," he returned. "I will leave it after-
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wards, if it so must be. Mrs. Seymour, you cannot refuse it, for your daughter was, and is, my promised wife. Eleanor's words and conduct have all along seemed to imply that there was some cause of complaint against me. What is it? I declare to you, solemnly, that I am unconscious of any."

His words and manner were painfully earnest and truthful, and Mrs. Seymour was staggered.

"Has there been any mistake, Eleanor?" she hesitated, speaking to her daughter.

"Oh! let me know what it is," he implored, before Eleanor could answer. "Whatever it may be—mistake—cause—reality—let me know it."

"Well, sir, cried Mrs. Seymour, taking a sudden determination, "I will first ask what you have done with the unfortunate young lady you took with you to London, three days ago?"

"I took no young lady with me," replied Mr. Marlborough.

"What have you done with Miss Darling?"

"Not anything at all," he returned, indignantly.

"You did not run away with her?"

"Indeed no. I would rather be excused. She is no favourite of mine. But this is no explanation, Mrs. Seymour. Eleanor," he added, walking up, and standing before her, "I, once again, appeal to you. What was the cause of your first and sudden coldness?"

"Speak out, Eleanor," said her mother. "I know almost as little as Mr. Marlborough, and I now think the matter should be cleared up. There must be some strange mystery somewhere."

Eleanor pressed her thin hands upon her side, in agitation. She could speak but in a whisper, in uneven sentences.

"The night of the party at Sir Sandy Maxwell's you were prevented attending—you wrote a note the next morning—explaining why you could not come—to Rose Darling."

"Certainly; I remember; I wrote a note—to you—Eleanor. I did not write to Rose Darling."

"I read that note," she answered, gasping for breath. "It was written to Rose."

"It was written to you, Eleanor. I never wrote a loving note to Rose Darling in my life; on my sacred word of honour."

Bit by bit, it all came out. George Marlborough wrote the note to Eleanor, sealed and directed it, and gave it to Anna. But Anna, who confessed that Emma Mowbray had "put her up to it," took the note out of its envelope, enclosed it in another, and then asked her brother to seal and direct it for her to Rose Darling, saying it was a note from herself. It may be remembered, that Eleanor's name did not appear in the note, and the words "fair fiancée" he had intended to apply to Rose, for he was fully aware of the joke in the school about himself. Rose was never undeceived, but took the note for gospel; and her own letters to him, which had previously been sheer nonsense, assumed a more serious character. Mr. George Marlborough was perplexed. He saw the girl loved him, and he twice or thrice wrote to her sound letters of advice, intimating that his heart was already the property of another. The day the prizes were given, he repeated this advice by word of mouth, kindly, affectionately, as he would to a sister, and Rose melted into tears. On the day

of his departure for England, Rose came to him, as he waited in Madame de Nino's salon: she brought the torn paper from Eleanor: she brought also the latter's expressions of hatred and contempt, which Eleanor had never uttered. In his storm of vexation and grief, he spoke harsh words of Eleanor, and Rose said *she* would console him—she would be the loving companion to him that Eleanor would not—she would even leave with him that night, if he would take her. Mr. Marlborough solemnly declared he thought nothing, at the moment, but that this was her usual random, unmeaning speech, and he gave her a kiss—he acknowledged it—and told her to go back to the schoolroom and take care of herself. But at night, in coming out of the permit-office, on the port, to go on board, there, to his horror and astonishment, stood Rose. What he would have done, he said, he did not know, *certainly not taken advantage of her imprudence*, but, in the next moment, up came Captain Darling. Mr. Marlborough spoke a word of explanation, as exculpatory of Rose as the circumstances would admit, and left her in the charge of her brother. He knew no more of her.

"Let this be a warning to your wedded life, Eleanor," observed Mrs. Seymour. "*Never have any concealments from your husband.* Had you frankly spoken to Mr. Marlborough of that misdirected letter, which seems to have done all the mischief, the affair would have been cleared up then."

"It's enough to make a man swear he will never use another envelope!" exclaimed George Marlborough, with his old, pleasant smile of love, as he bent to soothe the happy girl, now weeping tears of repentance. "But you need not have doubted me, Ellen."

IV.

WHAT a shocking plight Rose was in when she got home! drenched with rain and sea-water; clothes soaked, and clinging round her; hair matted, and bonnet broken; quite prostrated with three days' sea-sickness; buffeted about, all that time, in a fishing-smack, the wind blowing great guns, and she half dead with fright; nothing to eat and drink on board but salt herrings and sour beer, even supposing she could have eaten—it was enough to make her morose and sullen! Rose had put on all her best things too!—a white-chip bonnet, and pearl-grey damask dress! It was all spoiled.

So it was quite a mistake, and there had been no elopement after all: nothing but a three days' cruise round the coast, with her brother and a crew of working sailors, in that fishing-boat! Captain Darling made a thousand apologies to Madame de Nino, when he brought her home—such an object as she presented when he handed her out of the coach!—and laid it all to the fault of that treacherous wind; which had kept them at sea three days, when he had only contemplated treating her to a little excursion of an hour.

But Mam'selle Fifine remained terribly sore upon the matter; and, as she justly observed, there must have been something out of common amiss with that particular fishing-boat. Other boats could, and did, make the port fast enough. Rose would give no explanation to anybody, and did not open her lips to the girls for a month. But it is to be hoped that the next time she thinks of an elopement, she may manage it better.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXVII.—JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.*

MANY years ago, when as yet *Blackwood's Magazine* was not, and when Blackwood himself kept a sale-room for second-hand books, one of his nightly lots was knocked down cheap to a working man. The day's labours over, the man had come in his working-dress, and was the highest bidder for the lot aforesaid. Three and elevenpence he paid down, and with four volumes under his arm turned his springy step homewards. A gentleman present in the sale-room, but too late for this particular lot, stopped the happy purchaser in his retreat, and offered him an advance on the purchase-money, to an amount sufficiently tempting to working men in general, would he resign the bargain. But no; politely, but firmly the original purchaser declined negotiating; and all that was left for the foiled book-buyer was to stare at a rough workman's insusceptibility to a good offer, and perhaps wonder with a foolish face of praise at his uncompromising preference of literature to lucre. The workman went on his way rejoicing, and the gentleman saw him no more.

Now to that purchase, value (by sale-room scale) three shillings and elevenpence, we indirectly owe two notable contributions to our modern literature; to wit, the *Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, in Murray's *Family Library*, by Cunningham *père*, and the edition now before us, fully and carefully annotated and corrected, of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, in Murray's *British Classics*, by Cunningham *fils*.

For the book purchased in the gloaming, auld lang syne, at the Auld Reekie *roup*, Auld Ebony in the chair, was Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; and the purchaser was Allan Cunningham. "Honest Allan," as he was familiarly called—to distinguish him, perhaps, so Thomas Hood suggested, from one Allan-a-Dale, who was apt to mistake his neighbours' goods for his own—was indeed what Sir Walter Scott declared him, "a credit to Caledonia;" "a long credit," Sir Walter might have said, quoth the same kindly humourist, who loved to play on Allan's towering stature.† At present he was working as a mason in Edinburgh, not unmindful, amid the daily din and dust of labour, of early joys and hopes in bonny Blackwood and Dalswinton, nor of cherishing the gift of poetry that was in him, and the love of romance that refined him, and which ere long should find expression in such sweet lyrics as "My Nanie O," such true ballads as "The young Maxwell," such tender

* *Lives of the most eminent English Poets, with critical Observations on their Works.* By Samuel Johnson. With Notes corrective and explanatory, by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. In Three Vols. Murray. 1854.

† "The grenadier of our corps," he styles him, when reviewing the forces of the *London Magazine*;—"a physical Colossus of Literature." And again: "Thou was formed for a poet, Allan, by nature, and by stature too, according to Pope—

'To snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art.'

laments, most musical, most melancholy, as "Gane were but the winter-cauld," such stirring *chansons* as "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,"—or again, "rustic epics" like "The Maid of Elvar," and prose fictions like "Paul Jones" and "Sir Michael Scott." No wonder, then, at the stonemason's bidding for Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*—his gladsome expenditure of three and elevenpence on the four volumes, and his fine "refusal to deal" with the disappointed bibliophile. And now his son tells us, "From this acquisition (gained by the sweat of the brow, in later years honoured with a better binding) my father learnt much, and I have learnt something. . . . To my father's cheap but highly-prized acquisition the public is mainly indebted for a good work (the *Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*), and in that edition I first read Johnson, and determined twenty years ago to become his editor." And here we behold the fulfilment of that resolve, in such an edition as the elder Cunningham would have eagerly bid something more than three and elevenpence for, could old Ebony but have put it up for public competition.

During the interval of years between now and then, there has been no growing acceptance, but the reverse, of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. His criticisms are of the eighteenth century, and it is now the nineteenth, and the better half of *that* too gone. To the nineteenth century belong poetical tastes of profounder sensibility, and critical judgments of more subtle scrutiny, nobler aspirations, finer sympathies, deeper searchings of heart, than to its predecessor. Wordsworth has sung to us since Johnson's day, and Goethe has mooted new questions of thought and new modes of culture, and our minstrels are such as Tennyson and the Brownings; and our critics are such as the Coleridges, and Hare, and Henry Taylor, and De Quincey, and Carlyle; and our philosophers are such as broach and canvass vexed questions undreamt of in his (rather "mild") philosophy. Accordingly, it is objected by some, that to reprint Johnson's *Lives* at all is a very work of supererogation, and that to reprint it in such a form, and with such aids and appliances to boot (in the way of costly paper, handsome print, "painful" editor, &c.), as distinguish Murray's *British Classics*, is simply to be deprecated as either a mistake or a piece of mischief—a mistake, if on the presumption that there is a demand for the present supply; a mischief, if with assurances that the supply will beget the demand. Apart, moreover, from their general protest against Johnson as an unqualified teacher in the province of verse, and a blind leader of blind students, the objectors will urge a special demur to the nature of this work, in the compilation of which the Doctor was made to fetch and carry pretty much at the will of his employers, the booksellers. Not only is there an objection to Johnson's born-and-bred inaptitude to criticise the divine art, but to the manner in which he suffered even what aptitude he had, to be hampered by the trade policy of his illiterate paymasters, to be cabin'd, crib'd, confined, by the state of this dull bibliopole's remainders and that enterprising publisher's dead stock. Such was the condition of trade and taste at the time, that in the "*Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*," by the Leviathan of then extant critics, we find no such person as Geoffrey Chaucer, but in his room a select coterie of the caste of William King and Thomas Yalden; no one answering to

the style of Edmund Spenser, but, all in high preservation, the names of John Pomfret, and George Stepney, and Richard Duke; no Oliver Goldsmith* even, but a supply quite tolerable and not to be endured, of *Sprats* and other such small fish that came to the Doctor's net. Sprat among the Most Eminent English Poets! Reverse we Mercurio's apostrophe, and say, O fish, fish, how art thou fleshified! Invert we the adage, and talk not of a Triton among the minnows, but of a minnow among the Tritons. Still this too is incorrect, for in Johnson's *Lives* the minnows are in the majority, and the Tritons are but one or two, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.

Glad are we, notwithstanding, to welcome this edition of a work that, say its detractors what they list, will take a long time yet to die,—to die, and go we know not where, to lie in cold obstruction and to rot. Like its author, it is rough, tough, burly, and can stand a good deal of critical horse-play without "knocking under." Mr. Cunningham is right in his remark that wherever the world has dissented from Johnson's judgments, the world is still curious to preserve his opinions—because, even when wrong, he is still sagacious and penetrating, and the reader never loses the presence of a clear intellect. A reflective reader will find incomparably more enjoyment and instruction, in following, under protest, the lead of a masculine mind, devious and astray though the route may be, than in keeping up with, and potentially outrunning and "preventing," a common-place writer of sympathies and convictions accurately *en rapport* with his own. Thus an intelligent man will, though three-pile Tory, infinitely prefer intercourse with Macaulay's history to dozing over stolid prosings to which he heartily assents; and though sturdy Protestant, will more profitably and pleasurably go through the *opere omnia* of John Newman than the operose orthodoxies of that Father's fourth-rate foes; and though an old-fashioned art-student, will be more refreshed and healthily exercised by collision with the crotchets of Ruskin, than by torpid assent to conventionalities to which he has subscribed all his days and with all his soul. Johnson is felt to be prejudiced, to be frequently superficial in taking exception, to be curiously near-sighted in his perception of petty particulars, curiously short-sighted in his perception of comprehensive generals. Nevertheless he is heard with respect—albeit with stifled interruptions from his auditory, and suppressed murmurs,—with the respect and the interest due to a speaker who has thought out his thoughts, such as they are, and gives them to us in the clearness and with the emphasis of original production, uttered in his manly voice, and with a bluff genuine air of sincerity and truth. At least we have a man to do with, and not an echo; a living presence, and not the shadow of a shade; if a bear, then a great bear, with power as well as clumsiness in that shaggy paw of his,—and no mere frog in the marsh, on the fume and fret for identification with the bull in the meadow. Where understanding alone, Mr. Cunningham contends, is sufficient for poetical criticism, the decisions of Johnson are generally right. Coleridge would have objected that this is just what the under-

* "It is much to be regretted," says Mr. Cunningham, in his editorial preface, "that the petty interest of a bookseller named Carnan should have excluded Goldsmith from the number of his *Lives*."

standing never is sufficient for; that poetical criticism, in any sense worthy the name, is the province of something above and beyond the understanding. But allowing, if only by courtesy, that certain versemakers of established repute are "poets," whose "poetry" is characterised in fact by a prominent and pervading exercise of the "understanding," and wholly devoid of "the light that never was on sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream,"—then surely Johnson was qualified to do *them* justice; to gauge their merits, to appreciate their several characteristics, to show wherein lay their weakness and wherein their strength. Now, with scant exception, this is the very class of "poets" with which his volumes are concerned. Just the singing-men whose strains the "understanding" is adapted to "understand," are they whom Johnson undertakes to review. Hence, few admirers of those earlier minstrels whom he passes over, the poets of Tudor and paulo-post-Tudor times, will regret the Doctor's exclusion of *them* from his critical biographies, however they may resent the slight implied in such exclusion. Southey once said, that the poets before the Restoration were to Johnson what the world before the flood is to historians. If the good Doctor can ensure supplies of our contemporary poets, in the elysian fields,—and he once smiled a benign smile on the notion that a lady, who loved Shakspeare too fondly to conceive of paradise without him, would, as she crossed the very *linen Olympi*, be presented with a glorious copy of his works,—one may marvel what he thinks, supposing him still the manner of man he was, of our "Most Eminent English Poets" since the French Revolution. But the world can probably do as well without his criticism on the latter Georgian and Victorian era of song, as it does without that on the Elizabethan and its after-math.

It is as good as a sermon to note some of the names included in Johnson's constellation of bards. They twinkled, twinkled in their day, each little star, though now we only wonder what they are. Poets, mayhap, there are of our own day, who will at best be reckoned poetasters to-morrow, and the day after will be known only as some of Johnson's poets are known, to be wondered at as interlopers and impostors, who have at length been found out. Thus may we see, quoth the fool in the forest, how the world wags. The world changes its mind as well as its population, and allows no century to set up a court from which there is no appeal. Only run over the names at the beginning of the second volume before us, and meditate on the worth of present "eminence" among English poets. John Pomfret: who was John Pomfret? Why, for the matter of that, even his biographer as much as says that "nothing is known," so far as the man John is concerned; but as to the poet John, *he*, we find, "has been always the favourite of that class of readers who, without variety or criticism, seek only their own amusement." The Doctor adds, "He pleases many, and he who pleases many must have some species of merit." John "pleases the many" no more; his title to be "always the favourite" has run out, longer since than the memory of the eldest inhabitant can extend. William Walsh: who was *he*? The best critic in the nation, said Dryden, and that, he assures us, "without flattery." As for his poetry, he is known more, says his biographer, by his familiarity with greater men, than by anything done or written by himself. Edmund Smith: what about *him*? He, Johnson

testifies, is one of those lucky writers who have, without much labour, attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities. . . . What did he write? "Mr. Smith's 'Pocockius' is of the sublimer kind," says Oldisworth. Enough: pass on to the next case. Richard Duke: what report hear we of Richard? Only that in character as a man he was dissolute, and that his poems are neither below mediocrity of merit nor above mediocrity of praise. William King: this eminent English poet was born in London, educated at Oxford, made Gazetteer, and buried in Westminster Abbey; and his poems are pronounced by his biographer to be rather the amusements of idleness than efforts of study, calculated rather to divert than astonish. He neither diverts nor astonishes now; and as for a tomb in Westminster Abbey, except a few *habitués* of the cathedral, and here and there a *savant* in Mr. Cunningham's line of things, no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day. John Hughes: *him* let Pope describe—the description will not offend many now, however depreciatory may be its tone—"Hughes was a good humble-spirited man, a great admirer of Mr. Addison, and but a poor writer, except his play, that is very well"—the play being "The Siege of Damascus," "of which it is unnecessary," said Johnson, in whose time it was still a stock-piece on the London boards, "to add a private voice to such continuance of approbation." "I never heard of the man in my life," wrote Swift to Pope, on receiving "the works of John Hughes, Esquire." A good many are in the same category with the Dean; they have never read the "Court of Neptune," seen the "Siege of Damascus," or heard of the man in their life. Thomas Yalden: this reverend doctor (Youlding he should be spelt) wrote poems "of that irregular kind which was supposed to be Pindaric," and now boasts of a still smaller circle of readers than Pindar himself, without the *solatium* of being, like Pindar, praised to the skies by a catholic tradition of *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

With regard to the poets still known and accepted as such, who come under Johnson's notice, it was Cowley whose life and writings he believed himself to have most happily and completely analysed. Boswell ascribes this preference to the Doctor's sense of the value of certain contents of this particular essay—namely, of the dissertation on the Metaphysical Poets, which cost him rather heavily in time and trouble, as he had to "get up" the subject for the occasion,—and again, of the investigation of the nature of Wit. The Life of Milton, that much-canvassed and heartily-abused affair, which illustrates better perhaps than any other of his writings the Doctor's prejudices and powers as a good hater, is considered by Mr. Cunningham unsurpassed as a piece of English composition, and also as an expression of criticisms fine and true upon "Paradise Lost" itself. "His alleged virulence," Mr. Cunningham contends, "is indeed always more in the manner of his matter than the matter itself"—a remark which, if we understand its bearing at all, tells all the more against the biographer, who, failing evidence against his victim, quits particular charges for general abuse. "He had no inclination to narrate the events of Milton's career; and he tells us in the very outset of the memoir that he would have contented himself with the addition of a few notes to Fenton's elegant Abridgment, but that a new narrative, for

uniformity's sake, was thought necessary. What was forced upon him be at least performed with sincerity; and the hold that his memoir has had upon mankind may be best illustrated by a passage in Lord Byron :

Milton's the prince of poets,—so we say,
A little heavy, but no less divine
An independent being in his day—
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine :
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high-priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire, odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.*

"That Milton suffered the indignity of corporal punishment at college is now," Mr. Cunningham continues, "among those that read, pretty generally, exploded; but it will be long before the impression is thoroughly rooted out, advanced as it is by Johnson, and countenanced by Byron in a poem like 'Don Juan.' That Shakespeare stole deer, and that Milton was whipt at college, will long continue (I fear) among the vulgar errors of our literature." Notwithstanding the parenthetical "I fear" of this passage in his preface, Mr. Cunningham, in a note on the obnoxious statement in Johnson's text, remarks that the "accuracy of Aubrey," that tattling *fons et origo* of the scandal, is "curiously confirmed" by Tom Warton's "industry and knowledge"—adding, all to the prejudice of the "I fear," and to the verification of the "vulgar error," that the said Aubrey "was a curious inquirer, with ample means of information, and no motive whatever for telling a lie. He went to the poet's widow and to Marvell for information." Which conveys Mr. Cunningham's last impressions on the subject—his preface, p. xviii, or his foot-note at p. 85? Certainly the last impression he leaves on his readers is, that Aubrey is a trustworthy witness, with means of correct knowledge, and without conceivable motive to misrepresent: in short, the distressing dilemma being,—either convict Milton of having received a whipping, or that *σπερμολόγος* Aubrey of having perpetrated a "hum,"—why, let Milton be whipped by all manner of means.

More definite and satisfactory is Mr. Cunningham's general way of supplying those defects and correcting those errors for which Johnson's "Lives" are notorious. In emendation and elucidation and illustration from all quarters, Mr. Cunningham is entirely *chez lui*. To detect inaccuracies in dates, names, facts, quotations, marriage lines, burial certificates, he has a lynx eye, and keeps it wide open too. This kind of work involves an amount of labour hugely disproportioned to the result which comes before the public, who are treated to the well-sifted corn, while the annotator has been toiling and choking himself amid the heaped-up refuse, the dryasduft chaff. Care in such details argues large expenditure of time and exertion; and Mr. Cunningham is notably careful. Here

* Byron stoutly dissented from the then growing reaction against Johnson's critical authority. In a letter to Disraeli he says, "The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all." And again: "Johnson strips many a leaf from every laurel; still Johnson's is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight."

and there, indeed, we may meet with a slip in the matter of composition: as where he says, "He [Johnson] gives (I feel and regret) a most undue preference to blank verse over rhyme"*—just what Johnson did not give, and his editor does not mean; or a slovenly mode of expression, such as, "For curiosity has been awakened since Johnson wrote more to our Elizabethan poets;"† and a precisian might take exception to his calling Johnson "the most distinguished of his [*scil.* Johnson's] contemporaries,"‡ on the same principle that Milton has been cavilled at for making

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve,

by which Adam appears his sons' brother, and Eve her daughters' sister; or again, as the same Milton makes Satan, addressing the personified horrors of Sin and Death, to exclaim—

And never saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee,

which exclamation denounces the present detestable sight as only to be exceeded in detestability by—itself. As to Mr. Cunningham's notes of information, it were a little surprising if, in so large a collection, he may not once in a way be caught tripping; but we will not look out for a cheap triumph over him by doing what some nibbling censors do, in order to get up an easy but stentorian *eureka*—viz., make use of the references he has collated with patient research, and which now lie open to all comers, and by dint of a little examination of the originals, discover with jubilant superiority that he has missed a word in transcribing, or turned Simeon into Simon, or put a seven for a nine, or committed some corresponding atrocity in prosody or punctuation, of a kind

O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

never to be forgiven or forgotten by these second-hand§ detectives, who do anything but merely *hint* a fault, or blandly *hesitate* dislike. Let us see, then, of what sort are the corrections supplied by Mr. Cunningham. The errors with which he had to deal, are, as he observes, of two kinds—those attributable to the imperfect information available in Johnson's day, and those due to Johnson's own neglect. Thus, the good Doctor is "altogether wrong about Cowley's parentage. He makes Lord Roscommon live into King James's reign; calls Lord Rochester's daughter his sister; refers to Palaprat's 'Alcibiade,' when there is no such production; makes 'Venice Preserved' the last of Otway's plays, which it was far from being; writes the 'Life of the Earl of Dorset,' and in three other places advances him to a dukedom, which he never obtained; . . . confounds Sir Richard Steele with Dicky Norris, the actor; attributes a discovery to Congreve—that Pindaric odes were regular—when the dis-

* Editor's Preface, p. xxiv.

† Vol. i. p. 223, n.

‡ Preface, p. v.

§ "It is not uncommon," says Johnson, "for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their master." That is bad. But what shall be said of those who turn the very "little of their own" against their "master," who taught them where to find it, and instead of simply "overlooking" him, use their ill-gotten gains to his special hurt and discouragement?

covery is to be found in Ben Jonson's and Philips's 'Theatrum Poetarum;' taxes Warburton with making an arrangement of Pope's Epistles, which Pope himself had made; informs us in the 'Life of Pope' that the Pastorals of Philips and Pope appeared for the first time in the same Miscellany, but forgets his information when he comes to the life of Philips. While he is wrong in the years of birth of Savage, Somerville, Yalden, and Collins, he is equally incorrect respecting the dates of death of Dryden, Garth, Parnell, and Collins." Where Johnson has made the greatest preparations, there Mr. Cunningham convicts him of the more inaccuracies,—as in the memoir of Dryden, where what is said of the "King Arthur" ought to be applied to another work; where the biographer "mistakes the origin of 'Mac Flecknoe,' and the date of its appearance; informs his readers that King James and not King Charles made Dryden historiographer; assigns Dryden's translation of Maimbourg to a period subsequent to his conversion, when it was well known that it appeared while Charles II. was yet alive; states positively—and in two places—that Dryden translated only one of Ovid's Epistles, whereas he translated at least two; attributes to Settle what is by Fordage; and, from not looking into Burnet for himself, makes Dryden the author of an answer actually written by Varillas." In the allusion, here or elsewhere, to the appointment of Dryden to the post of historiographer, Mr. Cunningham might have borne more explicit testimony to Mr. Bell's service in placing that affair in its true light. In his note on Johnson's text ("King James added the office of historiographer") Mr. Cunningham merely says, "Here is a great mistake. King James only continued him in the office of Historiographer; for the same letters patent (18th August, 1670) which created him Poet Laureate on Davenant's death, created him Historiographer Royal at the death of Howell." This surely was the place to acknowledge Mr. Bell's recent contribution to the subject. In a previous note, too, *à propos* of Dryden's motives toward "conversion," Mr. Cunningham says the reader should consult Scott, Southey, and Macaulay: "Both Scott and Southey acquit Dryden of being biassed by motives of temporary convenience; but Mr. Macaulay is painfully positive that his conversion was a mere money-matter." Strange that the reader is not also referred to that particular author (Robert Bell) whose particular part it has been, to show cause against the particular accusation of "painfully positive" Mr. Macaulay. It is unfair, however, to charge Mr. Cunningham with wholly ignoring Bell's Annotated edition of Dryden; he mentions it, and his obligations to it, more than once,* if not in quite the right place, or with the due significance.

Yet we might search his own annotations for some time ere we found a "discovery" of equal moral value or biographic interest. The specimens already given of Mr. Cunningham's revising labours, afford a fair notion of the quality, if none at all of the quantity, of his *marginalia*. He is in his element when recording the history of Milton's covenant of indenture for the sale of "Paradise Lost," through what auction-rooms it has passed, and on what terms; or when supplying Johnson's omission of one of Milton's many places of residence, a *bonne bouche* for him who compiled the admirable "Handbook of London;" or when enumerating

* E.g. in vol. i. pp. 298, 300; and vol. ii. pp. 37, 312, &c.

the known portraits of the same poet, and discriminating their several deserts; or when transcribing the title-pages of the first edition of "*Hudibras*," now scarce; or when tracing the penates of Dryden, from Salisbury-court to Long-acre, and from Long-acre to Gerard-street; or when drawing up a tabular account of copyright paid by booksellers, for remarkable plays, between 1682 and 1726;* or when tracking the history of Addison's surviving relatives, describing his funeral, and criticising his portraits; or when recounting the pictures and busts of Mat Prior, who bought them, and for how much; or when giving a digest of the will of poor, persecuted, pertinaciously poetical Sir Richard Blackmore, and summing up the names of those who assailed him,—Dryden, for instance, once and again,—Wycherly, on his satire against wit,—Sedley, with characteristic license,—Garth, in a dose from the Dispensary,—Tom Brown, too, over and over again, and Smith, and Philips, and Gay, and Swift, and last and not least and oftenest of all, Alexander Pope. There is a passage in Johnson's Life of Dryden highly applicable to his present Editor's industry: "To adjust the minute events of literary history is tedious and troublesome: it requires, indeed, no great force of understanding, but often depends upon inquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand." Mr. Cunningham has all and more than the Doctor's ideal "requires;" and instead of accounting it "tedious and troublesome," he evidently revels in active research among obsolete "tall copies" and forgotten pamphlets, and has no mere sneaking kindness for a "rummage" among MSS., such as "Lord Chamberlain's MS. Warrant Books," consulted for the date of a play; "Sir G. Etherege's MS. Letters," quoted for an opinion on the "*Hind and Panther émeute*;" Gray's MS. Journal, for a comment on Riley's Portrait of Dryden ["in a long wig—disagreeable face"]; a MS. Royal Warrant, prohibiting infringement of the copyright of *Hudibras*, &c., &c. If readers innocent of taste for what is curious and "somewhat musty" withal, fail to relish this department of the Editor's notes, then there are in copious supplies, and admirable variety, choice excerpts from a large round of authors, to illustrate the text—bits from that arrant gossip Pepys, and grave good John Evelyn, and small-talkative Aubrey, and slow and sure Aaron Hill, and vixenish Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and the irresistible Lady Mary, and quizzical sensitive Gentleman Gray, and pensive Dr. Beattie, and didactic Dr. Armstrong, and bustling Bozzy, and busy Malone, and sagacious Scott, and forcible Byron, and scholarly Southey, and quaint Charles Lamb, and Wordsworth the profound, and Campbell the elegant, and Croker the ingenious, and Lord Mahon the discreet, and Leigh Hunt the sparkling, and *Notes and Queries* the nondescript and inexhaustible. Rare old Johnson! In his proudest, hopefulest moments he could as little have dreamt of an edition like this, as he did of the men and

* The first of these is Otway's "*Venice Preserved*," which in 1682 fetched 15*l.*; while the last, which is "*The Rival Modes*" of Moore Smyth, "realised," in 1726, just seven times that sum. The former sum is the price, too, of Farquhar's "*Recruiting Officer*," and Cibber's "*Double Gallant*," though Farquhar soon afterwards received twice that amount for his "*Beaux' Stratagem*," and Cibber a hundred guineas for "*The Non-Juror*." The lowest payment is for Mrs. Centlivre's "*Busy Body*," ten guineas.

their works who are herein quoted to do him service—of the Waverley Novels in prose fiction, or of the Lake School, Diabolic School, and Cockney School, so called or miscalled, in verse.

Such an edition must create a new public for the Lives of the Poets, which, though more read than aught besides from the same pen, the public of our times have not been very eager to study. There is every enticement in these handsome volumes to become familiar with what is, and always will be, an interesting and valuable work. The fine narrative of the strange career of Savage, the dissertations interwoven with the memoir of Cowley, the kindly account of Addison, the mingled aversion and reserve of the history of Swift, the elaborate review of Pope's character and works, and even the captious depreciation of Gray, are all worth reading, and marking, if not inwardly digesting—which last feat is not always possible or desirable. The style of the Lives is less grandiose than Johnson's other writings; his sentences have less resemblance to (Archdeacon Hare's comparison) the hoops worn by ladies in his day, the sentences* and the hoops being equally successful in disguising and disfiguring the form, as well as in keeping you at a distance from it. Far fewer are the long-tailed words in 'osity and 'ation; fewer such sentences as "pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration," occurring in the Life of Addison; or a rapid succession of such words as "alternate coruscations," "operation," "admiration," "combination," "elevation," "versification," "exclamation," which tread one on another's high heels in a paragraph of the Life of Congreve. Nor do we frequently light on terms like "*variegation* of prose and verse" (applied to Addison's Travels), or "the line was *liquidated* to 'Britons, attend'" (instead of what may be called *per contra* the "solidarity" of the first reading, "Britons, arise!" in *Cato*), or "he was *illegitimated* by the parliament," said of the unhappy Richard Savage. In fine, though we may decline to assent to Mr. Cunningham's homage to Johnson as "the greatest of biographers," as much as to Lord Cockburn's homage to Jeffrey as "the greatest of British critics," we welcome his edition of the "Lives" with cordial greeting, and accept his verdict on it as "Johnson's great work"—a work to which Mr. Cunningham's preparations for twenty years past, will impart a new and wider popularity for more than twenty years to come.

* "In reading them," says the Archdeacon, "one may often be puzzled to think how they could proceed from a man whose words in conversation were so close and sinewy. . . . How such a style could gain the admiration which Johnson's gained, in an age when numbers of men and women wrote incomparably better, would be another grave puzzle, unless one remembered that it was the age when hoops and toupes were thought to heighten the beauty of women, and full-bottomed wigs the dignity of men. He who saw in his glass how his wig became his face and head, might easily infer that a similar full-bottomed, well-curled friz of words would be no less becoming to his thoughts. Nor did he miscalculate the effect upon his immediate readers. They who admired the hairy wig, were in raptures with the wordy one."—GUESSES AT TRUTH. *Second Series.*

THE SISTER OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

V.

MARIE watched long that night for her husband's return—but she watched in vain! With an escaped convict the process, in France, is summary enough: the *sallette*, the sentence, and the chain succeed each other so rapidly, that before the capture has been made twelve hours, the prisoner is on his way to a fresh *bagne*, there to be doubly branded, doubly ironed, and taxed with double toil. In vain, therefore, might Marie watch—not only for that, but for many successive nights. Vilette's promises of repentance had seemed to her so sincere, that her trusting nature would not suffer her to believe he had so quickly fallen into and reaped the reward of his evil courses. He had spoken of danger, and she feared that misfortune, not crime, now kept him from her. There was only one way of ascertaining what had become of him—by applying at the *Préfecture de Police*; but this step, for the reasons Vilette had given, she was afraid to take. She thus remained in complete ignorance of his fate.

Had Marie thoroughly comprehended her husband's character, his absence would have been the lightest of her sorrows; but she had material evils, as well as mental distresses, to contend with, which called upon her to exert all the energies she was mistress of.

These arose, as was most natural, from want of money. In furnishing her husband with the means which he told her were to be applied for their mutual benefit, she had left herself destitute of future resources, and such a man as Vilette was not likely to leave her anything on which he could lay his hands. Her ready money went first, her hoarded crowns followed, and then, as we have seen, the *rente viagère* was absorbed; so that when she came to confide her position, at the end of the long and anxious week which succeeded her husband's second disappearance, she found that all she had to depend upon consisted solely of what she might obtain by the sale of her furniture, and that her future existence, and that of her child, must be derived from the work of her own hands.

Marie was not altogether friendless, but Madame de Frémont, upon whom she might confidently have relied for assistance, was absent on a journey with her husband on the further shores of the Mediterranean, and before aid could be obtained from that quarter the worst might have happened. Besides, she was averse from writing what she might, under pressing necessity, have told; nor had she that unerring faith in letters which keeps up the hopes of those who, in a different rank, do battle with the world. She wrote, therefore, to none, nor did she complain to any, but with a resolute heart set about the task which necessity imposed upon her.

Marie's arrangements were soon, though sadly, made; for when the poor have occasion to dispossess themselves of the little they have called their own, there is no want of ready hands to take it at the easiest rate for the buyer, on the hardest terms for the seller. It cost her some pangs

to part with almost all she had, the poor, again, having a real attachment to their household gods: to them, indeed, they are much, for they are more closely associated with their daily wants and cannot be replaced. But it pained Marie even more to remove from the quiet of Passy, and the healthful air that invigorated her child, to the cheaper *quartier* whither she was now compelled to direct her steps. To many the change to Les Batignolles would have been a thing of little consequence; but little Philippe was so fond of gathering violets in the Bois de Boulogne; she loved so, herself, from the heights of Passy, to watch the silvery Seine wandering onward to the fair valleys of her own Normandy; and then—though the Cimetière of Montmartre was filled with handsome monuments, it had no sacred charm for her like the quiet churchyard of Anteuil; for there stood the small black crosses, ever garlanded with the freshest flowers, on which were inscribed the names of her father and mother!

But to the Batignolles Marie was obliged to go, having found there a small apartment which was better adapted to her slender purse than any out of the multitude she had sought in other directions.

Amongst the things which Marie had been taught, the employments which became her station had not been neglected, and she was perfectly mistress of that useful accomplishment—the mystery of needlework—in which Frenchwomen so greatly excel all others. Her skill in this respect stood her now in good stead, enabling her, though by slow degrees, to earn a livelihood. At length she became known to employers for the excellence of her work, and as her business improved, her *petites économies* were again carefully laid by to make a fund for little Philippe's education. But before the day came which was to see them devoted to that purpose, a different dispensation was ordained: her child fell sick.

It was a wasting illness, for which art could do little, though it constantly whispered hope, and that in the kind accents of one of those benevolent men who—all honour to their profession—are rare in no country, and, least of all, in France! M. Allaux, who was one of the physicians to the Hôtel Dieu, and lived near the Barrière de Clichy, close to the Batignolles, heard of the boy's sickness through his wife, for whom Marie had done some work. He went at once to offer services, unrewarded save by the consciousness of the act, and the gratitude of the poor mother, and made those services still more valuable by the manner in which he rendered them. But there were limits to his skill, and the malady of little Philippe was one which medicine alone is powerless to cure. As much fresh air and nourishing diet as Marie's condition would permit, were the final remedies he suggested; nor did he confine himself to suggestions, but insisted on supplying much which the child must otherwise have wanted. For the rest, Marie gave up her time, by day, to take him out of doors, and worked the harder for it late into the night.

For purity of air, as well as picturesqueness of site, there is no spot round Paris superior, if equal, to the Buttes de Montmartre, and there, whenever it was fine, Marie took her daily walk, with Philippe in her arms. On one of these occasions, as she was returning homewards, she was met in the street by a large coarse-looking woman, who, after staring hard at her as she went by, gave her a familiar nod, and passed on. Marie had a slight idea that she had seen the woman's face before, but where she

could not remember; the thought made her turn her head as she was entering her own door, and, to her surprise, she found the stranger had done the same, and was standing still to observe her. It then flashed on her memory, that this was the same person who, four or five years before, had, in her anger, revealed her husband's true condition; and, with a shudder at the recollection, she hastened in. The woman was a good deal altered, and for the worse; there was something in her features that might still have been handsome, but intemperance and dissipation had flushed her cheek, and hardened her glance, and nothing was left of her sex but its frailty. It was a relief, therefore, to Marie when she ceased to think of her, though the daring and vicious expression of that face haunted her at intervals throughout the evening. She was fated to see it again, and under circumstances of greater discomfort than ever.

It happened, about a month afterwards, when, as Marie was sitting with Philippe sleeping on her knee, one fine bright summer's morning, on a knoll which overlooked the Cemetery of Montmartre, the same woman approached her, evidently for the purpose of speaking. Marie's first impulse was to avoid her, and she rose to do so, but she felt the attempt was useless.

"Sit down again," said the stranger, "I have something to say to you."

Marie obeyed her mechanically, and her companion took her place on the turf beside her.

"You remember me?" she said, fixing her bold eyes on Marie's half-averted face.

A faint affirmative was the reply.

"Yes—I was sure of that. Now, do you know my name?"

"No," returned Marie, answering against her will.

"Very well. I am called 'La Champenoise.' That's as good a name as any other. You are called *Madame*"—it was with a supreme sneer she dwelt on the word—"Madame Vilette."

"Vilette was my husband's name," replied Marie, with an effort.

"True—your husband. Ah, husbands and lovers are not quite the same. And that sickly creature is his child, I suppose?"

"Mon pauvre Philippe!" exclaimed Marie, bursting into tears, and bending over the boy, who still slept.

"Leave off crying," said the woman; "I have news of your husband."

"Oh, tell me," cried Marie, eagerly—"tell me, where is he?"

The woman laughed.

"Pas si bête, ma chère. If I were to tell you that, even here where we sit, there are those near enough—les sacrés mouchards—to make me repent it."

"What is it you want, then? If you bring me tidings of my husband, you cannot think that I would betray your confidence."

"I am not sure of that," returned La Champenoise. "But what I want—or, rather, what *he* wants—you shall know directly."

"Well?" said Marie, striving to be calm.

"That last *coup* of his, when he left you and the *maillot* there," continued La Champenoise, pointing to Philippe, "one fine night, about a year ago—that last *coup* was a failure. Il perdit toute la *camelotte*—

all he ventured he lost—and his liberty into the bargain. They took him—no matter where, but it was far enough off. Well, he doesn't want to stay where he is—c'est de nature—and has sent word—no matter how—that you must help him."

"What can I do? What ought I to do?" exclaimed Marie to herself, rather than to her companion.

"Can!—ought!" answered the other. "You're his wife. Send him all you've got."

"And my child," said Marie, "see how ill he is. What can I take from his necessity? Oh, woman, if you have a woman's heart, think, after what you have said, think of a mother's anguish."

"Bah!" returned La Champenoise. "Every mother says the same when she's in trouble. Mine did, I dare say, some time or other—more's the pity. You won't be a mother long, for that matter."

"Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" sobbed Marie; "ai-je mérité ce malheur?"

"Listen to me, I tell you," pursued the vindictive woman. "It's no pleasure to me to see you *pleurnicher* like the Fontaine du Diable, in the Rue de l'Echelle. You must have money, and, what's more, you must give what you have. You call yourself Madame Caron I find. Take care," she added, in a whisper—"take care you're not known in the *quartier* as the wife of the convict Vilette!"

These words made Marie tremble; and little Philippe, roused from his slumber by the woman's excited voice, opened his languid eyes, and, turning them towards her, gave a feeble scream.

"Go," said Marie, again rising hastily, terror and anger half choking her utterance—"go; you are a bad woman. But, no—you must be obeyed. Come this evening, when it is dark, to the Barrière de Clichy. I will be there, and——"

"Bring the money with you," interrupted La Champenoise.

"I will bring what I can," replied Marie.

"A la bonne heure," returned the woman, with cool effrontery. "Au revoir." And, with a scornful laugh, she turned away, and strode down the hill.

Marie kept her promise. She made but a small reserve, and once more consigned her hardly-earned savings to her worthless husband, of whose worthlessness she no longer had a doubt, but for whose miserable lot her heart still beat with pity. Was this a weakness or a virtue?

VI.

WHEN left, however, to reflect upon her position, Marie felt its insecurity. Her name and place of abode known to the woman who called herself "La Champenoise," and her fears having been already worked upon, to continue to reside at Les Batignolles was no longer safe. But where, and with a sick child, was she to remove to? It was a question of moment, for the means of living were imperilled by the step. Yet the alternative of remaining where she was, was almost as bad. Her husband, whose return she now dreaded as much as she had formerly desired it, might re-appear and claim the right of disposing of her actions; the woman, too, who acted evidently under the influence of strong feelings of

jealousy, might revenge herself by carrying out the threat, and involve them all in one common ruin. It was better, she thought, once more to change her name, and seek a home in a part of Paris less likely to be frequented by Vilette and his companions, should he endeavour to find her out again. But before she did so, she communicated her intention to M. Allaux, and told him the reasons which impelled her to the step she meditated. The kind physician acknowledged the force of her representations, and did not strive to alter her resolve, knowing only too well that the doom of her child was sealed, and could be little accelerated or retarded by change of place; he felt, moreover, that when her mind was free from apprehension of annoyance, she would be better enabled to devote herself to the care of little Philippe. But again his kindness was active, nor would he suffer her to fix on a new residence till he had personally ministered to her comforts.

For the third time, then, Marie went forth to create a new world for herself and child, and crossing over to the opposite side of Paris, found an apartment in a *quatrième* on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, a short distance only from the cemetery that bears that name, as if fate had summoned her to that locality. We need not dwell on an event which every one but poor Marie foresaw: little Philippe lingered for a few months, and then, like a lamp long flickering, the light that gave him life went out. Deep was the desolate mother's grief when, at last, the blow fell; but though it absorbed every feeling, and quenched every hope, it did not kill; though the joy of her existence was gone, she yet had a motive for living on. A strange desire actuated her: to honour the remains of her boy, by erecting as costly a monument to his memory as the labour of her hands could procure. Marie calculated that a year of unremitting toil would suffice for this purpose, and when that was accomplished, the sooner it pleased Providence to permit her to lay her head beside her darling, the welcomer her last hour. Early and late, therefore, did she work with this object in view, denying herself all but the actual necessities of life, and gradually accumulating the sum of which she stood in need. She might have exerted herself less to achieve her object, for since the death of little Philippe, Monsieur and Madame de Frémont had returned to Paris, and learnt the story of her woes. They offered her a home, but Marie was fixed on the one idea of performing her task unaided, and gratefully declined the assistance that was so readily proffered. In this manner the time rolled on,—the year's labour was nearly at an end, and but a few francs were wanting to complete the desired amount, when a fresh incident arose to chequer her sad career.

She was passing, one morning, by the porter's lodge of the house in which she lived, on her way to pay her daily visit to the cemetery, when the portress, who was engaged in discussion with the *facteur* of the *quartier*, called to her by her assumed name:

"Eh bien, Madame Louvel, voilà une lettre pour vous, qui a l'air de venir de bien loin, vu que la poste n'est pas payée et que ça coûte un peu!"

"A letter for me, and from a distance?" said Marie; "it must be a mistake. I have no friends out of Paris."

"It is for you, sure enough," replied the old woman; "see, the name and address are quite right. It bears the Havre post-mark."

A sudden dread took possession of Marie, and, seizing the letter with a trembling hand, she cast her eyes on the superscription. One glance was enough. Though years had passed since she saw the handwriting, she knew it directly for her husband's; and, mastering her emotion as well as she was able, returned at once to her apartment to read the unexpected missive. It was of so characteristic a nature, that we feel bound to give it in the original, subjoining a translation. It was thus :

"*MA CHÈRE AMIE*,—J'arrive de la Californie. Je n'y ai pas fait fortune ; au contraire. Les mines que j'ai vues étaient encore plus mauvaises que la mienne, ce qui n'est pas peu dire, attendu que je reviens avec un œil de moins. Je l'ai perdu en défendant ma peau contre un tas de mauvais garnemens qui grouillaient dans ce pays-là. J'ai été obligé de travailler à la manœuvre pour mon passage sur un vaisseau. Enfin, je reviens tout au comme un petit Saint Jean. Heureusement que tu as mis de côté un petit magot pour ton cher mari. J'ai su ça par quelqu'un qui te surveille, et qui m'a écrit ton nouveau nom et ta nouvelle adresse. Pourquoir faire des cachoteries, ma mie, avec de vieux renards comme moi ? ça ne sert de rien. Demain je serai chez toi, et nous ferons danser un peu ces pauvres vieux écus, qui doivent bien s'ennuyer depuis que je ne suis pas là.

"*TON CHER MARI*."*

There was reason for dread in a letter like this. He who had caused her movements to be so closely watched, must have been informed of the loss of her child—his own, too—and knowing this, could address an afflicted mother, and a deserted wife, in a strain of such cruel levity,—the very worst might be augured from his visit; but whatever came of it, Marie resolved this time to endure all rather than swerve one jot from her settled design. She had a sacred duty to fulfil, and all other considerations, compared with it, were as nought. She had need of all her resolution to meet the coming trial.

It would have been useless to try to fly from a man who had proved to her how sure were the means he possessed of tracking her steps; besides, she trusted something to the force of the language in which she purposed to appeal to him, if—as she still hoped, notwithstanding all his past conduct—there yet remained in his breast a shadow of the love he had once avowed to her. Calmly, therefore, she prepared herself for the inevitable meeting, and even went so far as to make some little preparation for Vilette's reception, at the same time informing the old portress that it

* "*MY DEAR FRIEND*,—I have arrived from California, where I did not make my fortune; on the contrary. The aspect of things there" (the *calembourg* on "*mines*" is not translatable) "is worse than my own, which is not saying a little, seeing that I have returned minus an eye. I lost it, defending my skin against a lot of bad subjects, who swarm in that country. I have been obliged to work my passage home in the ship that brought me, and make my appearance, quite naked, like a little St. John. Luckily, you have put by a trifle for your dear husband. I learnt this from some one who has had an eye upon you, and sent me your new name and address. Why do you attempt concealment with old foxes like me?—it's of no use. To-morrow I shall be with you, and we will make those old crowns dance again; they must have been dull enough without me.

"*YOUR DEAR HUSBAND*."

was her husband—the writer of the letter from Hayre—whom she expected. The *conciège* of a *garni* in Paris sees too many strange things happen every day to be greatly surprised at any event, but on hearing this, old Petronille screwed up her withered features with a look of wonder, as much as to say, “Who would ever have thought that this poor creature had a husband living—and she in such misery.” However, she received the directions given to her without reply, though amongst her own gossips afterwards she indemnified herself for her enforced silence.

The same evening a man, whose appearance did no injustice to the description which Vilette had given of himself, came to the *loge* of Marie’s dwelling. He asked for Madame Louvel, and was directed to her apartment.

About two hours afterwards a hasty step was heard descending the stairs, and a hoarse voice called out “*cordon*,”—the speaker passing by so rapidly that old Petronille, who was half asleep, hardly got a glimpse of his person as she rose to pull the string. But before he was clear of the *porte cochère*, he dropped some money on the stones. The familiar sound effectually roused the portress, and she ran out of her *loge* to pick it up. The man, however, appeared to take no heed of his loss, though once, as Petronille called after him, he turned his head, and by the light of a *réverbère*, which shone full on his face, she saw that he wore a patch over one eye, and then recognised him as the stranger who had inquired for Marie.

“An odd sort of husband,” she muttered, “to be in such a hurry to run away from a wife—not seen, to my knowledge, for this twelvemonth. Odder still that he wouldn’t wait for his money. I should scarcely have thought it had been so plenty with one of his appearance. I’m sure poor Madame Louvel has none to spare. Ah, she seems to think of nothing but that dead child! Money,” she continued, rattling together two five-franc pieces which she had picked up,—“money won’t bring back a smile to her sweet face; however, as the husband does not come back for it, I must give it to her the next time I see her.”

She was interrupted in her monologue by a little girl, who came running down the staircase calling her by name.

“Mère Petronille, mère Petronille!—il y a du mal en haut; montez de suite!”

“What’s the matter?” grumbled the old woman; “who sent you?”

“My mother,” returned the child; “she has been dreadfully frightened, and so have we all. We are afraid something has happened to Madame Louvel!”

“Mon Dieu!” exclaimed Petronille; “c’est l’homme-là, son mari, qui vient de la quitter! Ah, montons, montons de suite.”

With more agility than might have been expected from her appearance, though she was bent by habit rather than by age, the portress scaled the long flights of stairs, with the little girl clinging to her gown. When she reached the fourth landing-place, her dim lamp revealed to her the pale, anxious face of the mother of the child, and one or two other female neighbours, who lived even higher still. All of them had the same story to tell—a noise in Madame Louvel’s apartment, in which the deep tones of a man’s voice predominated—then sounds as if a struggle

had taken place, accompanied by supplicating female accents—then one long, piercing cry—the noise of a heavy fall—rapid footsteps—a sharp crack, as of something broken—a door loudly banged, and then silence for a while, till broken by stifled groans.

"Why did you not call for me before?" asked Petronille of the child's mother.

"Ah, dam!" was the reply; "j'entendions du bruit, c'est vrai; mais, voyez-vous, ça arrive si souvent dans le quartier, on n'y fait pas grand' attention. D'ailleurs, quand on est marié, on s'accoutume à des rixes comme ça. Mais c't enfant a pleuré tant, qu'à la fin j' sommes d'cidées d' sortir; et les voisines ont fait d' même."

"Well," said Petronille, "something, as the child said, must have gone wrong with Madame Louvel; but the door is closed, and the key gone. Listen—what was that?"

All present heard a deep moan.

"We must get into the room," said the active old portress. "Ah! here comes a man. I suppose I forgot to shut the street-door. A la bonne heure—it is Monsieur Martin, who lives on the *troisième*."

The presence of the new comer restored the courage of the frightened women; they crowded round him, and repeated their story. In a few minutes, by his assistance, the door of Marie's apartment was forced open, and all the party entered.

A ghastly sight presented itself in the inner room, where the furniture was strewed about in the greatest disorder. There lay the body of poor Marie, her hair dishevelled, her hands cut, her features fearfully mutilated, and a pool of blood beneath her head, which had issued from a wound in her throat. She was, to all appearance, dead. On a close examination, however, it was discovered that she still breathed; but the injuries she had sustained seemed to say that to survive was impossible. They raised the body and placed it on the bed, while a surgeon was sent for in all haste. A medical student—there are many who live in that *quartier*—quickly came. He had skill, and some experience; and after a careful examination, pronounced that Marie might be saved, her wounds, though numerous, being more frightful in appearance than dangerous.

Other aid, when Madame de Frémont heard the distressing news, was added; and by the united care and attention of all—for the young student would not relinquish his services—in the course of a few weeks poor Marie was reclaimed from that bourne whither her hopes had long been tending, and restored to the living world around her.

And with that restoration different thoughts from those she had before cherished arose. On her bed of suffering she sacrificed every selfish feeling within her bosom, and vowed herself henceforward to the service of the sick. On the cruel treatment she had received she preserved an inflexible silence; but none who heard what Petronille had to say, doubted for a moment that it had been inflicted by the man whom Marie had called her husband. All she begged was, that no questions might be asked her on the subject. The *commissaire de police* of the *quartier* took up the question, however, on his own account; but he could make nothing of it, most probably because Vilette had too recently returned, and was not to be found in the haunts of the companions who had formerly betrayed him.

When Marie was sufficiently recovered to go abroad again, she went

to Monsieur Allaux, who, as we have said, was one of the physicians of the Hôtel Dieu, and announced her intention of becoming a Sister of Charity. Through his means, and the representations of Madame de Frémont, Marie was admitted to the "Congrégation des Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul;" and amongst that earnest, self-denying community, none were more zealous than Sister Firmine, by which name Marie was in future to be known. Her attendance at the hospital was unremitting, and many a sick man's sufferings were soothed by her tender care.

One day, while she was seated beside the bed of a patient, nearly convalescent, in the Hôtel Dieu, a movement suddenly took place in the ward, occasioned by the arrival of one borne in on a litter. It was a man who, only a few minutes before, had attempted suicide by throwing himself into the Seine from the parapet of the Pont St. Michel, having previously fired a pistol in his mouth. It appeared that he was a *repris de justice*, hotly pursued by the police, and, finding that escape was no longer possible, had made a twofold effort to balk his captors and rid himself of his life. But he was saved from drowning by one of the boatmen of the Morgue, though brought to the shore apparently in a dying state, from the effects of his wound. He groaned heavily as the litter was borne past the foot of the bed where Sister Firmine was seated; and as she glanced compassionately towards the sufferer, despite his shattered jaw and clay-cold face, bespattered with blood, she recognised her husband!

The shock was a fearful one; but she did not sink beneath the horrible vision, though her frame shook with a strong convulsion to see before her in such guise the man whom she had once so dearly loved, and who had so often and so cruelly wronged her. But her emotion, after the first throes of terror had passed, was all pity; and, falling on her knees, she poured forth a fervent prayer for him who was the cause of all her bitter woe.

It was soon known throughout the ward that the last comer was in a desperate condition, the lower part of his face being almost destroyed by the explosion of his weapon. At the most, the surgeons said, he could not survive twelve hours.

"Grant for those few hours," petitioned Sister Firmine to the principal surgeon, "that I may remain by the bedside of the dying man!"

Her request, though brief, was too earnestly made to be refused; and throughout that night the convict Vilette was watched over and prayed for by his agonised wife. Delirium tossed his brain; but once she heard her own name uttered.

"Philippe!" she answered. And, the cloud passing from his mind, the wretched man opened his eyes to meet her gaze and know it.

"It is her spirit," he faintly said, with his last breath—"it is her spirit. She comes to bar the murderer's way to heaven!"

"It is herself," murmured Marie. "She is here to forgive."

When I had heard this tale, it was no longer necessary to ask why Sister Firmine prayed daily at the shrine of St. Séverin.

A FAREWELL TO 1864.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Nor lightly but with reverence lay
The old Year in his solemn tomb,
For high events have marked his way—
Events of glory, fear, and gloom.
He joins his myriad fathers dead,
Ring out his knell in yon deep sky!
Calm be his sleep in that dark bed,
The graveyard of eternity!
And Memory watch his ashes well,
While Time and Nature sigh farewell!

Thou Year! though Pestilence and Woe
Have stalked, sad spectres, by thy side,
And Heaven hath dealt on man below
Judgments severe to dash his pride,
Yet, backward glancing, we behold,
Like rainbows starting through the storm,
Like sunset-clouds befringed with gold,
Glimmerings of beauty round thy form.
Eventful Year! long, long must we,
Far ill, for good, remember thee.

By the grand trophy Taste and Art
Have dazzling raised on England's soil,
Where deathless genius works his part,
To exalt, refine the sons of toil;
A temple where immortal Mind
May drink in knowledge, glow, expand;
A temple where all human kind
In peace, in love, may link the hand;
By mental feasts, joys pure and free,
Dead Year! we will remember thee.

By the strong union knit between
The two great Nations of the world—
Nations that deadliest foes had been,
Now side by side their flags unfurled;
Now honour's road together treading,
Hurling down wrong, and, o'er th' oppressed,
Magnanimous the buckler spreading—
Champions and saviours of the West!
Such union Heaven might, smiling, see—
By this, great Year! we'll think of thee!

A Farewell to 1854.

By the black thunder-cloud of war,
 That, gathering long, hath burst at last,
 Launching its lightnings near and far,
 By myriads into Hades sent;
 By widows' tears, and orphans' cry,
 And all the ills of warfare born;
 By the good hearts that seek to dry
 Those tears, as suns chase dews at morn,
 Though gold may not bid anguish flee—
 Dread Year! we must remember thee.

By armament more strong, more grand,
 Than e'er before ploughed ocean's foam;
 By valour-breathing, patriot band,
 Leaving dear hearts and joys of home,
 Swearing to lay the despot low,
 Or shed each drop their veins might yield;
 Who, Spartan-like, could front the foe,
 And win, but never fly the field:
 By men whose like few ages see,
 Proud Year! we will remember thee.

By Alma's crimson'd field, where Glory
 Laurell'd bold Gaul and Albion's son—
 Vict'ry to live embalmed in story,
 With Issus and famed Marathon!
 By Inkermann, where serfs and slaves
 Poured, countless thousands, on the rock
 Of freemen's steel, and, like wild waves,
 Recoiled, all broken, from the shock:
 By victories, fearful though they be,
 Great Year! we will remember thee.

From out the cloud which wraps thy tomb,
 A seraph form exultant springs,
 The infant Year—'tis born of gloom,
 Yet Hope green wreaths around it flings.
 God grant, beneath its smiles, glad Peace
 O'er the war-wave may send its dove,
 That Wrong may fall, that tears may cease,
 And Truth and Joy walk earth with Love!
 Yet come what may, we still must dwell
 With pride on thee—great Year! farewell!

BADEN-BADEN IN THE WINTER.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

DURING one of those painful domestic events which, under the ancient pretext of "putting things to rights," are of periodical recurrence—to the horror of all men who surround themselves with papers, or revel in the enjoyment of literary disorder—it became necessary to remove a number of shabby-looking volumes from the upper shelves of a bookcase where they had lain undisturbed for years in the congenial dryness of accumulated dust. Some of them proved to be such note-books as had supplied me with my "*Anecdotes of Earthquakes*;"* and some were the MSS. of travelling memoranda made during various voyages and tours. As I had arrived at a period of life when,

Like the Roman in the Capitol,

I had begun to think of folding my mantle ere I fell—and as I could not very distinctly see the time when I should be able to reduce these multifarious pages to an intelligible shape—I condemned them to the flames. But there was something sad in watching the records of what had once so interested me slowly crisping into black fragments; and, now and then, a sheet or two arrested my attention and were laid aside. Of this hasty selection the following is Number One.

As Baden-Baden in the summer is now as much an English watering-place as Harrogate or Scarborough, it is unnecessary to describe the aspect which it then presents. Above all places that have hitherto been brought into notice, it is suited to every variety of taste and pursuit. The solitary may wander in its woods; the gambler may lounge in its saloons; the artist may find subjects for his pencil, the reader leisure for his books; yet all meet at the dinner-hour, and however the morning may have been spent, the evening is usually devoted to gay and social intercourse. But few are acquainted with its appearance during the months which intervene between October and May.

How came we, ourselves, to choose it as a winter resting-place? We had ascertained that several pleasant families had determined to do the same. We had projected an extensive tour in Germany the following spring; and few places seemed to present so convenient a starting-point.

The *Season* had now come to its close. The Lords *Stavondale*, and the Messieurs *Shangwaht*, and Mrs. *Vegnasty*—for such are the unintelligible forms in which our English names appear in the *Baden Gazette*—had all departed. The leaves began to fall, and the yellow of the chestnuts and beeches to mingle with the dark green of the pines; the occupants of the booths were disappearing—like the poet's stars—"by twos and threes;" carriers with their waggons had usurped the depopulated walks, and were bearing away, in ungainly packages, the fragile wares which had so long displayed their glittering attractions to crowds

* *New Monthly Magazine*, Aug., 1854.

of idlers ; the gaming-tables, shorn of all but a few of the more ardent votaries, were transferred from their ample rooms to an empty *salle* of the *restaurant* ; and the orange-trees in front of the Confraternity's *Haus* (which but a week before had been surrounded by so many gay and laughing groups) were removed to their place of shelter for the winter. Yet all this was followed by the clear and lovely weather of a protracted autumn ; and, though the vintage had *begun* unpromisingly, we were upon the wine-hills on the 23rd of October, enjoying one of the finest days that ever shone in that uncertain month. It was a beautiful sight. The leaves had so far withered as to show the grapes in thick clusters of purple or pale green ; the vats, steadied by vine branches, were placed in light waggons ; oxen lay unyoked beside them, feeding upon gourds ; of which the rich orange colour contrasted, as finely as the eye of an artist could desire, with the deep russet of the foliage. Amongst the grape-gatherers were some as pretty faces as were ever seen on the hills of Italy ; and the view from the vineyards was superb. On one side lay the wide valley of the Rhine ; on the other was Baden in one of its most beautiful aspects.

After this, the winter showed evident symptoms of its approach ; and it became necessary to leave the pleasant residence we had occupied, during the season, for a house something more in the town. There is a striking difference in the item of *rent* at Baden, in summer and in winter. For thirty louis we had for six months the greater part of a handsome villa, splendidly furnished, for which the Duke of Argyle had paid, in the season, considerably more *per month*. Its proprietor (who enjoyed the title of *Freyherr*) was a character. He was the son of a celebrated Oriental scholar ; and was the admiring friend and imitator of a very popular romance-writer, whose bust was placed on a column in one of our rooms. He told me that I should find the works of himself and his friend more difficult than those of the earlier German writers : it was their object, he said, to give the language an increased degree of force ; and "*avec la force une beauté* ;" but the force seemed to consist in intricate and inverted sentences, and the beauty to have a prevailing dash of affectation. The whole family was devoted to the arts. There was a brother with considerable talent as a painter, who wore a *montero* cap and *costume de théâtre*, studied effect in his own person, affected *la chasse*, and was rarely seen without a guitar or a rifle, pistols or foils. He was *nothing if not picturesque*. They had both of them the German love of smoking, and wrote or painted with pipes in their mouths ; and though I attributed it to some parental pique when the mother (herself a successful dramatist) described her son as "passing whole days with S—, smoking and drinking beer, and trampling everything good and respectable under foot," it must be confessed, in the article of smoking, that he was as great a lover of that cloudy solace as the renowned Van Twiller himself, who is said to have "smoked and doubted eight hours out of the four-and-twenty."

He was perfectly satisfied that his house was handsomely furnished, and with some reason ; but still it wanted many things which our English notions of comfort made necessary ; and numberless were the visits to the *Bleicher meißer*, and the *Pfannenschmidt*, and the *Glathandlung*, and

the *Löffler*, and the *Meffer*smith, and the *Schellenmacher*,* &c., &c., before we could fancy ourselves even tolerably at home; and all this, too, made more tedious by the stupidity of the German mechanic. First he was to be sent for; then he came merely to see what was the matter (or rather if what we had told him was the matter were correct); then he went back to fetch his tools; then he found that he had brought the wrong, which involved another return; and, finally, the work—on one occasion—was postponed because the wood of the floor and drawers, which had swollen, could only be planed down with effect *when the moon was on the wane*—a notion truly worthy of our proximity to the Black Forest.

In the course of these, our domestic preparations, I went to make purchases at a village auction. The effects to be disposed of consisted chiefly of those *disjecta membra* of an English establishment which most people leave behind them: old music-books, and broken mouse-traps; side-saddles, and children's toys; small pots which had formerly contained *foie-gras*; and, *inter alia*, various specimens of machinery for relieving the *gooseman* from the effects of this tempting and insidious viand. The *locale* was the *Birthstube* (or tap-room) of a tavern. One of the municipal authorities of the place superintended the important proceedings; his secretary recorded them; and the part of auctioneer was enacted by a policeman whose features seemed to have been cut with a blunt knife out of a block of pine: a kind of face which the Americans call *hickory*. The bland and insinuating *Fifty pounds! Does no one bid more? Do oblige me, madam. Fifty! the third and last time!* of a Christie or a Robins, was rendered by *Und fünfzig mehr! Und niemand mehr! Rumm! Dritte mal!* and an abrupt handing away of the article offered was substituted for the nervous dropping of the hammer. But the short and emphatic grant with which the word *und*, or, as the functionary pronounced it, *unnt!* was delivered; and the broad und prolonged drawl of the "*Koom!*" ("*Unnt!—niemand mehr? Koom! Dritte mal!*") had a rich and ludicrous effect, which could only be conveyed by musical notation: and scarcely by that.

Having arranged our house, we next inquired as to the neighbours who were to form our society for the winter. These were Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., excellent persons, we were told, *for bringing people together*;—probably by the ears. And the C.'s, who stay because they are poor; and Major D., because so stout that no *voiturin* will venture to take him away; and there were the E.'s, relations of the late Lord F.; and the G.'s, near connexions of the present Lord H.; and the J.'s, related to nobody; and the K.'s, whom nobody knows; and the L.'s, whom nobody intends to know; and so on through the whole alphabet—according to the usual composition of a small English colony.

Our countrymen are notorious for the slowness with which they adopt the habits of other nations; and when they do adopt them, they generally manage to select the worst. At Baden, for instance, they had taken up the inhospitable German practice of expecting the stranger to make the first overture towards acquaintance. The Germans defend their

* These mysterious-looking words mean simply the *timman*, ironmonger, glass-shop, joiner, cutler, bell-hanger, &c.

custom by saying that you know where to find the resident, but that the resident cannot be aware of the arrival or abode of every stranger. But it is, after all, a custom repulsive to English feelings, and nothing but a wish to avoid the imputation of affectation or singularity induced us to comply with it. Our doing so gave us the best society of the place; and there was no want of hospitable reception. But it must be admitted that the small parties at Baden were, like many other small parties, excessively stupid. The young ladies were *dressed* as elaborately as for Almack's. Owing to the small number of *cavaliers*, there was very little dancing; and they were constrained to sit looking at each other, or to diversify this *triste* amusement by singing "Love's Young Dream," or the songs made popular (*regnante Georgio*) by Paton or Vestris; while, in desperate cases, they were driven to "Hunt the slipper," or "Puss in a corner," executed by performers whose ages varied from sixteen to sixty.

These, however, were not our only enjoyments during that brief residence at Baden-Baden. On the contrary, we made several agreeable acquaintance—some of them Germans—and it would be unfair to confound them with the triflers by whom they were accidentally surrounded. I remember with especial pleasure my obliging friend the ex-minister Von F—— (an English scholar, and a philologist of no ordinary acquirements); and the young and intelligent Von M——, who had the feelings of a poet with the subdued manners of a gentleman, and whose descriptions—full of enthusiasm—of his moonlight excursions on the Neckar, when at Heidelberg, made me almost wish that I also had been a student. There are men whose titles may be omitted. They are valued for higher qualities.

My first call upon one of the less distinguished Germans had nearly been attended with fatal consequences. Some of my friends in England had once literally *killed* a nervous lady by the infliction of a morning visit; and I was, for some time, apprehensive of having contributed to the same result. The mother of the family to whom my respects were to be paid was an invalid; and I found her reposing upon a sofa in conversation with a lady and gentleman, who were accompanied by a large setter. I was myself, unfortunately, followed by a dog—we are not particular in these respects in Germany—and had scarcely entered the room when an overgrown cat, which had lain concealed beneath a cambric handkerchief, upon the old lady's lap, started up and gave battle to my companion. The setter flew to the rescue. The fight was fierce, and the discord terrible; there was a chorus of growls, barks, and yells, that might have served for a witches' Sabbath; and the old lady, wringing her hands and raising her attenuated form, exclaimed "O mein Katz! mein Katz!" in a tone that would have moved a heart of adamant. The moment they could be separated I made a hasty apology and retreat—my dog, bleeding from his wounds, was waiting for me outside, having been ignominiously expelled; and O mein Katz! mein Katz! was ringing, with its feeble tone of agony, in my ears, till I had ascertained that no consequences beyond the fright had ensued.

But we had scarcely become settled at Baden, when my knowledge of it was interrupted by a very unexpected circumstance. I had always anticipated a considerable degree of cold; and had prepared

against it the "*foci et pingues tædæ*"—"the well-heap'd logs and genial hearth"—and all the comforts we could procure: but there was an enemy beyond the power of these to resist. Most persons know how Baden is locally situated. It lies in a narrow valley, or on the sides of the hills which enclose it; and, with the exception of a single opening towards the extensive plains of the Rhine, is surrounded by the mountains of the Black Forest. In consequence of this locality, the fogs, which are frequent during the autumn and winter, and are made more noxious by exhalations from the woods, are unable to escape, and, resting upon the town, penetrate at times into every chamber—piercing through the neglected tuckings of the bed-covers like the point of a sharp knife. On most persons this has apparently no permanent effect. In some, however, it produces very painful symptoms in the chest, with a feeling of oppression about the heart; and it acted so alarmingly upon the health of one of the most estimable of our party that we determined to move at once to Carlsruhe. The thermometer had, up to this time, not fallen more than *four* degrees below zero of Raumur during the day; and though the ground had been covered with snow, it disappeared in about a week, leaving the mountain-sides as freshly green as before; and the brown leaves of many of the forest trees still mingled with the dark masses of the pine. The scenery from our windows—of wood, mountain, castles, villas, and pleasure-grounds—was, under every aspect, beautiful; and I left it with regret. Those who looked forward to the sport of

Chasing the wild boar and following the roe

(one of the chief of the more manly amusements of a Baden winter), were sorry to think how much I was sacrificing. They were sorrows which I did not myself very deeply feel.

It was on a dark wintry morning on the 24th of November that we took our departure for Carlsruhe. Our heavy effects were removed at a moderate expense by an honest carrier. We ourselves soon followed; and though the roads were very different from what they are seen by the summer tourist, our travelling-carriage got over the twenty-two miles in about four hours. A calèche, in which two of us followed, was not so fortunate. Between Rastatt and Ettlingen—one of the most tedious and dismal posts in all Germany—our horses were completely knocked up; not from our weight, for we were as light as possible, but from having been previously overworked. I never saw poor animals more distressed. They seemed unable to move another step; and the driver—whose conduct was most humane and disinterested—showed no disposition to force them. *Plantés là*, our situation was by no means agreeable. It was already a November sunset, and there were symptoms of an approaching snow-storm; not a house was near us; and, in former times, we might have fallen in with some of the gentlemen of the Forest. As it was, we had merely the pleasant prospect of an evening promenade as far as Ettlingen. To our great relief, however, we at last hailed a couple of peasants who were returning with four of their horses from the fields, and who agreed, after a short discussion, to take us to the end of the stage.

They certainly formed a very strange *turn-out*; they were both of them

more than usually tall, and grotesquely ugly; and their only visible dress consisted of a long grey military-looking cloak, with a covering of brown worsted for their heads, something between a fur cap and a Welsh wig. They were much amused at being converted into postilions; grinned, like "the small grey man" of a German legend—whenever they looked back at us; and, brandishing their long whips, drove on so merrily that we upset a basket or a wheelbarrow at the corner of every street in Ettlingen. When we paid them the usual postilions' gratuity, their joy was boundless; and it was with some difficulty that we prevented their taking us on to Carlsruhe. Though it was night, and the snow had already begun to fall, we preferred making our entry in a less conspicuous manner; and in half an hour we had quietly joined our friends at the hotel. Few things in travelling are more agreeable than, after a little difficulty of this kind, to find oneself by a cheerful fire and a well-spread table; and we certainly did justice to the many good things which the worthy *Gastwirth Stiefbold* had set before us.

Of Carlsruhe, and of our subsequent movements, I shall have more to say. The present is merely intended to place us upon the ground.

P O L P E R R O.

BY FLORENTIA.

Sunday, November 8.—In the morning I rose early, and on entering the room assigned to us at Silley's Hotel, I was charmed by the view which the windows command of Falmouth harbour, stretching out before me in all its length and breadth,—Pendennis Castle on one side, and Trefusis Point opposite, marking the narrow entrance. The shape of the harbour is long and exceedingly graceful, the sides indented by figures in the hills, forming creeks and coves, containing ships of various sizes, the whole beautifully fertile and well wooded, presenting that succession of fine country seats usual in the vicinity of a large town. Seeing but little of the town, which lay on the side from which I looked, the harbour bore the resemblance of a lake, from the extreme breadth of the water and the narrow opening to the sea, in great measure concealed by the hill on which Pendennis Castle stands. Falmouth was formerly a town entirely belonging to the Killigrew family, and from their devotion to the Stuarts this fortress stood a long siege for Charles I., and was the last, with the exception of Ragland Castle, that stood out for the royal cause.

In the neighbourhood there is a farm, said to have been the scene of the frightful tragedy which formed the subject of Lillo's "Fatal Curiosity." The story runs, that a son, after many years of wandering, returns to his parents, now sunk in abject poverty, and incautiously displays his bags of gold, intended for them when he discovers himself on the morrow. After he had retired to rest, tempted by the possession of so much wealth,

and goaded by excess of poverty, the wretched pair murder him in his sleep. On the morrow their daughter arrives, who, being acquainted with the arrival of her brother, inquires for the stranger. The murderers at first deny having seen any one, but when pressed by the daughter, who in her agitation betrays his relationship, and mentions a certain mark on his arm by which she had ascertained his identity, the father rushes to the murdered corpse, recognises his son, and stabs himself with the knife still reeking with his blood. The mother, who had instigated the murder, also commits suicide in frantic despair.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. After we had breakfasted we started, and crossing a drawbridge over the harbour, proceeded up a steep hill, leaving to our left the fine woods and park of Sir Charles Lemon. On attaining a considerable elevation I had a fine view of the harbour below, with its numerous shipping, the town and the surrounding hills sweeping down to the shore in a succession of headlands around us. The country was barren, bleak, and dreary—just such a route as one might picture as leading to the Land's End. Everything was fastened down tight to preserve it from the effects of the wind; the roofs of the houses were strapped to the walls by straw ropes; all the stacks of hay were secured by cords; and the whole country looked exactly like a vessel storm-rigged, with the dead-lights down, ready for a tremendous gale. As to gardens, such things were not to be seen, nor a single tree either. All the houses were built of blocks of granite roughly placed together, and the pigs walked in and out of the doors, evidently quite at home. Some round hills alone broke the monotonous plain, their outline intercepted by the engine-houses, whose tall chimneys rose in mockery of the picturesque, the ground near them turned over in the greedy search for metals, left uncultivated, rough, and bare, as though a curse were on it. The prospect was so depressing it positively made one melancholy, and I was quite relieved when we came to the pretty little town of Helstone, which looked neatness personified. Here were broad, straight streets, with little streams flowing on either side, a handsome church, and at the bottom of the principal street an elegant monument to some local favourite, who was thus immortalised. For some miles the country bore the same character of desolation as before, but as we approached near to Penzance everything altered in appearance. The cottages succeeded each other rapidly along the road and dotted the hill-sides, the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, looking like a vast village. The hills became better cultivated and more pleasing in outline, the very engine-houses looked less decayed, until at length, making the summit of an eminence, the most splendid view burst upon us. Beneath us lay Mount's Bay, displaying as in a map the whole of its most graceful outline. At our very feet uprose St. Michael's Mount, crowned with its timeworn church and lofty castle turrets. Beside it, and only separated by a narrow channel, placed on the edge of the bay, lay the Tower of Marazion. Two miles further, Penzance rose out of the very water, its buildings elegantly disposed terrace-wise on the side of a sunny hill, a rich wooded valley behind, chequered with country-houses, disappearing amid the undulating hills, which, rising aloft, ended the prospect. At this point of view the ocean was visible on either side, and I had the satisfaction of surveying England across, so narrow is our island here. To the right,

bordering the sea, was a chain of undulating hills of most charming form, waving in lines like the billows that washed their base, the sides covered with villages and churches, and broken into woody glens and romantic valleys. To the left lay a broad expanse of ocean, spread out in peculiar grandeur. From the height at which I viewed it, many vessels were visible, spreading their snowy sails to the breeze, the extreme line of the horizon marked by a mass of sunshine that glowed like a sea of gold. Far away on one side stretched out a barrier of rocks ending in the Lizard Point—a bluff, bold, rocky cape, frowning down on the deep sea in sombre majesty. Opposite, the bay terminates at Mount Point, a headland yielding in grandeur to its majestic neighbour the Lizard. Enclosed by these two points or headlands was the beautiful bay, bordered by sandy shores, so white and pure in colour as they glistened in the sunshine, one might have fancied them molten silver or shining marble. Oh, what a glorious view! How such a prospect elevates the mind to him the Creator of this fair universe! What heart so cold and dead but at such a sight must beat with quickened pulse, and rising in glowing adoration, offer its tribute of praise to that great Lord of all, who at his mighty word formed from dark chaos such transcendent scenes, planted the radiant sun above, placed limits to the surging deep, and commanded the eternal hills to rise around! I have seen but little, but still I can scarcely fancy a more smiling, lovely bay. Can Naples be more charming?—or Lisbon? Indeed I doubt it. To my idea it was perfect. Long, long did I gaze in rapt silence and wonder and delight, while from every side I drank in fresh draughts of admiration at the varied beauties around.

Arrived at the bottom of the hill, we stopped and dismounted, in order to proceed to the summit of the mount spoken of by Spenser as St. Michael's Mount. Who does not know

That wards the western coast

has been a place sacred to legends and traditions from time immemorial? And tales passing strange are recorded of the saint sitting on his rocky chair on the summit in all the majesty of heavenly radiance; but as we were favoured by no supernatural appearances, I shall simply relate our visit as it occurred, leaving to more learned authors deeply imbued in Cornish lore to treat upon its bygone glories. This bold and majestic pile of rock, consisting of huge masses of granite, partially covered by grass and ivy, rises abruptly to the height of 231 feet from the shore, from which a narrow channel divides it at high-water, and on the tide receding a pathway appears over the sand, thus verifying Carew's account of the mount being "land and island twice a day." After mounting a narrow and little-frequented pathway we reached the summit, and knocked at a low oaken door, studded with heavy nails and large hinges. We were at once admitted into a small square hall with doors all round, and passed into a room to the left, containing suits of mail, old helmets, shields, and all the paraphernalia of knights of high renown. Our guide now ushered us along lengthened passages (apparently that portion of the building devoted to domestic purposes), entering at last a charming morning room, whose windows commanded an enchanting view seawards. Furnished strictly in keeping with the antique character of the whole, the eye was unshocked by any reminiscences of modern luxury, the only

object calculated to lead the mind to the present century being the signature of the Queen, written at the time of her visit there, framed and hung up on the wall. Descending a few steps, we entered an immense apartment, at least fifty or sixty feet in length, formerly the refectory of the monastery, and wholly, apparently, unaltered from that time. The general appearance of this room was as unique and grand as can be conceived—the lofty shelving ceiling, heavily crossed and groined with black oak, the carved points descending in a spiral form. An oaken table of immense height stood in the centre, and the walls were surrounded by chairs of the same wood, of uniform and ancient shape. Along the two sides of the room were long-shaped windows, ornamented with painted glass; and opposite the entrance rose a lofty fireplace, the heavy ornamental stone-work reaching almost to the ceiling, round which ran a fresco in stone; carving representing men, horses, and stags, from which the apartment is now designated “The Chevy Chase Room.” To the left of the hearth was a large recess, with a table intended as a sideboard, lighted by painted glass windows. I was delighted with the perfect keeping of this room, which I can only compare to St. George’s Hall at Windsor, although of course far less splendid than that gorgeous apartment.

We were now conducted into the drawing-rooms—large, fine saloons, furnished in the same style, lit by immense church-like windows on either side, affording most charming prospects. The inner drawing-room is the last room on that side of the castle, and juts out over the rock, looking towards the Lizard Point. The antique vases in the saloons were filled with fresh flowers, and the rooms had such an inhabited, comfortable appearance, I asked the guide whether the St. Aubyn family were not then residing in their grand baronial castle.

“No, they seldom come here,” was the reply; “they prefer their modern seat at Clowance.”

“Senseless individuals,” thought I, “did I possess such a home, I should esteem every hour lost that was not passed within its walls!”

We passed through the bedrooms. In the principal or state-room the bed was placed in an arched recess, with a deep *ruelle* on either side, exactly in the French fashion, where royalty and the *haute noblesse* received such privileged friends as were intimate enough to be admitted to their levee. The beds themselves were splendid specimens of old oak carving, angels and saints forming the pillars in figures the size of life. But when we entered the chapel, all else was forgotten in admiration of its chaste and elegant appearance. It is of large size. Below the rood-loft is the organ, and an immense golden chandelier hangs down over a vacant space. Above the rood-loft, the stalls extend up both sides to the altar, elegantly and lightly carved in oak, with slender pillars ending in a fine cornice. Over the altar are hung various carvings in stone, silver, and alabaster, framed in gold—ancient, strange things—the whole surmounted by an immense window of painted glass. Under the stalls, and near the altar, is a hole about eight feet square, approached by steps, down which we looked; this was an *oubliette*, and in it the skeleton of a man was found some time since.

I ascended the tower afterwards, which commanded a sublime view, the same objects being visible as from the part I noticed previously, only

the sea was broader and nearer, the vessels sailed closer by, the balmy, soft air blew more freshly, and the brilliant sands along the margin of the bay glistened brighter in the autumnal sun. We now traversed the stone terrace which runs all round one side of the building, the carved railings worked in the finest tracery, and ornamented at intervals with graceful pointed pillars. From hence I looked down on the chasm beneath, the vast masses of granite washed by the foaming waves. I took a long last look of the majestic pile, so consecrated to mysterious tales and legends that each step seemed desecrating some hallowed spot. It is said that, issuing from the chapel-gate at midnight, when the moon shines pale and clear, the phantoms of the buried nuns are seen to rise and slowly traverse this broad terrace, walking two and two, as if in friendly converse, their white robes fluttering like beacons in the breeze. Ever and anon they pause, and, leaning over the sculptured balustrade, appear to hold communion with some unseen ones below, as hollow sounds are dimly heard, the voices, as it is said, of shipwrecked mariners, who, dying near that spot, invoked with their last breath the prayers and offices of these holy sisters and of their patron saint, Michael. Such dreamy legends, hanging about these old walls like a mysterious drapery, lend an inexpressible charm to the scene, and invest it, even in the merry light of day, with superstitious awe. So impressed are the inhabitants with the truth of these reports, that none would be found to walk on this terrace when dark night approached; and the keepers of the house listen to the sighing of the wind among the rocks, and think they can distinguish the sound of voices raised above the blast. But time pressed, and we descended from the rock, and on regaining our carriage, drove along the margin of the shining sands to Penzance, which, from its happy position and smiling prospects, I would baptise Plaizance.

The streets are broad and handsome, and facing the traveller as he advances towards the centre of the town is a fine building of granite, adorned with a lofty columned entrance, which is the market and town-hall. The general use of the native granite gives an air of grandeur and dignity to all the public buildings in the south of Cornwall.

Having obtained another carriage, we proceeded without loss of time to the Land's End, distant about ten miles. On leaving the town we passed through an extremely pretty valley, bordered on either side by avenues of ash-trees, which partially concealed the different gentlemen's seats adjacent. One house particularly was pointed out to me, the whole being covered with a dense mantle of myrtle of the most luxuriant growth and thickness. Ever and anon, on looking back, we had charming glimpses of the bay and distant mount glistening in the sunshine, reminding one more of the brilliant colouring of an Italian landscape than of the dim tints usual in our foggy land.

Leaving the valley, we plunged into a hilly country, where high banks shut out all prospect, and the appearance of the country became sterile and bleak in the extreme. After passing St. Bergan, whose tall church tower was conspicuous for many a mile; we arrived at the village, when the first wonder of the coast was to be viewed—the *Logan stone*; and leaving our carriage, we mounted, ciceroned by our civil driver. A village we traversed was wretched in the extreme—the huts, or rather hovels, loosely built of blocks of granite, without any approach to garden

or cultivation ; nothing but pigs were to be seen, that walked in and out of the doors with the most perfect air of domesticity. One monstrous brute in particular, evidently looking on our party as intruders on his lawful parlious, pursued us so closely, and looked so hungry and so much as if he could eat us, I was glad to jump over the stile into some fields through which we were to pass on our road to the rocks. Once arrived on the cliffs overlooking the sea, the view was grand in the extreme, for in a moment, as if by magic, a dense mass of rock, formed of gigantic granite, rose before us, dark, black, and frowning. At an immense depth below roared the sea, lashing the iron-bound coast with angry breakers, that as they retired left on the dark rocks a sea of creamy foam. On every side rock rises above rock in sublime confusion, broken into deep ravines and yawning chasms, descending perpendicularly to the water. No vestige of cultivation—no traces of the hand of man : all was lonely in solitary grandeur. The only sound that broke the monotonous roar of the waves was the shrill cry of the sea-gull as it fluttered by, spreading its white wings among the sombre rocks. To the right, far below, was a kind of creek, bordered with dark cliffs descending perpendicularly to the water, save where two little bays lay embosomed in their sides. Here the white sparkling sand lay piled up, its brilliancy strangely contrasting with the awful black masses around. Sweet little bays these, strewn with delicate shells ; fit spots for fairies to hold their midnight dances in on this firm beautiful sand, secure from all mortal intrusion, nestled in the sides of the precipitous rocks, suspended as it were between earth and heaven. Long could I have gazed on these fairy spots had I not been awoken from the reverie inspired by this singular scene by the driver, who insisted on our advancing towards the towering mass of rocks that jutted out into the sea in front. A narrow footpath was all we had to follow, and this ran among the most precipitous parts close by the edge of the ravine, where one false step would have sent us to certain death in the deep waves below ; but clinging close to the granite I reached the proper spot, and here beheld one of the masses of granite sensibly move, as if shaken by the wind, in a slow, undulating motion. This was the famous Logan stone—a ponderous rock set in motion by a man who had preceded us from the village of pigs, and whose shoulder placed against the stone instantly produced a vacillation, that at a little distance appeared as if the huge rocks were animate. Though doubtless highly curious that so vast a body placed on so small a pivot should thus yield to a slender pressure and tremble palpably, yet it is but an iota—a very jot in so sublime a scene. It is the whole that strikes the beholder with awe, as, gazing on these mighty rocks, heaped around in a natural bulwark against the surging deep, the bones as it were of Nature's vast creation are visible, peeping out from their earthly covering, and showing the skeleton of this great universe.

Returning by the same slippery path, we proceeded as rapidly as horses could gallop to the Land's End, some four miles off ; for the short November day was drawing to a close, and the sun, already sinking into the deep bank of dark clouds, warned us to lose no time. Bare and barren was the road—unshaded by a single tree, uncheered by a solitary dwelling—around on every side, save the point from whence we came, the vast blue expanse extended, and we seemed driving out to sea on :

gigantic natural pier. The wind whistled sharp and keen, and ever and anon dense coveys of small autumnal birds rose from the hedgerows, darkening the very air for a moment.

My expectation rose gradually to intense curiosity as we neared the Land's End, when, turning down over a heath and dashing along a rough road, we stopped at length at a solitary house, all further progress being impeded by the cliffs sinking down to the sea in front. Dismounting, we followed a guide over the heath to the extreme point or cape. As we descended the masses of rock seawards, the grand outline of the stern and rugged coast burst on our view—the sombre, frowning rocks rose about us in huge piles of natural fortification, gloomy-looking and ancient, covered with moss and lichen. Never did I see such black, mysterious-looking cliffs, bidding, as it were, a haughty defiance to the swelling deep, forming the bulwarks of our country, and mocking the vain efforts of invading force by their impregnable granite sides. The ships that came sailing by avoided them with awe, keeping a due distance from the towering heights, that offer no foot of shore to facilitate a landing, but rather tell dismal tales of midnight tempests, foundered ships, and pale corpses thrown among the crevices of the rocks. When we had arrived at the extreme point we looked down for a considerable depth on the sea, but so overhanging were the rocks I could not discern the shore, the height we stood on being about sixty feet from the water. The ocean here comes rolling in uninterrupted waves from America, yet the mighty Atlantic, although raging for centuries against the iron barrier, vainly lashes in impotent fury the granite rocks on which we stood, presenting such stern and insurmountable obstacles to further progress. The scene was lonely and grand; the elements alone lived here, and man seemed an intruder on their rights. The only living things were a whole mass of cormorants, that, perched below, sat watching the waves before us on a rugged rock.

Some half a mile distant on a rock in the sea was the lighthouse; to our right a beautiful creek, called Whitesand Bay, turned in a graceful curve, ending in a range of cliffs corresponding to the Land's End; the extreme point, Cape Cornwall, extending out to the sea in a lengthened headland, frowned down in gloomy majesty, its rocky sides rent and torn with many a chasm and ravine. On the glittering sands of this secluded bay King Stephen first landed on his arrival in England; the adventurous charlatan, too, Peter Warbeck, chose this spot for disembarkation when he came to claim the English crown. These recollections are strange in this solitary place, and linked the past and present in that mysterious chain of events that extends through lengthening centuries.

Behind Cape Cornwall on the other side are the Botallach mines, built on the very verge of the sea, and worked under the water, so that the miners digging in their gloomy recesses hear the waves thundering above them in hollow roarings. To the left of the Land's End the cliffs retreat inwards, leaving some isolated rocks, with strange names, standing out in the sea, a mark for the surging waves to beat against.

The shades of evening were advancing, and already the dark clouds around deepened the shadows on the rocks and blackened the aspect of a scene gloomy at all times, but now doubly stern and sombre under the influence of approaching night. Near the spot where we stood, Cap-

tain Arbuthnot had tempted almost certain destruction by his foolhardiness. For a wager he had agreed to ride to the extreme point of land, but upon reaching the spot on which we stood, his terrified horse backed and was precipitated over the cliff, and he was only saved by the tenacity with which he clung to the rocks, the marks of his horse's hoofs being still visible on the very edge of a perpendicular precipice.

Our guide now proceeded nearer the water, and turning to the right, made us mount a rocky ledge on our hands and knees, and look under the cliffs over which we had climbed. The effect was most beautiful, the rocks opening in a vast cave filled with water, looking through which, the opposite side of the cape was visible, showing that the Land's End is a kind of excrescence, hollow in its centre, and supported by gigantic basaltic columns. The rocks were rent and torn into grotesque shapes on every side, looming down on us in deepening shades, their covering of white moss giving them the appearance of a vast pile of ruins hurled in chaotic confusion by some giant, such as are said formerly to have inhabited those regions, and who turned about the rocks at will. Opposite was another cave opening its dark mouth in the side of the rocks; but nothing could compare to the one we had seen with so much difficulty, for the singular effect of gazing through its recesses to the opposite side of the bay was quite peculiar. After lingering in increasing wonder and admiration of the majestic scene, we retraced our steps upwards with some difficulty, and at length gaining the summit of the rocks, returned to the carriage, deeply impressed with feelings akin to awe at all we had beheld. The evening having closed in, we were prevented from visiting the many other lions of this strange coast, where one singular rock succeeds another, each with its legend of some giant, or saint, or fairy, whose handiwork is supposed to have occasioned its grotesque and strange shape, otherwise unaccountable.

We stopped at the village of St. Sennen, near at hand, another of the innumerable family of Cornwall sanctities. It is really a pity some Puseyite does not write a Martyrology of all these worthies, which would completely put the strange Romish legends to the blush by their absurd grotesqueness of detail. The list should begin with this saint, who was a Persian and a Fire-worshipper, and yet canonised! Then there is St. Breag, who was such a strict follower of the command of lending to the poor, that he not only lent, but exacted such immense usury, that once on a day his indignant creditors, half ruined by his exactions, fell on him and stoned him to death. Then I would recommend to their notice St. Cleer, a nun who ran away and won't return, being fairly tum di-dy, and followed the precept of "increase and multiply" so exactly, that each revolving year found her presenting a fresh subject to the state. But I must not forget St. Bergan, who shut himself up in a cave, as all the world thought, to pray; but having lined the sides with bottles, he merely set to work to drink himself to death, and was found at length a corpse, with a bottle in each hand. This will give a sample of the Cornish saints, whose histories would be highly edifying, as may be seen by these specimens, and quite worthy of record for the edification of all lovers of saintly lore; but I forget that the day is closing, and we are returning in the dark to Penzance, where we slept in a most comfortable inn, to be awake in the morning of

Monday, November 9, to take our departure on the top of the mail. As we passed the shores of the bay I gave one long lingering look of adieu to the sweet shores we were leaving—the Mount, the Lizard, and the surrounding cliffs just visible in the dim morning twilight. We soon turned inland, passing the pretty town of Hayle, with its secluded bay stretching inland, the rising banks green, wooded, and highly cultivated, parting into smiling valleys on every side, each with its stream and fringing woods winding among the encircling hills. A densely-peopled manufacturing district was now entered, wearing that character of squalid wretchedness ever seen when human labour becomes a drug compared to the power of machinery—a strife in which poverty and wretchedness are ever the result. Above the town of Redruth rises a lofty hill, crowned by an ancient castle, called Carn Bré, supposed to be a Druidical monument, but too elevated for more than the general outline to be discerned. Beside it stands a modern erection, strangely contrasting with the antique pile, being a modern pyramidal monument to the memory of Lord Dunstanville. The foot of the hill is clothed with wood, and in summer the scenery must be picturesque; but now a cold east wind whistling across the plain, chilling one's very bones, drove me to the inside of the coach, where I saw comparatively but little, although the road for many miles before reaching Bodmin, by this northern direction, is pretty, passing through a wide open tract of vale, terminating on either side by lofty downs, highly cultivated, and of pleasing form, displaying village after village embosomed in their sides, or crowning the summit with some lofty church tower. This kind of scenery continues until the road descends into the wooded sheltered nook in which lies Truro, situated at the termination of the waters of the Fal, sloping down to the edge of that river, considerable at high water. We reached Bodmin soon afterwards, where, procuring a carriage, we proceeded homewards, eighteen miles distant, to Polperro, crossing the upper portion of the rich romantic valley which I had before seen from Ristormel Castle, and as we descended a precipitous hill a lovely scene opened on either side. To the right lay the finely wooded park, diversified with verdant depths and dells, of Landihyoch Park, belonging to the Agar family, the fine old trees casting their enormous boughs over the emerald turf, clothing the sides of the valley, where, dashing over the stones, ran the river Foury, now narrowed to a stream. On the opposite side rose Boconnick Park, covering the hills with a mantle of wood, spreading out its long lines of forest glades far as the eye could reach. Below these rival parks, that displayed their beauties on opposite sides of the hills, the valley wound out of sight among the rounded hills which terminated the prospect. On reaching home, although we had seen much that was grand—nay, even sublime—it was impossible not to be struck with the romantic wildness of Polperro, the bold lines of the rocks, the small indented harbour piled up with ships, houses, and piers, all in chaotic confusion. I found my little Mary, who had remained at home, enchanted again to see me, and I sat down, happy at least in having accomplished so prosperously what I had intended, and explored the beauties of Cornwall under a fine sky, and without any misadventure to cloud the beauty of surrounding nature.

THE SICK MAN AND HIS PROSPECTS.

If anything in this sublunary world could console us for a war and its concomitant nuisances—among them a doubled income-tax, and the loaf at war prices—it would assuredly be the wonderful increase of knowledge the nation at large has acquired in matters geographical and ethnological. The old adage which states that “when house and lands and fortune’s spent, then learning is most excellent,” appears in a very fair way of being verified in a most unpalatable manner, and on taking stock, we discover that the offset we possess consists of a perfect knowledge of the present condition of Gamla Carlsby, Eupatoria, Petropaulovski, and other such towns, which had hitherto been only known to the venerable members of the Geographical Society (though we incline to the opinion that some of them have been considerably puzzled at answering the queries of their olive-branches), and those ingenious gentlemen to whom is entrusted the compilation of gazeteers and other—valuable, perhaps, though a trifle ponderous—works of that *genus*. Now-a-days, however, *nous avons changé tout cela*: the unwashed artisan, imbibing his matutinal pint, talks glibly enough of *Bashi-Bazouks*, can draw the distinction between the two kinds of Zouaves, and heartily detests Aberdeen and all those potters who have imperilled the finest army that ever left our shores, by unmanly truckling to an unbearded despot, and a Clicquot-bibbing pietist.

But among all the countries about whose manners and customs we have been enlightened, there is none of whose actual condition we are less capable of fairly judging than of Turkey; and that, too, not from the paucity of our literature on that topic, but rather from the change which has taken place in public opinion during the last twenty years. At the time of the Greek revolution, publishers found it pay to bring out books fiercely abusing the Osmanli, as a species of moral whitewash for the Greeks—and hence the Macfarlanes, Maddens, Walshes, and a host of “*auteurs inconnus de livres inconnus*” (to quote a clever *mot* of Jules Janin) rushed into print to blacken the character of a race of men who, whatever their faults might be, were immeasurably superior to their opponents in every moral point of view.

After the storm generally comes a calm. The Eastern affair was botched up—only to break out in a fresh place, after a few years’ more wear—and matters relating to the East became a “drug” in the literary world. Exceptions occurred, it is true, in the instances of David Urquhart, who had the manliness to avow that he saw much that was good among the Osmanli; and in Mr. White, whose “Three Years in Constantinople” gave a most interesting account of a very extraordinary nation. But, generally speaking, the Turks were left to enjoy their *chief* and stroke their beards, without the English reading public caring aught about them.

The hour and the man at length arrived, when the true character of the Turks was to be recognised, and M. Ubicini stepped into the lists, prepared to do doughty battle with his pen against all comers who dared to traduce the Osmanli. He collected a mass of information on every possible subject of interest relating to the condition of the Turks, and

he really made out a very favourable case on behalf of his *protégés*. But, unfortunately, he possessed the inherent fault of all Frenchmen: he allowed his feelings to overcome his judgment, and he was blind to all that in any way thwarted his favourite theories. Still, taking it on the whole, Ubicini's two volumes were the best that had appeared on the subject, and remained so until Sir George Larpent produced his "*Turkey, its History and Progress*," which, while serving to correct Ubicini, also brought forward a multitude of new facts, and enabled us to judge more fully of the true value of modern Turkish reform, by a comparison of the present with the past, as described in the pages of Sir James Porter's work on the Turkey of the last century. Taking it as a whole, we may fairly say that Sir George has exhausted the subject in his work, and those who wish for veritable information cannot do better than consult it. In the following pages it is our purpose to bring before the reader, in as concise a form as possible, a *résumé* of the progress made by Turkey during the reign of Abd-ul-Medjid; and for convenience, it may be assumed that such information is derived from Ubicini and Larpent.

At the period when the present Sultan ascended the throne Turkey was in a most hazardous condition: a species of fatality had appeared to follow Mahmud in all his undertakings; the Turkish army had been defeated at Nizib, and the Admiral Fevzi Pacha had placed the whole naval force of Turkey at the disposal of the Egyptian viceroy. Fortunately for the young monarch, he possessed in Reschid Pacha a guide, philosopher, and friend, who was the originator of the Tanzimat, which is fairly described as "an organic law of tolerance, personal freedom, and security." To the same statesman Turkey also owes "the abolition of mercantile monopolies, the establishment of sanitary regulations, the submission of the provinces, the concentration of political power, the advantageous stipulations of 1840 with the great cabinets of Europe, and the commercial treaties which have been concluded with most of the foreign states." The proclamation of the Tanzimat took place on the 3rd November, 1839. Numerous tents were raised in the gardens of the imperial palace of Topkapu, known by the name of Gülhanie, and crowds of high dignitaries—among them the patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian Churches, the chief rabbi of the Jews, and the heads of the Ulema—were present at the perusal of this important document, which emanated from the imperial will, and laid the foundation of the new constitution of Turkey. For convenience, we may divide the objects of the Tanzimat into four distinct parts: the government or councils of the Ottoman Empire—the administration—the judicial offices—and the military appointments. These we will proceed to examine in detail.

The government of Turkey is formally an absolute monarchy, but in reality is restricted not only by the institutions and conditions of the sovereignty, but also by the manners of the people, which here, more than in any other country, modify and limit it to a certain extent. The Sultan is the representative and depositary of the law, having the sole charge of its execution: he can even make modifications in certain parts, provided that he does not alter its essential and fundamental character. His decrees are called *hatti-sheriffs*, or *hatti-humaïoun*, or simply *hat*. The Sultan exercises his double authority in the legislature and the executive either directly or by means of two eminent persons, who form, as it were,

the keystone of the Turkish government: these are the Sadri-azam, or Grand Vizir, and the Mufti, or Sheikh-ul-Islam. These persons, with the ministers of state and several high functionaries holding ministerial rank, form the privy council. The privy council meets twice a week, in ordinary cases, under the presidency of the Grand Vizir, and deliberates on the measures of general interest, principally those which have reference to foreign policy. Sometimes, in consequence of the urgency and gravity of the case, the Grand Vizir and ministers form themselves into a separate secret council, in order to accelerate the action of the executive. But it is very rare for the day or place of these conferences to be known beforehand: the Sultan is present at them, and they are always kept most secret. To each of the different ministerial departments, with the exception of foreign affairs, permanent councils are attached, which discuss propositions and prepare the projects of amelioration. They are ten in number, and the chief of them, instituted in 1840, is known by the name of the council of state and of justice, or the supreme council.

With reference to the financial and administrative department, the Ottoman Empire is divided into thirty-six general governments, of which Turkey in Europe contains fifteen Eyalets, Asia eighteen, and Africa three. At the head of each Eyalet there is a governor-general, the supreme head of the administration, whose powers are very extensive. The Eyalets are sub-divided into Livas, each of which is governed by a Kaimakam, who, with the members of the civil tribunal, performs the magisterial duties of the province, and presides over the collectors of the taxes. Each Liva is composed of several Cazas, governed by Mudirs, assisted by a council of notables, and directing the financial administrative department of their district.

As regards the administration of justice, Turkey is divided into a supreme court of justice and appeal, forming two presidencies or chambers, one for Europe and one for Asia, which decide in the last instance. At the head of the former is the Cazi-asker (literally judge of the army) of Roumelia, assisted by the grand honorary judges, or assessors, who hold the presidency in turn for the period of a year. At the head of the second presidency is the Cazi-asker of Anatolia, whose tribunal is also composed of ten assessors. The two Cazi-askers are the chiefs of the magistracy, and, under the sanction of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, appoint to all the offices vacant in their respective departments. Secondly come the twenty-four Mevleviets, or grand judicial councils, at the head of each of which is a Mullah (chief judge), and containing a certain number of Cazas, or ordinary tribunals.

With respect to the military appointments, Turkey is divided into six camps, or *corps d'armées* (ordu), each composed of two divisions and six brigades (not including the reserve), spread over ten garrison districts. Each brigade is commanded by a general of brigade (Liva)—each division by a general of division (Firik). The entire order is under the command of a field-marshal (Muchir).

The ecclesiastical government of Turkey is very closely connected with the judicial; for the Koran contains all the regulations referring to the religious and social life of the Mussulmans. As the source of all justice, and principle of every duty, it is the guide and constant object of study

for the Faithful, the only rule they consult almost hourly. Unfortunately, this rule is not always intelligible. Omissions and contradictions are found in the Koran : to remedy and explain which there is a body of men, known by the name of the *Ulema*, or learned, to distinguish them from the great mass of the people, who, at the time of their establishment, was still grossly ignorant. They were originally men of great simplicity of mind, who had embraced science through a sincere love for it ; and who, through the extent of their learning and the purity of their lives, acquired great authority among the Faithful, who gradually grew into the habit of consulting the *Ulema* in every doubtful circumstance of life. This interference, by degrees, extended from purely religious acts to the different relations of civil life, as the religious and judicial codes were identical, and they soon commenced playing an important part in the state. The power they acquired was confirmed to them by the *Chalifs* formally entrusting in their hands the sacerdotal and judicial functions. The *Ulema* now contains three classes of functionaries : the administrators of justice, known by the generic name of *Cadis* ; the doctors of interpreters of the law, called *Muftis* ; and the religious ministers, or *Imams*. "It is easy to understand," says Sir G. Larpent, "that a body endowed with this powerful organisation, is by nature opposed to all ideas of reform, which would be the utter ruin of its power. Whenever the *Tanzimat* is thoroughly carried into effect, the monopoly will be destroyed which the *Ulema* now possess of the judicial functions. In all probability, too, the *Vakufs* will follow the general law of change, and then the *Ulema* will have to look to the state for their salary. Such is the real issue of the question with the *Ulema*. They are aware of it, and do all within their power to retain the authority they feel slipping from their grasp. The struggle at the present day is between the government, which takes the initiative in the reforms, and the *Ulema*, who desire the maintenance of the old state of things. Let us hope that the former will emerge victorious from the struggle ; for, if such is the case, the regeneration of Turkey will progress with gigantic strides."

Islamism, again, has been frequently represented as opposed to the diffusion of light, and the Ottoman race in particular as devoted to systematic ignorance : two assertions equally devoid of foundation. It is true the Turks are ignorant of what our children learn at school—general history, geography, the natural sciences, &c. ; but for all that they possess a system of instruction, and most assuredly employ in study more time than even ourselves apply to it. If their knowledge is not extensive, it is because they conceive that there is nothing superior to the Koran ; but in every district there is a school, which the children attend for a longer or a shorter period, according to the position of their family. The number of those able to read is considerable ; but the elements of reading in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, are incomparably greater than is the case with European languages. It is the same with writing, which is divided into a multitude of branches, according as it concerns the transcription of the Koran, judicial acts, and commercial registers. Education has existed in the Turkish Empire since its earliest establishment : but the manner in which it was understood and generally practised caused some grave disadvantages, of which the government undertook the removal in 1845, at which period the firman was promulgated decreeing the formation of an Ottoman University, and entirely

reorganising the system of public instruction. There are now several colleges established by the government in Constantinople, on European models, and all boasting of a greater or less degree of success: the professorships are chiefly held by Turks, who have acquired their education in Europe. There is also an Academy of Science and the *Belles Lettres*, for the purpose of improving the literature and language, and promoting public instruction in Turkey, by the publication or translation of works suited to raise the standard of education. But although this academy contains among its members all the distinguished men of the empire, not only in politics but in science, Ubicini is obliged to confess that it has as yet effected nothing, except the "Ottoman Grammar" of Fuad Effendi, of which M. Blanqui has given an account in the *Asiatic Journal*.

From education to literature is only a step, and we will here take a hasty glance at the public libraries of Constantinople and their principal contents. The reform party were not contented with the reorganisation of the schools; they also increased the number of the libraries, gave a new impulse to the printing establishments, instituted a periodical press, and they developed in the nation an intellectual movement which has already exercised a marked influence on the Ottoman character, and disposes it to receive the impress of the ideas and spirit of the West. Constantinople contains at the present moment forty public libraries (Kitab-Khanès). They are generally situated in the imperial mosques, of which they are considered necessary appendages, in the same way as the medressès for the instruction of youth, and the immarets for the relief of the poor and weak. The establishment of these libraries dates from the earliest years of the conquest. Muhammad II. collected a large number of works from Brusa, Adrianople, Damascus, and other cities, to form the libraries attached to Eyah and Aya Sophia, and to the mosque erected by himself.

In addition to the older works of history and biography to be found in these libraries, they also contain those which have appeared since the introduction of the printing-press into the Ottoman Empire in the year 1727, and amounting to the magnificent total of ninety-eight. One of the most curious of these was a work by Chani Zadè, called the "Mirror of the Soul in the Anatomy of the Members," and which appeared accompanied by plates representing the body and its various parts. This was in direct contradiction to the Koran; but Sultan Mahmud was obstinate, and not only permitted the publication, but even allowed it to appear at the imperial press.

Journalism in Turkey owes its origin to a Frenchman, M. Alexandre Blaque, who went to Smyrna in 1825, where he established *Le Spectateur de l'Orient*. This paper was afterwards christened *Le Courrier de Smyrne*, and under this new title exercised a marked influence on the events which signalled the close of the Greek insurrection, from 1825 to 1828. When the whole of the European press was applauding the recent declaration of independence, and preaching the crusade against the Turks, the *Courrier de Smyrne* alone constantly defended the rights and interests of the Porte, and by the violent opposition it afforded to the Greek ministry, contributed in no slight degree to the overthrow of Capo d'Istria. In 1831, M. Blaque was summoned to Constantinople by Sultan Mahmud, where he started the *Moniteur Ottoman*, the official

paper of the Sublime Porte, written in French. In 1832 appeared the *Takvime Vakai*, or Table of Events—a translation into Turkish of the *Moniteur*. At the present moment thirteen papers appear in Constantinople—two in Turkish, four in French, four in Italian, one in Greek, one in Armenian, and one in Bulgarian.

The customary revenue of Turkey has varied during several years between six millions and a half and seven millions and a half, and is made up in the following manner :

	£
Tithes.....	2,200,000
Land-tax	2,000,000
Capitation.....	400,000
Customs.....	880,000
Indirect taxes.....	1,500,000
Tribute of Egypt.....	300,000
" Wallachia	20,000
" Moldavia	10,000
" Servia.....	20,000
	<hr/>
	£7,310,000

while the expenditure is estimated by Ubicini at 7,510,000*l.*, leaving a deficit under the most favourable circumstances, and in the case of war this naturally becomes very much larger. But with all due deference to Ubicini, this statement cannot be quite correct, or else the Porte would not find such difficulty in raising such a trifling loan as that now in the market. In fact, were it exactly as Ubicini states, the Porte could not only feel perfectly satisfied with its financial condition, but be even on a far better footing than several of the European great powers. There are two principal causes which lead to the present state of Turkish finances: the first and most important is the corruption existing as a rule among the officials, so that not more than half the taxes derived from the *Raiahs* reach the imperial treasury, but remain in the hands of the higher and lower tax-gatherers and other officials. There is also a second circumstance which must be taken into consideration. Up to the present, in ordinary seasons, that is, if the year had been good, and the taxes regularly collected, the balance was maintained, though there might be many instances of crying reforms being neglected through the want of money. But if a year of bad crops supervenes, and the tithes, instead of the 2,200,000*l.* they ought to bring in, only produce two-thirds or half the sum, and at the same time some circumstance entails the augmentation of the army or navy, the state suddenly finds itself embarrassed with a deficit of a million or a million and a half, which it is not able to cover. In this way, the armaments of the Porte in 1849, the war in Bosnia during 1850 and 1851, the expedition to Montenegro, &c., produced the present financial crisis, for which no satisfactory solution has yet been discovered.

Turkey possesses abundant resources both in the fertile soil, in the cultivation of the vine and olive, in the silk manufacture, in her boundless forests, filled with the best building wood, and in the scarcely discovered mines, which yield an immense return to even the most superficial working.

But the countless errors in the Turkish financial system render all these resources valueless, and the fiscal principles of the government are in utter variance with every regular and reasonable system of administration. The only resource the Porte has is to work off an immense quantity of Caimès, or bank-notes, which, of course, possess but little intrinsic value, and in order further to satisfy its necessities, the government is forced to have recourse to confiscations, the sale of offices, presents, and the wretched method of debasing the currency. The debasement of the currency is a more grievous misfortune in Turkey than in any other European country, for very little money is invested in land, and the riches of the nation consist principally in ready money. The Raïahs would sooner purchase an article of jewellery worth 100,000 piastres, than a factory, a mill, or objects of that nature. Nowhere is there such a love for ornaments perceptible as in this country, and the jewels which even young children wear in rich families are a striking proof of the poverty of the land.

Again, agriculture is in a fearful state in Turkey, and that chiefly through the way in which government collects the land-tax. If it would take the produce of one acre of land as the ground-tithe, the peasant would cultivate eleven acres instead of ten, for there is plenty of land lying waste. But what would be the case were a farmer to cultivate a double quantity of land in the spring? He would have to pay a double tax in autumn. Thus, then, every one keeps his hands folded, and confines himself to the cultivation of just as much land as will support him. As long as the taxes are raised in the present arbitrary fashion, agriculture will never take firm root, nor any industrial activity be apparent; but a just distribution or settlement of the taxes is impossible, as long as the present mode of raising them lasts.

No more striking proof of the prostration of the Turkish finances can be found than in the present condition of that army, which so recently held the Russian at bay, and would probably have by this time most beneficially assisted our movements by assailing him in the flank, had it not been for the successful intrigues of our pretended ally, Austria. At the moment when we are writing, the newspapers are filled with accounts of the fearful state of demoralisation existing in Omar Pasha's army, owing to the want of pay and food. In fact, so bad has this become, that the Muchir will probably find a very different fate when he again ventures to act on the aggressive. Much of this may certainly be ascribed to the apathy of the Osmanli, which has led them to sit idly looking on while their gallant allies are contending against fearful odds, without doing the slightest thing to alleviate the sufferings of the troops; but we are inclined to believe that the want of money, more than the want of will, has been the predominant cause. It could hardly, for the sake of human nature, be believed that the Turks, whose very existence depends on the success of the allies, could be so intolerably selfish as to look on indifferently when they ought to be using their utmost exertions to provide their defenders with necessaries; but we fear, very much fear, that there is no prospect of any assistance from that quarter. Let us only hope that we do not discover, by the close of the campaign, that the Osmanli are equally worthless, whether as friend or foe.

In the present warlike season it would be impossible to neglect giving some account of the Turkish army, as far as it can be derived from those authorities we have consulted. The old difficulty again arises on this head, namely, the immense difference existing between statements on paper and in fact: we will, however, proceed to give a *résumé* of the military strength of Turkey prior to the outbreak of hostilities, and, where practicable, will correct any apparent exaggerations. In fact, there is a very great similarity between the Russians and Turks in one respect; they both appear to look upon truth as a matter of very slight importance, when their interest is concerned. However, we will not say any more on this head, but proceed at once to our task. The Turkish army is divided into two distinct branches: the active service, or Nizam; and the reserve, or Redif. As we have already seen, the Turkish army is divided into six *corps d'armée*, or camps, each under the command of a Muchir, or field-marshal. Each ordu consists of two corps, or divisions, under the command of a Ferik. Each division is again composed of three brigades. The Seraskier Pacha, or commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, resides principally at Constantinople. He is a Vizir of the Empire. On extraordinary occasions, when the standard of the Prophet is unfurled, the Grand Vizir in person assumes the command of the army, but accompanies it only a few miles beyond the gates of the capital.

The whole ordu is made up of eleven regiments, six of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artillery. Each infantry regiment is composed of four battalions of eight companies. The regulation strength of each battalion is 815 men. Adding the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, and the Alaï Emîni, or officer who takes care of the regimental accounts, the entire regiment of four battalions has an effective strength of 3263 men. The colonelcies of regiments are not conferred; as is the case of a certain country we could mention; on old soldiers as a species of retiring allowance, but the officers of this rank in Turkey assume the active command of their regiment. There is no brevet rank, and every step has its corresponding duties. All the officers rise from the ranks; excepting those who have come from the military schools. Each order of the Turkish forces has a preparatory school; and there are thus six military schools for the whole army; besides two superior schools, and one for the navy. The former are directed by a lieutenant-general. Nearly all the private soldiers have learnt to write and read. Each regiment of cavalry is formed of six squadrons, of 158 men. Adding the regimental staff, the whole amounts to 934 men in each regiment, who must be reduced to 736, or 120 to each squadron. The artillery regiments are composed of 1300 men and twelve batteries, three horse, and nine foot, having sixty-six field-guns and four howitzers. The effective strength of each ordu is consequently:

Infantry, 6 regiments of 2600 men	16,800
Cavalry, 4 " 720 "	2,800
Artillery, 1 " 1300 "	1,300
		<hr/>
		20,900 men.

In addition to the six ordus, there are three detached corps: a brigade in the Isle of Crete of 400 men, with 3000 to 3500 irregulars, and 600

artillery militia, altogether about 8000 men ; a brigade in the Eyalet of Tripoli, composed of one regiment of infantry and one of cavalry, about 4000 men ; and another of the same strength at Tunis ; altogether amounting to about 16,000 men, infantry and cavalry. The special corps, under the command of the Grand Master of the Ordnance, must also be taken into account, exclusively of the ordus. They are composed of—the central corps of artillery, consisting of four regiments ; one of reserve, and three distributed through the various fortresses in the Dardanelles, Servia, on the banks of the Danube, in the Archipelago, and on the littoral of Asia Minor and the Black Sea ; and secondly, the brigade of engineers, formed of two regiments, each 800 strong. The Ottoman army is therefore made up as follows :

	Regiments.	Men.	Effective strength.
Infantry	36	117,360	100,800
Cavalry	24	22,416	17,280
Field artillery.....	6	7,800	7,800
Ordnance	4	5,200	5,200
Engineers	2	1,600	1,600
Detached corps :			
Crete	4	8,000	8,000
Tripoli.....	2	4,000	4,000
Tunis	2	4,000	4,000
	80	170,376	148,680

The decree of 1843 fixed the duration of active service at five years, at the expiration of which time the soldiers are sent home to be incorporated in the Redif, in which they remain seven years longer. The Redif is, in fact, a second army, and contains an equivalent number of regiments with those in active service, in all arms. These regiments are locally divided into squadrons, or battalions and companies, with the complete staff of officers and subalterns. The latter receive regular and permanent pay from the state ; they are bound to reside in the towns or villages, in the centre of the soldiers on furlough, and to exercise them once a week. During a month of each year, the Redifs assemble at the head-quarters of the order to which they belong for general inspection. During the whole time the Redifs are called out, they receive garrison pay and rations. Each order has its own Redifs, who, in peace, are under the command of a Liva, residing at the head-quarters of the ordus. In each place of cantonment there are depôts of arms used in the manœuvres, and ready, if necessary, for immediate service. By means of these arrangements, the government has always at its command a military force throughout the whole extent of its territory, equal to the active army, and capable of being directed, with an interval of a few weeks, on any point of the country.

The clothing of the Turkish troops is excellent, but the head-dress, consisting of a red fez with a blue tassel, is most inconvenient, as it does not afford the slightest protection against the rays of the sun. The uniform of the line consists of blue trousers, and a single-breasted round jacket of coarse cloth. The only relief to this is a red front to the collar, with the regimental number on a small brass-plate, and red edges to the cuffs : white cross-belts and red fez, a knapsack and slipshod.

shoes, complete the dress. Foot-straps have been unwisely added. These articles, always embarrassing to soldiers, are utterly inappropriate to men who are compelled to take off their shoes four times daily for prayer, and can only enter their guard and barrack rooms barefoot. On this subject Mr. White has the following pertinent remarks in his "Three Years in Constantinople :"—"Accustomed from childhood to ease of limbs, and to be clothed in a manner suitable to local tastes, faith, and climate ; having no good models before them, and no *esprit de corps*, which perished with the Janissaries—the Turkish soldiers always appear stiff and suffering when strictly accoutred, and deplorably slovenly when abandoned to themselves, which is generally the case ; for, provided the regulation uniform appear outside, no trouble is taken to ascertain the quantity of clothing underneath. Thus they commonly wear two or more waistcoats, and often a quilted coat, with wide drawers, thick waist girdles, and various other portions of ordinary attire under their jacket and trousers."

Since the year 1844, recruiting has been carried on by voluntary enrolment, and by a system of conscription among the young men of the age of twenty and upwards, or who are assumed to have reached that age. The ordinary annual contingent is 25,000 men. On extraordinary occasions, a *levée en masse* can be carried into effect by means of a firman, backed up by a *fetva* of the Sheikh-ul-Islam. The recruiting system is, in other respects, very simple. Every man pronounced to be of good health is liable to form part of the contingent. However, only one male member of each family can be enrolled, and only sons are exempt. The introduction of this mode of recruiting, although infinitely more just and less burdensome to the nation than the former system, has been carried into effect with great difficulty among the Turks, whose prejudices it shocks, and the authorities have repeatedly been compelled to have recourse to force in order to carry it out. In its practical operation, the conscription law falls almost exclusively upon the lower orders. The rich are invariably allowed to escape, which will account for the ignorance that generally prevails in the ranks of the army, both officers and men being drawn from the same class of society. Voluntary enlistment is of rare occurrence. When it does take place, it is among the rich and powerful, whose influence ensures rapid promotion. The Turkish soldier takes no oaths, is dragged to the standard by force, and is destitute of that *esprit de corps* which animates the soldiers of the West.

There is another measure recently adopted by the Porte, the application of which has raised very great difficulties. Up to the present time the Turkish army was exclusively recruited from among the Mussulman population. The Raiahs were liberated, or, more properly speaking, excluded from military service, and paid as an indemnity the Kharadj, or capitation tax. The maintenance of this exclusive system caused a double inconvenience : in the first place, it kept up the stigma of the conquest, which was incompatible with the principle of equality between the races proclaimed by the reform ; and, secondly, by leaving nearly half the population unaffected by the recruiting system, the other moiety was gradually weakened, and the ordinary contingent was reduced to a number below the demands of the service, if the immense extent of the

territory is taken into consideration. To guard against this anomalous state of things, the council of state, in the course of 1850, introduced a law by which all the Christian subjects of the empire were summoned to enrol themselves under the Turkish banners, and the Kharadj was abolished. Still this decision, which immediately received the sanction of the Porte, was greeted with but slight favour by the Christian population of Turkey. In consequence, the Porte felt itself compelled to defer the introduction of this measure; but a step in this direction has been taken by permitting many non-Mussulmans not only to serve in the Turkish army, but several of the European leaders have been allowed to retain their religion.

As we have seen, the Ottoman army has an effective strength of about 150,000 men, which can be momentarily doubled by summoning the reserve under arms. To this body we must now add the irregular troops who could be collected within a given time, and the contingents furnished by the tributary provinces and certain territories not yet subject to the law of recruiting, but bound to furnish the Porte assistance in the event of war. These provinces are—Serbia, Bosnia, the Herzegovine, Upper Albania, and Egypt. In consequence of the late occupation of the Danubian Principalities by the Russians, the Porte could not expect much assistance from that quarter. Several guerilla bands have, however, been formed, which may be estimated at about 8500 men. Bosnia, the Herzegovine, and Upper Albania, being almost exclusively inhabited by Mussulmans, would furnish from 50,000 to 60,000 men, and if Serbia eventually gives up her neutral policy, she could send a detachment of at least 30,000 men to the aid of the Porte. Egypt, according to the terms of the treaty of 1840, is bound to furnish assistance to the Porte both by land and sea, and has hitherto fulfilled her engagements to the injury of the Russians. The whole amount of the contingent she can furnish, after deducting the troops required for her own defence, may be estimated at 24,000 or 25,000 men. The whole of the military forces of Turkey would, therefore, according to these data, amount to—

	Men.
Regular army, active	148,680
reserve	148,680
Auxiliary contingents.....	121,000
	<hr/>
	418,360

Such is the condition of the Turkish army, according to Ubicini, and other writers who appear to have examined the subject carefully. Of course, it cannot be assumed that such a body can be brought into the field at once, nor would the condition of the Turkish finances allow the government to maintain it for any length of time. Our only object is to show that the Turkish army, were it well officered, might be made available in the field, and furnish our scanty forces much valuable assistance. The subject has been recently mooted that English officers should take a subsidiary force into their hands, and train them after the fashion of the Indian sepoy. We cannot doubt that the result would be highly favourable, for the Turks indubitably possess bravery, and it is very doubtful whether their behaviour at Balaklava has not been greatly mis-

represented ; for instance, the correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes : " Eye-witnesses say that the Turks did all that men could do, except die at their posts." The raw material is in readiness, and slight labour will bring it into shape ; but we must not pursue this subject farther, as most probably the question will be fully discussed in Parliament ere this article appears.

Of the Turkish navy it is not necessary to say anything, as, in point of fact, it is worse than useless, and Captain Slade has already fully pointed out its defects, which are the same now as at the period when he wrote.

Hitherto we have devoted our attention exclusively to the Turks, and have said nothing of the Raïahs, who form an immense item in the population, and who have been the subject of so many speculations. We cannot do better than complete our sketch of Turkey in Europe, by quoting from Uhicini a few passages, which will suffice to explain the present position of the Raïahs, on whom depends the very existence of the Turkish Empire, whether it shall henceforth remain an undivided power or be parcelled into a variety of separate states, to become the prey of each bold assailant.

The Raïahs, or non-Mussulman subjects, are divided into five bodies, governed, under the *surveillance* of the Porte, by their respective patriarchs, and by the grand rabbi of the Jews. They are as follows :

1. The Greek nation, or community, composed of all the Ottoman subjects professing the religion called the orthodox Greek, and in number about six millions.

2. The Armenian nation, or community, 2,325,000.

3. The united Armenian nation, which separated from the former in 1829, and composed of Armenian Catholics, whose number does not exceed 75,000.

4. The Latin community, composed of all the Ottoman subjects professing the Latin ritual, with the exception of the Armenians, in number about 800,000.

5. The Jews. 150,000.

The Greek race is scattered through the whole Turkish Empire, though in unequal proportions. In Turkey in Europe it forms about an eleventh part of the whole population : in Asia Minor, it hardly forms one twenty-fifth part : in the islands it may be estimated fairly at three-fourths. The European Greeks in Turkey, in number about 1,000,000, are scattered over Constantinople, Thrace, Thessaly, and a few other provinces. The Greeks of Asia Minor and Syria are disseminated through the entire extent of the scales, from Trebizonde as far as Jaffa and St. Jean d'Acre. The islands are divided into two Greek Eyalets : Crete and the Archipelago.

Of the Armenians, only about 400,000 reside in Europe, of whom more than one-half may be found in Constantinople ; the others are scattered in Thrace and Bulgaria, which form the three bishopricks of Rodosto, Adrianople, and Varna. On the other hand, Turkey in Asia contains not less than 2,000,000 Armenians, the majority of whom continue to inhabit their ancient country in the vicinity of Mount Ararat. In the three Eyalets of Erzurum, Diarbekr, and Kurdistan, they have retained, in spite of their frequent migrations, a numerical superiority

over the Turkish and Turcoman races, and towns are found exclusively inhabited by Armenians.

The Catholic Armenian community does not exceed 38,000 to 40,000 through the whole extent of the empire. Of this number about 17,000 are found in Constantinople; 9000 in Angora; 4000 in Erzurum; 2500 in Trebizonde; 1500 at Artwin; and 1000 at Brussa.

The Latin or Catholic community contains all the Catholic subjects of the Porte, regardless of their origin, with the exception of the united Armenians. They are divided into several groups or nations, who, though differing in their mode of worship and ecclesiastical organisation, are governed secularly by one chief, or *Vekil*, who represents them at the Porte. These nations are five in number: the Latins, the united Greeks or Melchites, the Syrians, the united Chaldeans, and the Maronites.

The Jews in Turkey originally came from Spain and Portugal, whence they emigrated at various intervals in consequence of religious persecutions. At the present moment, their chief residences are Constantinople, Salonichi, Smyrna, Brussa, and Jerusalem.

Of these nations it will be only necessary to say a few words about the Greeks and Armenians, who alone, from their numbers and position, are enabled to cause any apprehension as to the future existence of the Muhammadan rule in Europe. The Greeks of Constantinople and Turkey must not be confounded with the Hellenes. At the outset the misconception may be easily made; for in both are found the same distinctive features of race, vanity, readiness of intellect, cunning joined to credulity, and constantly-excited curiosity. In this respect, the Greeks have remained what they were two thousand years ago. But in other respects, the Romaics can no more be compared with the Hellenes, than the latter with the ancient Greeks. We need only refer to the War of Independence. The Heteria had calculated on a general rising of the Greek provinces: Attica alone and the adjoining islands, a portion of Thessaly and Epirus, responded to the summons which reached them from the Morea. Thrace, Constantinople, the flourishing cities of the Asiatic littoral, remained motionless, and in an attitude of attention. This apathy was not produced by the immediate presence of the Turks, for the Greek population at Smyrna, in Chios and Candia, was three times the number of the Mussulman. But this population was Greek only by name: no spark of patriotism animated them. Enriched by commerce and trade, more attached to enjoyment than ashamed of servitude, finding their chief glory in duping the masters who used them while they despised them, they less resembled the ancient heroes of Sparta and Athens than the bastard Greeks of imperial Rome.

Politically speaking, Turkish Greece is divided into two parties: the one attached to Turkey and the maintenance of the present system, and the party of change, who wish, or rather dream of, the liberation of the nation, though without agreeing among themselves as to the period or the definitive object of the movement. The former is the less numerous, and is generally recruited among the remnants of the ancient nobility of the Fanar, the higher clergy, and the great lay dignitaries, and the merchants who have remained subjects of the Porte. They are selfish, and though detesting the Turks, fear for their own safety too much to allow

themselves to try the dangerous game of insurrection. The party opposed to Turkey agrees only in one point : that of expelling the Turks from Europe. But, once expelled, the agreement would be at an end. Some dream of a restoration of an independent Romain state ; others would see gladly the imperial throne of Byzantium re-erected for the advantage of the Tsar, or a member of his family ; while others simply desire annexation to Greece.

On this subject Ubicini remarks : "The Greek or Slavonic population in Turkey is instinctively hostile to the Porte ; but it will do nothing of its own will to try and escape from a government which possesses nothing oppressive or humiliating ; which, while allowing abuses to exist, offers no barrier to progress ; which favours rather than represses the development of nationalities, less through good-will and calculation, than through neglect and carelessness of the future. For this reason, then, spite of the doubts and inquietude expressed so frequently on the subject, the Russians have never obtained any active co-operation from the Greeks. In the first place, it would be dubious whether they would gain anything by the change ; and then, once liberated from the Turks, who knows whether they would not regret them, were it only from the annoyance felt at not being able any longer to revile them ?"

Nor can any greater apprehensions be entertained as to the Armenian subjects of the Porte. Their safety depends on the continuance of the Ottoman Empire, and they have already had a bitter experience of Russian faith. During several years, from 1813 to 1829, the Armenians appeared to believe in the dawn of their liberation. Russia, who wished them to make a diversion against the Mussulman forces, flattered them with the expectation of the erection of an independent principality, under the suzerainty of the Tsar. They believed in these promises, and for more than six weeks they checked the advance of a body of 80,000 Persians, who menaced the Russian flank. They were badly rewarded for their devotion. Not only were the promises not kept which had been made them, but, a certain agitation being noticed in the country, their archbishop was exiled to Bessarabia, while their principal chiefs were, some of them, carried into Russia, whence nothing was ever heard of them again ; and the others dispersed through various countries. From this period the Armenians of Turkey, who formerly emigrated into Russia in bodies of 10,000 or 15,000, have insensibly drawn nearer to the Osmanli, with whom they possess much greater affinity than with the Russians, and whose government has always weighed less heavily on them than it did on the Greeks. The Armenians are, in addition, those who have the most interest of all the subjected nations of Turkey, in the common welfare, and will gain the most by its maintenance. Nearly the whole of the commerce and industry is in their hands, and hence they would be the last to desire a change. "The Armenians, therefore, fear the presence of the Russians at Constantinople as much as do the Turks themselves ; but, if a Russian army assaulted it, they would not join the Turks in its defence, because they are even fonder of life than of fortune, and have a greater horror of fighting than of slavery."

Sufficient proof has by this time been afforded that Ubicini's views on the subject of the Râiah population of Turkey are perfectly correct. No movement in favour of the Russians has taken place, in spite of all the

efforts made to superinduce them. The reason is very simple: their hatred of the Turkish government cannot be compared with that which they entertain for each other; and rather than unite, in order to ensure the predominance of the Christian element over the Mussulman, Greeks, Armenians, and natives, would a thousand times sooner be condemned to eternal slavery, and would not hesitate, if necessary, to join the Turks, in order to prevent the triumph of their rival. Still, for all that, it cannot be asserted that the sympathies of the Raïahs have been gained by Turkey; the tolerance, the equity which the Porte has displayed during the past years have not yet effaced the memory of past injustice and humiliation, for the evils are too old, and the remedy too fresh. Besides, although the Sultan has behaved equitably to his Raïah subjects in Constantinople and the large commercial cities, this is not always the case in the interior, where ancient prejudices have not yet been rooted out, and where the government has less resources at its command to cause the acceptance of the reforms.

Such, then, is the present condition of the Turkish Empire; and the only question that remains to be solved is, does it possess that vitality which will enable it to withstand all the rude shocks to which war must inevitably expose it? After the events which have hitherto occurred, we incline to the belief that it does. Since the commencement of the present war, how many of our prejudices on this subject have been dispelled! Some absolutely denied the military strength of Turkey, and yet for nine months, she, unaided, held in check the formidable power of Russia. Others went so far as to allow the existence of this strength; but, according to them, it was to be found solely in the fanaticism of what was called "Old Turkey," so that, in point of fact, the reawakening of the Ottoman nationality would be the signal for the massacre of the Christian populations. And yet the Christians never enjoyed such tolerance and security as they do at this moment in Turkey. Never did a nation respond to the call to arms with greater unanimity and calmness. Nor can this be attributed solely to the diplomatists at Pera, to the presence of the squadrons in the Bosphorus, or to the necessity the Turks felt of not inconsiderately restoring the support of the Western Powers. Reschid Pacha and his colleagues may have entertained such ideas: but the masses do not look so far: they only follow their instincts. Besides, this did not occur solely in European Turkey, where the Osmanli are in a minority, but through the whole extent of the empire, in the heart of Anatolia, where the Osmanli form four-fifths of the population, and have retained a greater portion of the roughness and fanaticism of their ancestors, the same order was maintained. If tranquillity was thus desired—if the Raïah were on no occasion rendered responsible for the unjust aggression of the Muscovite—it arose from the fact that the Turks are no longer what they were thirty years ago; they have progressed equally with other nations.

A gentleman who traversed a great portion of Asia Minor at the commencement of 1854, and who detailed to M. Ubicini the chief incidents of his travels, returned all amazed and delighted at the spectacle he had seen. "Everywhere the roads were thronged with Redifs, who were thronging to the head-quarters of their order, with Bashi-Bazouks armed

to the teeth, with volunteers, who had sold their cabin and the field which supported them to buy a horse and arms, and then quitted their families in order to fly to the defence of their country and their religion. Though destitute of leaders, they committed no acts of violence, no depredations : they peaceably passed through villages inhabited almost exclusively by Christians, and contented themselves with casting a glance of contempt at those Greeks who pretended to conceal themselves on their approach, and then insulted them with their cries after they had passed."

Again, although Turkey has already made such an onward step in the path of reform, it need not be supposed that she will now sit calmly with her hands in her lap, and do nothing more. The treaty of alliance recently signed at Constantinople between England, France, and Turkey, was not limited to the mere stipulation of certain clauses relating to the operations and eventualities of the war. It was also intended to procure new advantages for the Raiah population of Turkey, without distinction of nationality or worship, so as to assimilate them completely with the Mussulmans. If this be carried out, Turkey will emerge from the present crisis, stronger, more compact than she was prior to the war. Even if some of those provinces, which she only governs nominally, are detached and formed into a neutral state under the collective guarantee of the powers, her strength will not be diminished. On the other hand, under the supposition that Turkey grants the right of holding territorial property to Europeans, the progress of that country will become marvellously rapid : agriculture and commerce will be fostered by the wealth of Europe, whose arms will defend her against all external attacks.

We cannot do better than conclude this paper by a quotation from Ubicini, to whom we have already been so largely indebted for information : " But even if our anticipations are contradicted by future events, what matter ? It is not the cause of the Osmanli we are pleading, whatever sympathy we may feel for that proud and noble nation, but it is our own—it is that of all civilised nations. If experience proves, contrary to our anticipations, that nothing is to be hoped from the Turks, let them disappear—let them return to Asia ; let a new nation, more capable of playing their part, be established on the shores of the Bosphorus. The question is not to know whether the Greeks are worth more or less than the Osmanli, and by whom the reforms which must inevitably take place, will be realised in Turkey. That is not the question : ' it is reduced,' to quote the testimony of an illustrious English statesman, ' to knowing if Russia must be allowed to reach Constantinople, and if Europe must prostrate herself at the feet of a great and overwhelming nation.' "

SONGS OF THE WAR.

By J. E. CARPENTER.

THE BATTLES OF SEBASTOPOL.

'Twas twice three hundred noble ships bore down upon the main,
 Swift as the greyhound from the slips they strove the shore to gain ;
 One pulse in every proud breast beat that gallant sight to see,
 One thought alone ran through the fleet, and that was—Victory !
 Secure the dastard foeman lay behind his granite wall,
 But courage yet shall win the day—Sebastopol must fall !

Then well each gallant seaman plied the swift but steady oar,
 And soon our troops in martial pride stood on the Crimean shore—
 Near sixty thousand valiant men—but ne'er a foe they met.
 The battle cry was "Onward !" then, "We'll find the Russian yet.
 What, though he couches in his lair, we'll raze his granite wall ;
 There's honour for the brave to share—Sebastopol must fall !"

Now side by side the hosts advance—two nations but as one ;
 Hurrah for England ! Vive la France ! At last the work's begun.
 From Alma's heights the desp'rate foe pour dreadful volleys down,
 But on the breathless heroes go to gather fresh renown.
 Hurrah ! their ranks begin to reel—one gallant charge—they run—
 They can't withstand the British steel—the victory is won !

At Inkermann the Russian sought the mastery there to gain,
 In vain the brave allies he fought, still masters of the plain ;
 Outnumber'd, still they would not yield—they knew not how to fly,
 Resolved on that dread battle-field to conquer or to die !
 The flags of France and Britain still shall wave on those proud towers,
 The sword shall ne'er be sheathed until Sebastopol is ours !

COURAGE—COURAGE, HEARTS OF ENGLAND !

Courage—courage, hearts of England,
 And be not yet dismayed,
 Your dearly-purchased laurels
 Are destin'd not to fade ;
 The same old martial spirit
 Our brave forefathers knew
 Has to our sons descended,
 And they shall conquer too !

Courage—maids and wives of England,
 Tho' fast your tears may flow,
 Think they but sleep in glory
 Who fell beneath the foe ;
 Weep on—but still remember
 Brave hearts now proudly swell,
 Who nobly will avenge them
 Who in the battle fell.

Courage—courage, men of England,
 And pour your legions forth ;
 The star of glory lights them
 To honour, in the North !
 Send forth your best and bravest,
 Nor furl the flag again,
 That as, of old, triumphant,
 Still floats upon the main !

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century produced many authors whose works have become standard. History was enriched by the writings of Hume, Carte, Gibbon, Lyttelton, and Robertson—Philosophy and the Sciences, by Berkeley, Bradley, Hartley, Hunter, Adam Smith, Tooke, Black, Maske-lyne, Porson, Herschel, Cavendish, and Playfair—Poetry, by Rowe, Gay, Young, Pope, Ramsay, Thomson, Shenstone, Collins, Akenside, Gray, Chatterton, Darwin, Warton, Beattie, Macpherson, and Burns—Romance, by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett—Dramatic Literature, by D'Urfey, Cumberland, the Colmans, the Cibbers, the Sheridans, Congreve, Van-brugh, Farquhar, Stevens, and Home—Theology, by Hoodley, Sherlock, Jortin, Warburton, Priestley, Law, Paley, and Price—Jurisprudence, by Blackstone; whilst, under the general designation of Miscellaneous writers, by turns poets, dramatists, essayists, and romancists, we have the glorious names of Swift, De Foe, Addison, Steele, Hawksworth, Sterne, Johnson, Goldsmith, Bolingbroke, Middleton, Walpole, and Burke. This century also saw the birth of those beautiful and original compositions, which sprang up with the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, and came out under the titles of the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, the *Adventurer*, the *Bee*, &c., till they formed a class of themselves, which have been justly named the "British Classics."

And yet how miserably were authors requited! Goldsmith's "Traveller" appears to have been sold for twenty guineas, and his "Vicar of Wakefield" only realised sixty guineas, which Dr. Johnson, having in view the scale of remuneration usually paid to authors at that time, says was "no mean price." But the price at which books were sold to the public was proportionately low—the general charge for a four-volume novel being only twelve shillings, or twelve shillings and sixpence, and five or six shillings for two volumes.

But we have forgotten ourselves. We are not writing the history of literature in the last century—we have only to describe what were its most curious characteristics.

The "getting up" of books was attended with many difficulties which the progress of art, science, and invention has since removed, in the typographical, illustrative, and even binding departments. We seldom meet with a book published within the century which is not calf-bound, with a cumbrous but elaborately-gilt back, the title-page frequently printed alternately in red and black ink, with an allegorical copper-plate frontispiece, a long preface, and a fulsome dedication.

Any one who has seen, or had the patience to read one of these dedications, would lament that so virtuous a generation should so completely have passed away, for we meet with none but accomplished dukes and in-

tellectual earls, who are at once represented as the most generous, the most talented, and the most exemplary of mankind, ornaments of their species, and patterns for angels. But, in too many cases, the noblemen whose virtues were emblazoned in such glowing colours, were the most ignorant and conceited blockheads in the country, otherwise they would have discouraged such disgusting flatteries. How different from the sketch which Horace has handed down of his accomplished patron, the courtly Mæcenas—how different from the simple and unaffected testimony which Goldsmith bears to Dr. Smollett, is the following inflated dedication of the play of "The Modern Prophets," which is copied into No. 43 of the *Punter*. The author, D'Urfev, thus addresses his patron: "Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with them, that does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, etc., does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow even with a frown. And that above all is praiseworthy, you are so far from thinking yourself higher than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, seldom fails to affect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as it only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility. But I find, sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could, with great ease, raise a number of plants in relation to your merits of this plauditory nature, yet, for fear of an author's general vice, and lest the plain justice I have done you should, by my proceeding and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery (a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate)," &c., &c. To complete the absurdity of this string of compliments, it is only necessary to add that the person to whom they were addressed was an illiterate citizen, who, having amassed a considerable fortune, was enabled to retire from business, and, by its means, to purchase flattery, consideration, and ultimately knighthood! Well might Steele say: "It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day, in the rise of stocks, and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism!" The *Guardian*, No. 4, on the same subject, says truly enough: "This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of character from the learned, but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving."

The origin of these dedications may be found in the previous century, when the author was compelled to propitiate some man of eminence to introduce his book to the world. Booksellers being few, country agencies almost unknown, and the means of advertising scanty, there was great difficulty in insuring the expenses even of publication—hence the mode of procuring a sale for a book was very different to what it is at present. A poet or author projected a work, issued the proposals, and, having to take upon himself the risk of printing, opened a list of subscribers previous to its commencement, and to head this list, and induce other subscribers to follow, he generally sought the favour of some high nobleman, or fashionable butterfly of the town who had somehow or other picked up

a reputation as a man of taste. This practice, no doubt, partly led to the extravagance of the dedications. Then, again, a man of letters was in the last century, as a jester had been in the previous one, a sort of indispensable attendant at the tables of the great—if he had published but one dull book it was sufficient—it was “fashionable” to have one in your patronage: almost in dependence. He was to furnish his host with ready-made opinions upon all fashionable topics, to applaud every word, and laugh heartily at every abortion of a joke that fell from his lips; he was to laud him to the skies, and declare him at once the gentleman and the scholar, and, like a lap-dog, to submit to the splenetic humours of the great man, when he chose to be out of temper, without complaining. And, whenever the poor, dependent author wrote a tragedy or a sermon, a novel or a history, he was expected to dedicate it to his patron, and to inform him—and, at the same time, the world at large—that he was the very personification of virtue and excellence, and the beau ideal of a man of taste. And oh! the agonies of fear, apprehension, and suspense that awaited the unhappy author, when, in order to make known his work and to swell his list of subscriptions, he sallied forth with both of them in his pocket to read his manuscript, by gracious invitation, before some party of would-be-thought *cognoscenti* of both sexes at his patron’s house—the half-suppressed sneers, the ironical applause, the drowsy inattention, the unseemly and ludicrous interruptions, the many conflicting suggestions of alteration!

And thus was the poor poet of the eighteenth century compelled to prostrate himself at the feet of some ignorant peer or clownish knight; to subscribe himself his “most devoted slave to command,” and to prostitute his talents to the degrading task of sketching an exemplary and angelic character to clothe a dissipated and vulgar patron in. He could not hope for success without patronage, and he could not purchase patronage without flattery. Even this abuse has not escaped the keen picture-satirist, Hogarth; and in the second scene of the *Rake’s Progress* we see a poem lying on the floor dedicated to the young rake, and an humble poet waiting in the obscure background for the honour of recognition.

These dedications were introduced among a perfect blaze of italics and capitals, and, by dint of large type and “leading,” were made to occupy pretty well a third of the volume, and to become the most conspicuous portion. They were also illustrated or embellished with cherubim, little fauns, and a hundred other devices, crowded into a coarsely-executed woodcut—a parallelogram at the heading of the dedication, in which angels, satyrs, and fauns were flying about in the most glorious hurry and confusion, proclaiming with horns and trumpets the manifold virtues of the patron. We have before us an “Epistle to the Jews,” in which this rectangular device contains a panoramic view of a city, all steeples, with a blank along the centre, probably to represent the river, a short squat monument, with a flame at the top bigger than itself, and a sun surrounded by a glory, encircling its fat face, like the hair standing on end, and with elaborated eyes, nose, and mouth, nicely poised on one of the steeples. Then the first letter of the first paragraph, the initial of the dedication, was to be found lurking in a tree, or hiding behind a hedge, in a small square vignette—now the most conspicuous object in a

rural landscape, with a shepherd, perhaps, leaning against it for support—now borne high among the clouds. And then, at the conclusion, came another rectangle, as full of angels, urns, armorial bearings, initials, scroll-work, and fancy designs as the first.

But, returning to the authors, even the poet who enjoyed the highest patronage—the poet laureate of the king—was expected to wield a servile pen. On “His Majesty’s Recovery,” on “The New Year,” and on “His Majesty’s Birthday,” an ode must be written by the laureate, and set to music by the “Doctor of Music,” who catered for the court, “to be performed before their majesties.” Colley Cibber, Pye, and William Whitehead, were all marvellously fond of heroes, and, in their odes, successively beat each other in marvelling whether any of the heroes of antiquity could possibly have come near the king their master in courage, learning, or worth. “Cæsar,” “Augustus,” and “Britannia’s Lord,” were the appellations most frequently conferred upon the king; and Cibber, in one of his odes, even went so far as to denominate him

Lord supreme o’er all the earth.

But the following “Recitative” of the “Ode for the King’s Birthday,” in 1756, written by Cibber, and set to music by Dr. Boyce, may be taken as a pretty fair sample of these effusions:

When Cæsar’s natal day
Demands our annual lay,
What empire of the earth explored
Can hope to raise
A pyramid of praise
Superior to Britannia’s Lord?

And here is the “Air” of another of Cibber’s odes:

In Rome, when fam’d Augustus lived,
Had then the lyrist of his praise
To this *more godlike* reign survived,
What glories now had graced his lays!

In the “Ode on the New Year,” 1757, the same poet repeats himself thus:

Air—Had the lyrist of old
Had our Cæsar to sing,
More rapid his raptures had roll’d—
But never had Greece such a king.

Chorus—No,—never had Greece such a king!

George II. has been characterised as deficient in taste, but he certainly displayed some judgment in using the expression which is imputed to him, if he bore in mind these fulsome odes, when he exclaimed, in his bad English:

“D—— the bainters and the boets too!”

Pye does not appear to have been so bad as the other laureates. His “Ode for the King’s Birthday,” in 1789, composed immediately after the recovery of George III. from the first attack of that illness which subsequently gave occasion for a regency, was most exulting, but we had nothing about Cæsar in it:

In the royal sufferer's smart
 Each beholder bore a part ;
 Rumour gave th' afflicting tale
 In sighings to the passing gale,
 That bosoms never wont to sigh
 Were clogged with speechless agony.
 When royal bosoms teem with woe,
 When royal eyes with tears o'erflow,
 Can the private heart refrain
 Mingling in this mighty pain ?
 Contagious grief in that affecting hour
 How wide, how gen'ral was thy power !
 Sad was each gesture—every step was slow,
 Silent each tongue, and every look was woe ;
 The supplicating eye presumed alone
 To beg compassion at the Heavenly throne.

Making every allowance for poetic license, it must be admitted that all this was gross exaggeration, or enthusiasm run mad. Sympathise with the royal sufferer and his afflicted family no doubt every one of feeling did, but one would think, from Mr. Pye's verses, that the whole nation was bowed down with the most intense grief, and completely unfitted for its ordinary every-day avocations. As a lady of the court said to a jealous rival, who had called her by a name we do not choose to repeat, although a lady of the family name is now lying on our slipper, "Your language is very figurative." Very figurative indeed, Mr. Pye!

These birthday odes were performed before the king by his band and choir, and were regularly reported in the papers of the following day. After going the round of the periodical press of the country, they were consigned to the oblivion to which they were only suited, and the laureate's absurdities about "Cæsar's gentle sway" and "England's godlike king" were forgotten by the few who had waded, half dreaming, through their unmeaning and insipid length, before the page which contained them was fairly passed.

Another class of literary absurdities with which our periodicals were filled, were the "Eastern tales" and "Oriental fables," which were vamped up by any writer who could collect a sufficient number of Asiatic proper names, and talk about sultans, genii, diamonds, precious silks, and Bagdad, after the manner of the "Arabian Nights." The Eastern tales of the "Adventurer" were copied, and increased and multiplied to such an extent, that Goldsmith was obliged to take the nuisance in hand, and deal severely with it in the "Citizen of the World." Then there were tales of English life, all "founded on fact, and embellished with an elegant copper-plate engraving," in most of the magazines—mathematical problems in some—odes, acrostics, prologues, and epilogues—the unblushing scandals of intrigue and amours distinguishing the *Town and Country Magazine*—an "Historical Register of Foreign and Domestic Intelligence"—"News from the Plantations in America"—births, marriages, and deaths—promotions in the army and navy—ecclesiastical preferments—"Persons declared B——pts"—prices of the funds and market reports—lists of the month's performances at the theatres—and, in fact, all the features of a newspaper. The *Universal*

Magazine supported its right to the title it had assumed by "combining news, letters, debates, poetry, music, biography, history, geography, voyages, criticism, translations, philosophy, mathematicks, husbandry, gardening, cookery, chymistry, mechanicks, trade, navigation, architecture, and other arts and sciences, which may render it instructive and entertaining to gentry, merchants, farmers, and tradesmen; to which occasionally will be added an impartial account of books in several languages, and of the state of learning in Europe; also of the stage, new operas, plays, and oratorios."

Literary coteries were formed at the several coffee-houses in London. "Button's," which was famed for the lion's mouth letter-box, in which communications for the *Spectator* were to be dropped; the "Grecian," from which the literary article of the *Tatler* was dated; and "John's," were the most favourite resorts of the wits in the early part of the century, the "Saint James's" at a later period of it, and "Dolly's Chop-house," in Paternoster-row, towards its close. The publishers had begun to emigrate from Old London Bridge, on which most of the booksellers' shops had exhibited their huge signs, such as the "Looking-glass," the "Black Boy," and the "Three Bibles" (which were the last, we believe, to quit the old bridge), and were now located in Paternoster-row, Saint Paul's Churchyard, and Little Britain. One (Dodsley) actually got so far west as Pall-mall, and some hovered "over against Saint Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street," but the majority of them still clung to Saint Paul's and its neighbourhood.

During the latter end of the century, their shops afforded a nucleus for the wits and literary spirits of the age. Thomas Davies, who had taken his part on the stage in tragedy, and who was described by Churchill in the "Rosciad" as

Statesman all over, in plots famous grown,
He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone

(more completely immortalised in these lines than by his own "Life of Garrick"), kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent-garden. Hither resorted Johnson and his shadow, Boswell, Goldsmith, Churchill, Foote, Bennett, Langton, George Stevens, Dr. Percy (of ancient ballad fame), Robert Dodsley (the collector of contemporary poetry), and Warburton; and scandal says Davies's pretty wife was the original attraction, Johnson's society the second. Churchill corroborates the delicate suspicion:

With him came mighty Davies; on my life
That fellow has a very pretty wife.

Alexander Stephens mentions, of a later time, Almon's shop as being the resort of Fox, Norfolk, Wilkes, Burke, Barré, and others; and Debrett's as frequented by John Nicholls, David Williams, the Rev. Mr. Este, Major Cartwright, and other minor celebrities, who, on Debrett's failure, were compelled to remove their *conversazioni* to Ridgway's, in Piccadilly. But we are now crossing the threshold of the nineteenth century, and coming to the days of Murray. Let us step back within our prescribed limits.

Anonymous writing was much in vogue among the authors of the last century—or rather, perhaps, we should say, writing under assumed appel-

lations. The severity with which the law of libel was put in force and stretched even beyond the letter of the law, in order to reach some obnoxious partisan writer, was doubtless one inducement for the concealment of real names in print, but the works of Addison, Steele, and Cave required no screen of this sort. Yet the *Tatler* appeared as the production of "Isaac Bickerstaff," the *Guardian* as that of "Nestor Ironside," and the *Gentleman's Magazine* was edited by "Sylvanus Urban, Gent."—a fiction which is still kept up. Political writers, with better, or at least more obvious reasons, sheltered themselves under fanciful signatures, as Bolingbroke wrote for the *Craftsman* as "Humphrey Oldcastle." The celebrated strictures upon the government on its conduct in the issue of Wood's Irish halfpence, although written by Dean Swift, were signed "M. B., Drapier in Dublin," and have ever since gone by the name of "The Drapier's Letters." The immense popularity of these letters, which were hawked about the streets at a penny each, and even posted up in taverns and public rooms, gave an alarming importance to the subject, and procured the desired result—the recall of Wood's patent—a result which led to the canonisation of Swift as a patriot on grounds which appear to us less deserving of it than many of his previous exertions for the people and the country. Fielding conducted the *Covent Garden Journal* under the name of "Sir Alexander Drawcansir," and the *Jacobite's Journal* as "John Trotto-plaid;" and Horace Walpole brought out his "Castle of Otranto" as a translation by "William Marshall," from the Italian; Defoe's "Treatise on Spirits" came forth as the work of "John Beaumont, Esq.," and his "Essay on Apparitions" under the name of "Morton;" but prosecution, if not persecution, made this gifted writer shy of appearing *in propria personâ*, and he frequently concealed himself behind the mask of an assumed name. Then came great "Junius," the most mysterious political writer that ever assailed a government, and whose secret, most probably, despite all that has been conjectured, and the hundreds of pamphlets written upon it, died with his courageous publisher, Woodfall. "Peter Pindar," afterwards avowed as Dr. Walcott, next attracted attention by his bitter satires of the sovereign; often objectionable—even spiteful—witty and searching at the best. Even the newspapers came out under fictitious authorship; the *Old Westminster Journal* was edited "by Simon Gentletouch, of Pall-mall, Esquire;" and in fact the brains were racked for distinctive signatures, some presenting curious alliterations, others indicative of the quality or pretensions of the writer. This practice and the manners of the times, scarcely purged of the licentiousness of a previous age, afforded authors a latitude which would now be considered gross indecency—a latitude of which Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson alike availed themselves, and the dramatists were allowed to exercise to its fullest extent, and push to its very furthest limits.

We are now come to the newspapers of the eighteenth century, which might almost be looked upon as being in their infancy, seeing that no regular newspaper made its appearance until 1721. The press, however, travelled quickly, and the newspapers of the time were by no means such contemptible productions as they have been represented. It is with us a question whether the Stamp Act of 1712 did not aid them in their progress, and elevate their character. Previously to that date they had

been nothing more than pamphlets, presenting sometimes only a single topic of news—"halfpenny posts," and "farthing posts." The imposition of a halfpenny stamp raised their price, and made people look for more for their money, causing the writers to take more pains in their compilation, and introducing a better class of editors and publishers, and more information, put together in a better form. Such men as Swift, De Foe, Dr. Johnson, Prior, Addison, Steele, Fielding, and Hawkesworth, became connected with newspaper literature, and the tone of the public press began manifestly to improve. It was in the eighteenth century that the newspaper became something more than a pamphlet of news, and grew into an organ of public opinion. We must bear in mind the rigid enforcement of the law of libel which was common in this century—the primitiveness which still hung about the process of printing: the rust of the chains which had prevented the spread of learning—and the great difficulties of communication between parts now not a day's journey distant, before we condemn the newspaper of the eighteenth century, or put it in comparison with that of the nineteenth. Intelligence, too, had not spread among the masses; and although there was, as Addison and Goldsmith have both remarked, a great appetite for news among the public, there was not so much anxiety for information.

Having duly taken these things into account, we may now glance at the newspapers of the time, and form a correct judgment of their merits. Reports of debates in parliament were unknown until Edward Cave, the founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—a name which deserves to be held illustrious as the "kind Mæcenas" of Dr. Johnson—contrived to procure the substance of them for publication in his magazine. His mode of proceeding, according to Sir John Hawkins, was to procure admission for himself and a friend or two into the gallery of the House of Commons, or some obscure corner of the House of Lords, and there privately take down notes of the speaker's names, and the general tendencies of their arguments, then retire to a neighbouring tavern to compare and adjust their notes, so that, with the aid of their memories, they were enabled to give a tolerably correct report of the substance of the debates. These reports were tacitly sanctioned for nearly two years, when the House of Commons passed a resolution showing how little its members relished their constituents being enlightened as to their doings:

"April 18, 1738.—Resolved, that it is an high indignity to, and notorious breach of the privileges of, this House, for any newswriter, in letters or other papers, in minutes or under any other denomination, or for any printer or any publisher of any printed newspaper of any denomination, to presume to insert, in the said letters or papers, or to give therein any account of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or any Committee thereof, as well during the recess as the sitting in Parliament; and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against any and all such offenders."

But the fertile brain of Cave was not to be balked in this design by any threat of pains and penalties, but invented an ingenious scheme for continuing his reports; and, in June, 1738, first appeared, in the *Historical Chronicle*, forming a supplement to his magazine, "An Appendix to Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Account of the famous Empire of Lilliput," headed "Debates in the Senate of Great Lilliput." The

Dukes were "Nardacs," the Lords "Hurgoes," and the Commoners "Clinabs;" the letters in their respective names being slightly transposed or disarranged, as "the Nardac Befdort" (Duke of Bedford), "the Hurgo Toblat" (Lord Talbot), "Sir Rob. Walilup" (Walpole), "Let-tyltno" (Lyttelton), "Brustath" (Bathurst), "Feaukes" (Fox), "Ooyn" (Wynn), &c., &c. Guthrie, the historian, arranged these debates for Cave; but, in 1740, Dr. Johnson, who had associated himself with Cave, undertook the reporting. Mr. Nicholls says that Johnson himself told him that he used only to "fix upon a speaker's name, then to make an argument for him and conjure up an answer;" but he deeply repented of the fraud before he died. Dr. Hawkesworth succeeded Johnson, and, on April 3, 1747, Cave, as well as Astley of the *London Magazine*, were ordered into the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod, "complaint having been made against them for printing in their respective magazines an account of the trial of Simon Lord Lovat." After several harassing examinations, they received a reprimand and were discharged from custody, on paying the fees, "begging pardon of the House, and promising never to offend in like manner again."

Cave's enterprising spirit would not bear the curb, and in 1752 he again published his parliamentary debates, though in a conciser form, and in the shape of a letter prefaced by the following noble rebuke: "The following heads of speeches in the H—— of C—— were given me by a gentleman, who is of opinion that members of parliament are accountable to their constituents for what they say as well as what they do in their legislative capacity; that no honest man who is entrusted with the liberties and purses of the people will ever be unwilling to have his whole conduct laid before those who so entrusted him without disguise—that, if every gentleman acted upon this just, this honourable, this constitutional principle, the electors themselves only would be to blame if they re-elected a person guilty of a breach of so important a trust."

Some years afterwards we find the debates reported as "Proceedings in the two Political Club-rooms," when the speakers were dubbed with the names of the ancient Romans, as "Marcus Cato," for the Earl of Bath; "Caius Claudius Nero," for the Earl of Winchelsea; "Cn. Falorius," for Fox; and "Julius Florus," for Pitt—a key to the names being given during the recess of the parliament.

Up to the year 1782 the names of the speakers were still expressed by the initials, or the first and last letters, with a dash, or a sufficient number of asterisks to denote the other letters. It was amusing enough to find P. Ventidius, Q. Maximus, M. Cato, Cn. Dômitius Calvinus, and A. Posthumius resuscitated in the *London Magazine* of 1750, and engaged in a debate on the English Mutiny Bill; but when we find, some years afterwards, Mr. B***e resisting a motion before the House for immediately arresting the printers who have dared to publish its proceedings, we think he was worthy of a better fate, and that so noble a champion of a popular and constitutional right ought to have his name emblazoned in full as EDMUND BURKE.

A WAKING DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FELON'S REVERIE."

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

HE sat alone. It was not twilight, it was night, deep, dark night. He had extinguished the lamp, for he wished that all around him should be gloomy as his own sad thoughts. Even the fitful glimmering light, which was cast by the fire in the stove on the objects near it, was disagreeable to him, for it showed him a portion, at least, of the scene of his bygone happiness. His bitter sorrow seemed to have petrified all his faculties, and entirely blasted his life; he did not appear to reflect, he only felt. The deep sighs that every now and then burst from his compressed lips were all that gave sign of existence about him. That agitated tremor, those wild lamentations, those burning tears—the glowing lava which grief's volcano casts forth, lay hidden amidst the ashes of mute and agonised suffering.

But a few years before he had been the most hopeful of lovers; and somewhat later, the happiest of husbands and of fathers. Now, all—all was lost! Death had stretched forth his mighty hand and taken his treasures from him; blow after blow had fate thus inflicted on his bleeding heart. He—the strong man—the high-minded—the richly endowed—sat there like a lifeless statue, without purpose, without motion, without energy: all had been swept away in the earthquake which had engulfed the happiness of his home, and he had not power to raise a new structure upon the ruins of the past.

While he was sitting thus, a momentary blaze in the fire showed him the portrait of his departed wife, which hung against the wall. How many recollections the sight of it awakened! Oh, how distinctly he remembered the day when that painting had been finished for him! It was a short time before his marriage; he was gazing on it in an ecstasy of delight, when the lovely original cast her beaming eyes on him and whispered, "Do you really think it beautiful? Is it so beautiful, that when I become old and grey-headed, you may look at my picture and remember your love, your feelings for me, when we were both young?" And when he assured her, that for him she would always be young, she replied so sweetly, "Oh, I am not afraid of becoming old by your side; it will be so delightful to have lived a long life of love with you!"

Alas! he was still young, but he had to wander through perhaps a long, long life alone. How had he beheld her last? She was lying in her coffin—young and lovely, but pale and motionless. And he—who still breathed and felt—he it was who had clung in despair to that coffin—he who, with a breaking heart, had laid her dark hair smoothly on her marble-white cheek, had pressed his lips for the last time on her cold forehead, had folded her transparent hands, and bedewed them with his tears, and had laid his throbbing head on that so lately beating heart, which never, never more would thrill with sorrow or with joy. But who could describe that depth of grief, that rending of the soul, that agonising convulsion of the heart, when the last farewell look on earth—the long,

eager, parting look—was taken, and the head was raised from the harrowing contemplation of those beloved features, which were soon to be snatched and hidden from his gaze! Then despair seized upon him, and his grief could find no relief in tears.

In these heart-breaking recollections his spirit was long absorbed; at length he pressed his hands on his aching temples, burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed:

“Oh, thou whom I loved so truly! hast thou indeed forsaken me? Can it be possible that thou hast dis severed thyself from my soul? Oft have I dreamed that thou wert hearkening to my lamentations, that thou wert lingering by my side, and soothing my sorrow! But it was fancy—cheating fancy! Thou who didst feel so much affection for me—thou who wert never deaf to my prayers—hast thou heard me, and yet not answered me? How often during the sad weary night have I not called upon thee, and implored for one moment, for but one short moment again to look upon thee! See—I stretch forth my arms and embrace only the empty air—I gaze around for thee, but am left in oppressive solitude. Oh, if thou *canst* hear me, beloved spirit!—if it be possible that thou *canst* hear me—come, oh come!” His voice was choked by tears.

At length when the watery mist had passed from his eyes, removing, as it were, a veil from before them, he gazed wearily on the darkness around, and perceived a faint ray of light, which gradually seemed to become clearer. At first he thought it was the moon casting its uncertain gleams through the window; but the light seemed to extend itself. The corner of the room opposite to him seemed illuminated by a pale, tremulous lustre that spread down to the floor. His heart beat violently as he gazed intently at the miraculous light. By degrees it assumed something like a shape, an airy, transparent figure, clad in a shining garment that glittered like the stars of heaven; and when it turned its countenance towards him, he recognised the features of her he had lost, but radiant in celestial peace and glory. Her clear eyes, which were fixed upon him, beamed with an expression of indescribable benignity.

The deep grief that had oppressed his spirit gave place to a wonderful, a mysterious feeling of holy calmness which he had never before experienced.

“Oh, speak!” he entreated softly, as if he were afraid to disturb the beautiful apparition, and holding his clasped hands beseechingly towards it—“Oh! let me hear that voice, the echo of whose dear accents still lives in my heart! Hast thou taken compassion on me?”

“Didst thou not call me?” replied the apparition, in a faint subdued tone, yet so full of tenderness and affection that it seemed to inspire him with new life. “Hast thou not often called me? I could no longer withstand thy supplication. The sorrows and sufferings of earth have lost their bitterness and their sting for those who have become heavenly spirits—those who have seen the Omnipotent face to face; but thy grief touched my heart even in the midst of blessedness. I could not be happy whilst thou wert wretched. Often have I hovered around thee, often lingered by thy side, often wafted coolness to thy burning brow; and when thy sadness would then seem to be somewhat soothed, I have lain at thy feet, and contemplated thy beloved countenance. I was by

thee when thou didst lean weeping over my coffin, and in an agony of woe didst cling to that body whence my soul had fled. Oh! how much I wished then that thou couldst look up at me, and know how near I was to thee! Oh! how willingly I would have embraced thee had the Almighty permitted me! I was also with thee when our beloved infant lay in its last earthly struggle. My dying child called for me, and the heart of the mother yearned to respond to that call which had reached her, even when surrounded by the happiness of eternity. I came down to earth to answer it. Like an airy shadow I glided through the garden paths in the still summer night, and all the plants and the flowers exhaled their sweetest fragrance to salute me, for they felt that I had come from a better world. And nature spoke to me with its spirit-voice, and besought me to consecrate its soil with my ethereal step. The dark elder-tree and the blushing rose-bush made signs to me, asking me if I remembered how often they had shed their perfume around us, when you and I, wrapt in our mutual happiness, used to wander in the soft evenings, arm in arm—heart answering heart—eye meeting eye—through the verdant alleys and flower-enamelled walks; but I could not linger over these sweet remembrances, I passed on to watch the death-bed of the little innocent who longed so for its mother. And when thou, my beloved! overcome by affliction, let thine aching head sink in helpless sorrow on its couch, our child lay, peaceful and joyous, in my embrace, and ascended to heaven with me to pray for thee. Oh, dearest one! how canst thou think that death has power to sever hearts that have once been united in everlasting love!"

He listened in mute and breathless ecstasy to those words, which sounded as the softest melody to his enraptured ear. When the voice ceased, he stretched forth his arms towards the beloved shade, and said, beseechingly,

"Forgive me, angel of Paradise—forgive me! I feel now that the happiness of heaven is so great that nothing mortal can compare with it. Yet for my sake thou hast left awhile this inconceivable felicity, and deignest to assuage my grief, and to speak balm to my heart. Thanks, blessed spirit—thanks! my path shall no longer be gloomy—my life no longer lonesome!"

"Thou wilt sigh no more—thou wilt no longer weep?" asked the spirit, with a radiant smile.

"Thou shalt be my guardian angel, blessed spirit!" he replied, in deep emotion.

"God be thanked!" ejaculated the spirit in holy joy. It waved its shadowy hand to him, and as it seemed to turn to move away, its airy robe sparkled luminously for a moment: it then glittered more and more faintly, till it looked like the twinkling of some distant star.

Then earth-born wishes seized again upon his heart.

"Alas!" he cried, as he made an involuntary movement towards the vanishing shadow, "shall I, then, never behold thee more in this world?"

A holy light passed over the scarcely-defined features of the spirit, while it replied as if from afar—

"Yes! once more—but only once. When thy last hour approaches—when the bitterness of death is past—then shalt thou tell those who

watch by thy couch, and who, incredulous, will deem thy words the raving of delirium—then shalt thou tell them that a messenger from a glorious world is standing by thy side. That messenger will be me. I shall come to kiss the last breath from thy pale quivering lips, to gladden the last glance of thy closing eyes, and after the heart's last pulsation, to receive thy parted soul, and be its guide to the realms of endless happiness, where I now await thee."

He listened and bowed his head. When he raised it—all was dark and empty. He went to the window, and looked out upon the dazzling snow, and up to the brilliant star-lit heavens, and prayed in sadness, but with earnest devotion.

He lives to perform his duties, to do good to his fellow-creatures, to serve his God! He is never gay nor lively; but he is tranquil and content. He loves quiet and solitude. He loves in winter to lose himself in meditation while gazing on the calm, cold face of Nature; and in summer to loiter in silence, till a late hour at night, amidst his garden's sweetly-scented walks. He is a lonely wanderer on the earth; yet not quite so lonely as he is thought to be, for he is often soothed by delightful dreams, and then he smiles happily, as if in his visions he had been consoled by the presence of a beloved being.

If his soul sometimes ventures humbly to indulge in the wish that it might soon enter into death's peaceful land, none can tell; his silent aspirations are known to none—to none but *Him* who sees into the deepest recesses of the human heart.

CHRISTMAS EVE—1854.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

"It is Christmas Eve again,"

Saith the heart that hath no sorrow;

"Pile the hearth with blazing logs,

Hang the mistletoe on high,

Pledge the loving and the loved,

Who are met to greet the morrow,

And with song, and laugh, and story,

Let the happy hours fleet by.

"Death and pain have left unscathed,

Those our hearts have fondly cherished;

From the group around the fire

Not a face we love hath gone;

Not a leaf in joy's bright crown,

Not a bud of hope hath perished,

And the dear familiar voices

Have lost no gladsome tone."

"It is Christmas Eve again,"

Crieth many a voice of anguish;

"To our chambers: there, in darkness

And alone, to weep and pray

For the treasures of our homes,
Who on beds of torture languish,
For our brave and gallant soldiers
Who are fighting far away."

Stricken by a common blow,
See the peer and peasant bending,
They have seen the forms depart
They shall never welcome back ;
And upon the wintry night,
Hark ! to woman's wail ascending,
For the life-streams welling vainly
In ambition's desert track.

There are cries and moans to-night
For the young and brave departed,
Who, cold and lifeless, slumber
On the field their blood hath bought ;
And the tears of thousands flow
For the high and noble-hearted
Who sleep beneath the foreign soil
Where fearlessly they fought.

Give the mourners laurel wreaths,
Soothe them with the battle's story,
Tell them how for the lost lives
Russian blood in streams was shed.
Let us drown the cries of woe
With the thrilling shout of " Glory !"
And give the pale throng sounding words
Who sorrow for their dead.

Can the rabble's loud acclaim
Give the matron and the maiden
The husband and the lover
Who have fallen in the fight ?
Can the overthrow of foes
Ease the hearts by anguish laden ?
Can laurels dry the bitter tears
Which fall so fast to-night ?

Nay, the triumph of our arms
Seems to mock their desolation ;
What avails those broken hearts
Who has lost, or who has won ?
There is mourning deep and loud
In the homesteads of the nation,
And the low'ring clouds of battle
Veil the brightness of the sun.

WANTED A WIFE!

If the reader of this true story wishes to be informed who I am, I can tell him in a very few words. I'm a poor devil without money, position, or prospects, and yet, I may be allowed to say without flattering myself, I am highly deserving of all three. As long as I was young, I was a spoiled child of fortune—that is to say, through the indulgence of my excellent father, a doctor in large practice, I gratified every wish of my heart. Oh, those happy university days!—though they were not spent in the lecture-room. I was always considered a lighthearted, lightheaded lad, and, as long as I was so, fortune granted me her sweetest smiles. But she is a woman, like all whose name is weakness and frailty. Now that I am a man, and would gladly put away childish things, I am the very lowest on her wheel. My father is dead, and left me nothing. Eight-and-twenty years of age, I am not able to calculate with certainty on my next day's dinner. I have eaten my terms, it is true; but the road to practice is a thorny one at the best. And then there are certain leeches belonging to an earlier period, impertinent, dunning scoundrels, whom I cannot possibly make believe that *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

It is equally true that I have an aunt living at Cheltenham, who is said to be fabulously rich. She is a widow, and childless, and I have some faint recollection of her, when she came to pay us a visit, as a stately, though somewhat capricious and haughty, dame. Unfortunately, we have had a quarrel, an eternal quarrel. It came about thus. About five years ago I took a walking tour through Wales. I was then at the acme of my youthful happiness. Healthy, cheerful, full of brilliant anticipations, I regarded the world in the rosiest colours. I was in a glorious temper, and yet, at the same time, I felt a foreboding that something exquisitely pleasant was about to happen to me. Up to the present I had never been really in love: such feelings had only been transitory. In these hours of my solitary tour, surrounded by the beauties of nature, my heart expanded and gave way to its best feelings, earnestly longing for that which I still wanted to render me perfectly happy. How could I imagine that the object of my wishes was so close at hand?

While climbing a steep mountain path beneath the leafy shade of some majestic oaks, I became an involuntary witness of a most charming scene. Before me, in a grass-covered glade, whence a splendid panorama of the vale below could be enjoyed, I perceived a happy party of ladies and gentlemen, and the sight had really something fairy-like about it from the contrast it presented to the silent, solitary woods around me. I stopped as if spell-bound, bowed, spoke—I know not what—and in a very short time I was enjoying their merry frolics heart and soul. There were several elder and younger ladies present; among the latter a young girl of some sixteen years of age, who resembled a budding rose among less noble and precious flowers. But no, I will not describe her: it would be impossible for cold, dead words to do justice to her countless charms.

I requested and received permission to join the party for the rest of the day. Oh! what a day it was! I rarely quitted Lucy's side—that was the dear girl's name. We chatted, jested, and laughed together as if we had been acquainted for years, and the rest of the party were too liberal to see anything improper or dangerous in our harmless frolics. How quickly the hours passed away, and ah! how soon was evening there, and

with it the hour of separation. The ladies of the party, fatigued with their day's amusement, returned to their inn, but my hopes of drinking deeper from the cup of bliss the next morning were most terribly frustrated. An accident had happened to me. While walking along the side of the hill, Lucy suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! what a lovely flower that is below there!" I ran down with lightning speed; but, unfortunately, my foot slipped, and I rolled a considerable distance down the hill. I quickly regained my feet, and Lucy's cry of terror at the moment of my fall, as well as her pallid face and gentle, grateful smile when I handed her the flower, were an abundant recompense for the fright and the slight pain in my foot which I at first felt. In truth, there appeared to be nothing the matter; but on walking further the pain grew more violent—at last even insupportable—so that with difficulty I reached the inn. All the remedies employed were of no avail, and during the night my foot swelled so, that any chance of continuing my journey was lost, and I could not even leave my bed. I have never seen Lucy since: before day-break the party quitted the house.

Who can describe the misery of my situation? The bodily pain of which I was a martyr appeared a mere trifle; but the feelings I now experienced for the first time in my life agonised me. Not a word of love had been breathed between us, and yet my whole manner on that eventful day had revealed it. Did Lucy return my love? Should I ever see her again? How should I live without her smile to cheer me? These and a hundred other questions, with a multitude of extraordinary schemes and plans, which only the madness of a loving heart at the age of three-and-twenty can invent, tortured me during the eight days of my confinement. Alas! my hopes were very slight! Lucy had passed away like a dream that leaves no trace behind. I knew not whence she came or whither she had gone, her name, nor her abode. She was in a similar state of ignorance about myself. I had intended to reveal this to her the next day.

Just at this time, when I was full of my love-dreams, a letter came from my aunt at Cheltenham, with the strangest proposition in the world. The worthy lady wished to marry me. She had an adopted daughter, whom she had brought up since the death of her parents, a pearl, a jewel, the ornament of her sex; her dearest wish was to see this her favourite happy, and she had at the same time thought of me, whose fortune was equally dear to her, if I showed myself deserving of it, that is, if I studied industriously, and had prospects of success at the bar. We could some day form a happy couple, for she would assuredly treat the good child as her beloved and real daughter. The last words were underlined, and struck my father most of all. "Accept," he said; "she's a bird of Paradise!" "I won't!" I replied with heart and mouth; and, in truth, treated the affair with my usual levity. How could I, whose sole thought Lucy was at that time, think without repugnance and horror on an alliance with this orphan—this adopted daughter?

My over-kind aunt received from my father an apologetic letter of refusal; from myself one that was rather merry and humorous (I will say that much for it). The latter excited her utmost fury against me, and very justly too. Since that time no communication has taken place between herself and us, and from a friend of mine at Cheltenham, who is also an acquaintance of my aunt, I know that the vials of her wrath against me are still full. Perhaps, too, my foolish larks, with which she is sure to have become acquainted, have done their share in the matter. If, then,

I could so far master my pride as to seek favour in her eyes, I should have reason to fear an uncourteous and abrupt refusal from her, to which danger and humiliation I will not expose myself. I must e'en think of something else.

A shipwrecked man, as I am just at present, catches at a straw. I think no more of marrying Lucy. All my attempts to find her again have been fruitless. Still I cannot forget her. She is enshrined in the innermost recess of my heart, like a beloved and revered talisman, and surrounded by the fairest flowers of memory. To speak the truth, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me if and whom I marry. But I cannot be equally indifferent to the storms and breakers which have cast my ship of life ashore, and now tear away one plank after the other. A wife might be the hawser to bear me safely on shore. I will try it. Daily I read in the papers matrimonial advertisements, in which bashful youths or honourable widowers desire a companion for life in this "no longer unusual manner," either through "a lack of female society," or else "great pressure of business." They are all excellent fellows, true phoenixes of men, generally young, well educated, sound in mind and limb, possessing a competency, &c. It is only surprising that they are so modest in their demands. Of course it is but natural that the lady wanted should be young, pretty, amiable, and domestic, and that is the least that can be asked. More serious certainly is the inevitable mention of "a fortune in her own hands of from one to three thousand pounds, which can be secured on herself, if desired." But it will always be worth notice, with what amiable, I may say bashful, reserve this harsh point, which in this naughty material world cannot be omitted, is placed at the very end of the advertisement, and under what flowers of eloquence it is usually concealed. This "no longer unusual method" I will try, or rather, I have already done so.

I have diligently studied this branch of literature, and believe I am perfectly conversant with it. The chief thing is to be as careful and select in what one says, as in that which is left unmentioned. A wide and free field must be left for feminine anticipation and curiosity, so that they may be irresistibly attracted like the bird by the fowler's call. I think I have succeeded in producing something super-excellent. My advertisement lies finished and sealed up before me, and will immediately wing its way to the office of the *Morning Post*. I hope and wish the best success; for only this very morning I had a pleasant visit from an old friend, far too closely *lié* with me, who inquired in a sympathising manner after the state of my health, and examined my poor furniture with strangely-longing glances.

A very unpleasant thing has happened at first starting in my search for a wife, which has quite spoiled all my anticipations. I had several letters to write on that day; two of them, the one to my friend already mentioned at Cheltenham, the other to the newspaper, lay sealed before me, both exactly similar in shape and size. At the moment when I was going to address them I was interrupted by a visitor, and when left alone an hour later, I most unfortunately mistook the letters. Thus my advertisement went to my Cheltenham friend, while the other reached the *Post*. Both were of course sent back to me. My friend, an honest, worthy fellow, poured forth a deluge of good-humoured satire upon me, but concluded thus: "Try it! you do not seem to me condemned your

whole life long to bear the ill-humour and caprice of Dame Fortune. Perhaps you may be successful, and then you will be all right for life."

If I must speak the truth, I had an indescribable feeling of shame on reading this letter. So long as the secret was my own, the affair appeared to me pleasant and attractive; but now, when a second eye had peered into it, it seemed to me absurd and out of taste. I had the greatest inclination to throw my masterpiece into the fire, and bid adieu to my scheme for ever. But a glance at the penniless condition of my purse, at the desert of my future life, on which I could see no green or freshening spot, overcame my feelings of repugnance and drove me to act. I fancied myself a gambler who stakes his last sovereign on a card, to have either everything or nothing: the present stake was my own charming person, and so gloomy and miserable were my feelings at the moment, that, contrary to my usual practice, I had a very mean opinion of the value of the stake. I carried the advertisement myself to the office, and had the extraordinary gratification of seeing it the next day snugly ensconced between two other advertisements, one offering a reward for a dog, while the other promised the highest price for cast-off apparel.

For a whole week I daily visited the post-office to which I had directed my letters, and constantly my bashful inquiry was responded to by the postmaster's reply of "Nothing!" With each negative my hope sank a degree nearer zero, and it was just verging on the freezing point, when, on the ninth day, it rose ten degrees through a sudden change in the temperature. At last there was a letter with my initials: a gracefully folded *billet doux*—the seal, a dove with a branch of olive. My hand trembling with excitement treated the note rather roughly, and before quitting the post-office I read the following:

"SIR,—I have read your advertisement in the *Morning Post*, and, assuming the honesty of its purpose, am not indisposed to enter into correspondence with you. Come to-morrow morning at ten to Edward's Hotel, where I shall expect you in No. 3. But one stipulation is absolutely necessary, namely, that I may appear at our first interview masked. I have most urgent reasons for this, which you will yourself approve of eventually."

No signature, no further explanation! I was in an extraordinary state of excitement, which became almost insupportable during the day and night intervening ere the eventful moment arrived. I read the note at least a hundred times. The handwriting was elegant and ladylike: the scent of the paper, the emblem on the seal, seemed to promise happiness. But the stipulation, so absolutely necessary? Why masked? A nervous shudder and cold fit came over me. If she was young and beautiful, why then wear a mask? In my rather extensive practice I knew no instance in which young and pretty women had the courage to conceal the sunshine of their countenance behind an envious cloud. And if old and ugly—? I was certainly disposed to make some concessions on these two chief points. If she was rich, very rich—that is, if there was a cool thousand, say, to represent each year of her life, then it certainly appeared reasonable to close one's eye to a few years more or less, as well as to any lines in the face and form which deviated in a slight measure from the line of beauty. But that could only go to a certain limit. Thirty years I would put up with, no more. While thinking of this. I still felt the before-mentioned shudder. I have assuredly the

highest respect for the fair sex when they pass a certain age, and no one can be more willing to recognise the merits and dignity of a matron; but the thought of such a one as my wife, to have the June of my life frostbitten by such a January—no, that is past a joke.

But all my thinking, fancying, and planning over the letter were of no further service than to make the hours slip away more rapidly. No one can be angry with me for saying that on this morning I paid more than usual attention to my toilette. My glass told me many flattering things when I turned a last inquiring glance upon it. The light indescribable traces which the stormy season of youth had left upon my face disappeared entirely beneath my practised hand, and I could with some degree of confidence meet a lady who, as I now felt assured, had not assumed a mask lest she might annihilate a poor mortal by the divine brilliancy of her beauty. A few moments after ten I stood before the mysterious door, on the other side of which I should be either unmeasurably happy, or make myself unspeakably ridiculous.

A gentle "Come in," in harmony with my gentle tap, opened the door to me. I entered a richly and elegantly furnished room, indubitably one of the best in the hotel. That was a good sign. From the window a female form advanced to meet me. I could only distinguish her height, nothing more. Her face was hidden by a velvet mask, her head covered by a veil; from her shoulders downwards fell a wide silk dress, which completely concealed her shape. It was absolutely impossible for my generally sharp eye in such matters to form the slightest idea as to age and figure. In addition, there was no time for observation: the moment for speaking had arrived. But what to say? In my whole life I never felt in such a state of embarrassment. My insinuating manner, generally so successful with the fair sex, utterly deserted me. I knew nothing better to do than to lead the lady to a sofa, with a grace which would have done honour to a dancing-master, and then placing myself on a chair before her, I at last stuttered, rather absurdly, I must allow:

"I received your kind note, which procured me this happy interview."

"What have you to say to me?" was whispered gently and timidly from beneath the mask. But though the voice was so subdued, my sharp and practised ear immediately perceived that it wanted the freshness of youth.

"Madam, I am in such circumstances, and have reached that time of life when it is not desirable to live alone."

"You, therefore, want a companion. But you must confess you have chosen an unusual method for finding one."

"Not so very unusual," I replied, with the consciousness of returning courage. "In all the public papers there are repeated notices like the one which procured me the happiness of this meeting. And if report may be believed, those are generally the happiest marriages which are formed without any previous acquaintance and through a pleasant accident."

"Still, sir, there must be some special reason why a person should trust to accident in such an important step as marriage. May I be permitted to ask what induced you to look for a wife in this way, however usual it may be?"

No question could be more unpleasant or unexpected. In my advertisement I had artistically veiled this point in a mystical obscurity, and it will be remembered how much I based my hopes on this clever silence, which I trusted would excite female curiosity. And now an importunate hand tried roughly to raise this veil. What should I say?—the truth? But with what face could I confess that only the most terrible embarrass-

ments had forced me to take this step? Would not all the charming illusions, beneath which I desired to conceal my reasons, be dissipated immediately by the coarsest, most vulgar prose? I must consequently try to escape by some side-path. "May I reply by asking," I said, "what induced you to grant me this interview?"

"We will speak of that presently," she answered very calmly. "We must naturally become acquainted with each other, and by all the rules of society it is your place to begin our confidences. I cannot conceal from you that it seems to me almost inexplicable why *you* seek a wife through the papers."

"Why do you think so?"

"Are you astonished at it? Why, such a young, and may I be allowed to add, elegant man." I bowed with a pleasant smile.

"In addition, your manners can only have been acquired in the most select circles. I am quite certain that it was not 'the paucity of your lady acquaintances' which caused you to take this step."

Had the matter not been so confoundingly serious, I must have laughed at these words. Good Heavens! it had been constantly my misfortune that I had known too many of the sex.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, assuming a jocular tone, "I cannot complain in that respect. But do you consider it so strange that a man may know many ladies, and yet not find one of them with whom he would venture to spend his whole life?"

"Perhaps you have never meant it or tried seriously. Or, as I would most be inclined to fancy, you have not the time for it. You are a much occupied, active man. Your hours are precious; you do not wish to waste them in long searching and selecting. Am I right?"

I would have given much at this moment to see the lady's face. I could not in any way judge from her calm, regular tone, whether she was making a fool of me or speaking seriously. But however it might be, satire or seriousness, both were equally unpleasant to me. I found myself exposed to the purgatory of an examination to which my "great go" had been child's play.

"I like," she continued, as I did not immediately reply, "men of activity. Hence I shall be excessively pleased, and my respect for you be increased, if I hear from you that you have an honourable, even if slender, mode of life. At any rate, you owe it to me to tell me this, ere we can proceed to the chief point of our interview."

What evil demon was hidden behind this mask? She attacked the most susceptible spots with a calmness which was too natural to be studied and too pointed to be quite purposeless. I felt like a new patient at a hydropathic establishment over whom a bucket of water is every moment poured. Still I plucked up a heart, and answered, boldly,

"I have studied the law."

"Have you any official appointment?"

"No; I am still a barrister without much practice." For all in the world I could not have uttered the word "briefless." But she released me from my anxiety, and said, with an incomparable naiveness:

"Then, in fact, you are a briefless barrister. That is certainly bad; but still such a person may become lord chancellor, if he possesses talents, industry, and a little money," she added, with an almost satirical inflection of her voice.

The last word was the most reasonable she had yet uttered. My

almost frozen hopes were slightly revived, and I listened with a deep breath of satisfaction to the following words:

"Come, sir," she said, good-humouredly, "let us be candid to each other. Why are we attempting mutual deception? I think I see it all clearly. You are looking for a wife who has money."

"Not that alone," I cried quickly, and felt that all the blood in my body flew to my cheeks.

"Still, that's the main point. Confess it would not have occurred to you to select 'this no longer uncommon' method, unless you were seeking a handsome fortune; and at the same time—as the two cannot be separated—a wife."

"Oh, you are severe—very severe."

"Only true," she replied, calmly. "And now, sir, we have reached the point where we can begin our bargaining. I possess fortune. Come, now, what price do you set on yourself? But no, that would be really an impertinent question. How much do you fancy you require to make you comfortable for life?"

I cannot deny that the rather sarcastic tone which I fancied I caught in these words, horribly annoyed me. The blood poured to my heart, and, rising from my chair and feeling for my hat, I said, very seriously:

"It would be perhaps better, madam, for us to break off our negotiation. All that you have said up to the present appears to me strange, and does not please me. I am by no means certain whether you are jesting with me or speaking seriously. Were the former the case, you have quite mistaken me. This step of mine, I confess, was induced by a harsh necessity, but, nevertheless, was honourably and seriously meant. If that is not recognised, I shall not say another word, but take my leave."

"No! stop, I beg you," she replied quickly, and gently pulled me down again on my chair. "We have not yet come to the main point. You mentioned a harsh necessity. It is certainly hard for a young man like yourself, young, ambitious, and full of hope, to sigh beneath the yoke of depressing cares and embarrassment. I possess, as I said, the magic staff by which to dispel them at once. What do you say to thirty thousand pounds?"

Thirty thousand pounds! I started, as if a cannon had been fired close to my ear, at hearing this immense fortune stated. I probably cut a very absurd face, for the lady continued:

"Pray do not doubt the truth of my words. I am ready to give you, presently, every possible proof of my circumstances. You will perhaps convince yourself that I have spoken somewhat under the truth."

"But, gracious Heavens!" I cried, "thirty thousand pounds are a fortune which would bring as many men to your feet. Why seek a husband in this manner, when you could have a free choice among the best and most distinguished?"

"You had your reasons—cannot I also have mine?" she whispered, very gently and bashfully.

Ah! I guessed her reasons only too correctly! What a monster must she be, when even thirty thousand pounds were not able to endow her with youth and beauty! But though I felt in a complete whirl, I forced myself to say with pretended calmness: "I fancy I can guess your reasons, madam. May I express my sentiments?"

"Speak, sir. It is of no avail making any mystery of what must be at the next moment revealed."

"You desired," I continued, "to be masked at our first interview. Perhaps you distrust your beauty!"

"My beauty? Oh, sir, do not force me to a painful confession. I am not handsome." She uttered this with a sigh which expressed more than did her words.

"No one can be judge in his own cause. There is a beauty which is not found in the features, but in the mind, and which impresses the signet of its divine origin and nobility on the least beautiful countenance. Why will you not leave the verdict to me, by removing this envious mask from your features?"

"No, no; I cannot," was her reply, in a most decided tone. "You will not see my face till all is decided between us, either yes or no. What you said about beauty could be true—if I was young."

"Not young, then?" I asked, in an almost doleful tone, for the sake of saying something.

"No, sir; the days of my youth appear to me like a dream."

"In this instance, too, persons' views are very different," I replied, eagerly. "What you call 'not young' is, perhaps, only a decided, matured, and staid age, when solid and valuable qualities are a rich compensation for the transitory and always doubtful charms of youth." It can be seen from this answer what deep root the thirty thousand pounds had taken in my mind, and how I was determined to defend them *à outrance*.

"What do you call a ripe and matured age?" she asked, so gently that I could scarcely distinguish it.

I hesitated for a moment ere I answered—"I have known most amiable ladies, who had reached the middle period of life, between thirty and forty."

A loud "Ah!" of pain reached my ear, and I cannot deny that this "Ah!" gave me a shivering fit.

"I will not deceive you," the lady whispered, in a tone of unspeakable embarrassment and shame; "double the thirty, and then you have my age."

Had a flash of lightning separated us, I could not have been more startled. "What—sixty?" I cried, as I started up.

"Yes, sir, sixty summers have I already seen; and when I tell you that I am a widow, you will know enough to decide either for or against me."

"Yes, I know enough," I said, bitterly, "to see that my foolish step has caused us a most painful scene. It will be best to come to a speedy decision. I am afraid, madam, that the inequality of our years will form an impassable barrier between us. As we fortunately are unacquainted with our mutual means and circumstances, we can part, and forget all that is past."

"Not so, sir," she said, earnestly and firmly. "I am by no means disposed to let you off so easily. You have induced me to take this foolish step, which must compromise me both in your eyes and my own. I have a right to demand that you should decide in this affair, which is mine as well, not with passionate haste, but after calm reflection. I will give you till to-morrow at this time, when I shall expect your final decision."

"And if it is in the negative?"

"Then I shall be content. You will come, then? I ask your promise, that you will come."

"On my honour," I said; as I rushed away.

No, it would be impossible to form an idea of my feelings and temper when I found myself once again in the open air. I could have laughed and, at the same time, vexed myself to death. Why should I deny that the thirty thousand pounds had exercised a potent charm upon me? That exceeded my highest aims and boldest expectations. All my cares and troubles would be at once removed, and my most high-soaring wishes and plans fulfilled. But on the other side, the charming widow of sixty! I mentally pictured myself marching by the side of the dear, hobbling, old woman, saw the glances of my friends and acquaintances directed sarcastically upon me; heard their jests and jibes, which wounded me like poisoned darts. Impossible! impossible! But to do myself justice, something better than vanity was stirring within me. I found it utterly incompatible with my notions of honour to make such a bargain. And what else would it be than a disgraceful bargain, if I gave up myself, my youth, to an old widow, for dirty pelf, with the certainty that we should both be wretched? In truth, it cost me no great struggle to remain true to my previous determination, and firm as a rock, I proceeded at the appointed hour to the hotel. I found the lady in the same room, and masked as she had been the day before.

"Madam," I said reverentially to her, "I have in the first place to offer my most humble apologies for placing you in such a cruel position through my inconsiderate conduct. I know not what induced you to enter into negotiation with me in consequence of my advertisement. But, whatever was the cause, I beg you earnestly to give up every thought of a union between us. We could not be happy. My conscience and my honour forbid me offering you my hand, or accepting yours. The inequality in our ages is too considerable, and your fortune too large, for any one else to imagine that any but the dirtiest motives impelled me to such a step. And so let us part."

"Is that your last firm determination?" was asked in a low, scarcely perceptible, voice.

"My irrevocable decision," I replied, firmly.

"Well then, there is no danger in my taking off my mask."

With these words, uttered rapidly and merrily, the lady tore off her mask.

Good Heavens! what did I see! a youthful countenance! and a second glance caused me to exclaim, "Lucy, Lucy!"

It was my fair unknown: more beautiful and blooming than ever my imagination pictured her. I was about to rush towards her.

"Keep back, sir!" she cried, in her clear silvery voice and with sparkling eyes; "you have rejected my hand."

"Not you, Lucy, not you! No, I have not been guilty of such treason to youth, beauty, and love."

At this moment a door opened, and another voice was heard:

"Good gracious! what is the matter?"

I looked round. A fresh surprise, fresh astonishment—my aunt stood *in propria persona* before me! I was motionless as if I saw a ghost before me.

"Eh, eh!" she said, scolding good-humouredly, "it's you, nephew? What have you to do with my daughter?"

The scales fell from my eyes.

"Oh! now all is clear!" I shouted. "You—you were the good kind widow, who led me yesterday to hope I should possess your hand?"

"Yes, you young rascal, you rejected me point-blank. Get out of my sight."

"No, aunt, here is a magnet which irresistibly attracts me. Then Lucy, my Lucy, is your adopted daughter?"

"Your Lucy! you are mad, my boy. You rejected her five years ago."

"Oh, why do you remind me of it? Who could imagine that the Lucy of the Welsh mountains and the Cheltenham orphan were one and the same person? If I answered then impertinently and negatively, was it not through my excessive love for her? You should not reproach, but rather praise me for it."

"And reward you in the bargain with this angel's hand? that's what you mean, you young rascal?"

"I dare to hope it, dearest aunt," I replied, in the most caressing tone I could assume. "Oh, surely, when you answered my advertisement it was with the purpose of bringing us together."

"Well, you cannot be so mad as to fancy I did so on my own account."

"But, my dear aunt, it was a dangerous experiment. What a fearful trial you exposed me to; only think of thirty thousand pounds! If I could have blinded myself and taken your richly gilded hand?"

"Then you would have had neither myself nor Lucy, but a very serious lecture, which would have put an end to all your wishes of getting a wife in that way."

"You see, then, that I am not so bad as you fancied."

"I do not think so, or else we should, most assuredly, not have come. Thank your friend Watson, in Cheltenham, who has long been your most zealous advocate. Through him I know that you have been guilty of levity, but never of deliberate crime, and that you had made up your mind to settle down and be respectable. Through him, too, I learned your precious matrimonial project."

"Oh! how glad I am at the mistake in the letters, which at first caused me so much shame and annoyance."

"Certainly; it was the happiest mistake you ever made in your life. By your friend's persuasion this plan was formed and carried out."

"But, dearest Lucy"—and I turned affectionately towards her—"did you know that you would meet your chance friend of Wales here?"

"Yes, I knew it," she said, in charming confusion, and blushing to the very roots of her hair.

"But how was that possible? I do not remember telling you my name."

"Your friend helped you here too," my aunt explained. "He told us of your adventure, without the least idea that Lucy was so intimately connected with it. As she displayed the greatest emotion during the story, I inquired further, and she revealed to me that she must be the young lady who left such a deep impression on your heart."

"Then you must know, too," I said, fervently, "that I was rendered most wretched by losing her; that I never forgot her, have ever loved her—yes, loved her to this hour. Lucy, dare I hope the same from you?"

I needed not to wait for an answer. Her beaming eye, her face suffused with blushes, said more than a thousand words would have done. What she might have replied was lost in the first kiss which I ventured to imprint on her pouting lips.

HEROIC INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

TRAITS of heroism, acts of personal prowess, feats of daring, instances of unflinching resolve and of the most exemplary fortitude and endurance under trying circumstances of climate and exposure, as well as of actual combat, impart peculiar lustre to the campaign in the Crimea. If Great Britain and France ever sent forth their sons to combat a giant—if a small body of men were ever armed to assail a formidable foe—it was on this occasion; and although almost decimated by disease, and dispirited by privations and sufferings, it seemed as if every man felt the weight of responsibility bear upon his own shoulders, and was prepared to win a victory or carry out a campaign upon his own personal account. It had been imagined that a long peace would have assuaged the martial spirit—that the progress of civilisation, carrying with it habits of luxury and indulgence, would have enervated the present generation—it had even been averred that cultivation of the mind was inconsistent with war—experience has shown the fallacy of all these fancies, and as it was always known that in the officer the higher the *morale* and the intellect, the greater the efficiency, so it has now been shown, by the unexampled extent of the published correspondence of the men themselves, that the advanced position in which they stand over those who fought on the glorious plains of Crecy and Azincourt, or even at Salamanca and Vitoria, has not abated in one iota that cool, calm, determined, unflinching, iron energy, which has ever marked the Anglo-Saxon race in war as in peace. We do not hesitate to say that the classic stores of once accomplished Greece, and the still more prolific chronicles of once indomitable Rome, do not furnish a greater mass of heroic instances concentrated within so brief a space of time as have illustrated the campaign in the Crimea. The mock sensibility which affects to repudiate all that is hurtful to man's precious body, while it would nurse his intellect in the darkness of the factory, and sell his soul to Mammon—which despises all that is manly and heroic—has met in these very facts a just reproof. The real importance which can be attached to the wordy lucubrations of these maudlin sentimentalists has now been distinctly tested. Great Britain and France are fighting hand in hand for the protection of a fallen race, and the preservation of the liberties of the world; perverse must be the mind, and cold the heart, which cannot sympathise with them! In doing this they are engaged against overwhelming numbers and strong positions, an unscrupulous, proud, bloodthirsty despot, pushing on whole hordes of frantic savages to their destruction, even when wounded and dying; and they have to contend against sickness and climate, with very inadequate resources, yet are there those who would refuse their mite of consolation and sympathy in the shape of practical aid, upon what they call principle! The stern and wrathful expression of the great Archangel, as he hovers over the blood-stained hills and vales and plains of Taurida, must soften down to a pleasant smile by the time it reaches the abodes of these favoured few!

The Hebrews were formerly a very warlike nation. The books that inform us of their wars are neither flattering authors, nor ignorant, but were authors inspired by the spirit of truth and wisdom. Their warriors

were none of those fabulous heroes, or professed conquerors, whose business it was to ravage cities and provinces, and to reduce foreign nations under their dominion, merely for the sake of governing them, or for purchasing a name. They were, we have it upon the highest authority, wise and valiant generals, "raised up by God to fight the battles of the Lord." If ever nations could claim to be fighting the battles of the Lord, it would be when with no objects of aggrandisement they seek to repel the ambition of an unprincipled and fanatic ruler, and at every sacrifice to attempt the regeneration of countries endeared to us by the most ancient traditions, and to uphold the liberties of the whole human race. The high priest might go forth as of old, and say, "Hear, O Israel, and be not in fear of your enemies; for the Lord your God fights for you;" and every man must feel that he reaps in such a conflict a full harvest of that glory which raises nations to the pinnacle of true greatness, and to the individual makes even death sweet. "Remember one thing," said Brigadier Strangways, when slain on the field, "I die the death of a soldier." There is not a more noble saying to be met with in the records of antiquity. I die doing my duty.

When the light division got out of the river Alma, they found themselves at once under a heavy fire of guns and musketry. According to one account, they did not form because they were all so eager to get at the Russians; according to another, they were obliged to advance pell-mell against the batteries. There is truth in both statements. Officers and men fell like stricken lions before the shower of projectiles which poured down upon them. Three different officers had to take charge of the colours of the 7th Fusiliers. Each was killed in succession. On this, as on every occasion, they furnished an admirable target for the Russian riflemen without being of any service to the regiment. The British soldier does not now-a-days look to his colours to move forwards: it is sufficient that he sees the enemy. Captain Pearson, aide-de-camp to Sir G. Brown, took them from the last poor fellow who had borne them, and restored them to the gallant Colonel Yea, but literally torn to pieces with shot.

The Hon. Captain Monck, of the same regiment, had run one man through with his sword, and had struck down another (who was in the act of firing at him) with a blow of his clenched fist, when he was shot dead by the rear-rank man. Another account made the gallant captain perform these feats after he had received his death-wound. A private of the same regiment rushed to the front and bayoneted in quick succession two men of the foremost column of the enemy.

A deed of daring was enacted on the same field, which, as it has already been made the common property of the poet and the artist, need not be dwelt upon here. An Englishman had just planted a camp flag under the fire of the enemy, in order to mark out the position to be taken by a division which was advancing. A Russian left his ranks, ran up to the Englishman, killed him, and took the flag. Another English non-commissioned officer, observing the movement of the Russian, ran in pursuit of him, and shot him with his revolver, recovered the flag, and ran as fast as he could back to his ranks, on reaching which he dropped down dead, having received no less than seven balls in his body before he fell.

Among the many daring exploits of the intrepid men by whose energy and unshaken courage the allied arms were carried to the heights of the Alma, not one can be said to surpass the conduct of Lieutenants Lindsey and Thistlethwaite, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Queen's colour being carried by the former, and the regimental colour by the latter gentleman. At the moment before the heights were gained, and when the deadly struggle raged so fiercely as to make it almost impossible to tell friend from foe, the two lieutenants became separated from their battalion, and found themselves, with the four sergeants whose duty it was to support them, attacked by a body of Russians, whose commanding officer had led them against the colours. A desperate conflict ensued; the four sergeants quickly fell under a shower of balls. The Queen's colour, carried by Mr. Lindsey, was torn into stripes, being pierced by a shower of bullets. The staff was shot in two; still the gallant officers persevered, and succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy who surrounded them. They were ably assisted, and at the right moment, by Captain Drummond, the adjutant of the regiment, whose horse was at that moment shot under him. Lindsey, seeing the danger to which he was exposed, rushed to his relief, and with a revolver pistol shot three of the assailants. This is one of many instances which we shall have to relate of the value of the revolver as a weapon of offence or defence. It ought—no matter at what cost—to be in the hands of every commissioned and non-commissioned officer in the infantry, and of every private in the cavalry, except in such regiments as may be provided with the new rifled carbines. The gallant standard-bearers ultimately escaped without a wound, and succeeded in planting their colours on the heights, which had been then but just won from the Russians, Lindsey having actually climbed the steep face of the hill with the aid of his broken staff, while he exultingly waved what remained of it with her Majesty's colours over his head.

The 95th, with whom Alma was a maiden fight, had their colours so riddled through as to render the word Derbyshire almost illegible. It was thus made to give way for a more glorious name.

Lieut.-Colonel Chester, of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, youngest and last surviving child of the late Major-General Harry Chester, having had his horse shot under him at the passage of the river Alma, he seized the colours of the regiment, and advancing at their head, was killed by a round-shot just as the Russians were giving way.

No ensign, eagle, standard, or colour of any kind was displayed by the enemy or found on the field. Our regiments marched with their colours as a matter of course, and they thus became the especial target for the enemy's riflemen. Thus it was that so many lieutenants, ensigns, and sergeants fell. The 33rd Regiment lost no less than twenty sergeants, killed and wounded, nearly all of them round the colours. The Queen's colour was struck in fourteen, the regimental colour in eleven places. Military routine, it is well known, is most obstinately opposed to innovation, but with the introduction of new arms, certain observances consecrated by tradition and usage may well be dispensed with. We live in good times, when the honest criticisms of the press do not fall entirely unheeded. By them much good has been already accomplished, and we

hope, among other points to which our attention will be called by the force of circumstances, that as we read of the effect of the *Minié* in modern warfare, so we shall hear less of the cocked-hat and gay plumes of staff-officers, especially signalling them out for destruction, the gold-braided regimentals of the officers also so inviting to conical balls, waving colours bringing down whole broadsides of artillery, and the gay accoutrements of a wounded cavalry soldier ensuring his death at the hands of a rapacious and barbarous Cossack.

Generals vied in chivalry with officers and soldiers. When the river was passed, and Sir George Brown saw that his men were falling fast around him, he cried out, "Deploy into line and charge with the bayonet; I will lead you myself." Gallantly spoken and more gallantly done by a man of sixty-six. When he was unhorsed by the enemy's guns, the brave old general hastened to get up and assure the troops that it was all right with him, whilst he cheered them on to the assault. There was positive rivalry between the Guards and the Highlanders as to who should be first in the enemy's stronghold. "We'll have none but Highland bonnets here," shouted the impetuous Campbell; but before they could reach the grim redoubt the Guards were already there. One of their officers had persevered in the unanimous chorus of "Forward, Guards!" till he got a ball in his mouth. So great was the excitement, that one soldier writes that he was tired with carrying his load on his back before he got into the fight, but once engaged he did not feel it at all, and actually stole a furtive glance over his shoulder to see if it was there!

One unfortunate gun which remained in the chief redoubt, the scene of so much honourable rivalry, became an object of animated discussion. That the light division had it first there can be little doubt. An officer of the 33rd is said to have actually inscribed his name on the trophy. A corporal of the 7th Fusiliers also writes—"A corporal of ours took a gun from six of the Russians, and our names are put on it." It appears that the light division were not able to hold their position. An exception may be taken in favour of a corporal of the 23rd, who is said to have remained alone in the enemy's battery, and to have bayoneted three men before assistance came to him. This man, who formed the link between the light division and the Guards and Highlanders at Alma, was promoted on the spot. We shall yet hope to see this gun, so often taken and retaken, in the Park, before the Horse Guards.

Among those who gallantly distinguished themselves in the same battle was Mr. C. P. Lane Fox, nephew of the Duke of Leeds, and late a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, from which regiment he retired some months since; but repaireing to the East, he got an appointment as aide-de-camp to Brigadier Beatson, with the Bashi-Bazuks, under the title of Yusuf Bey. Upon the disbandment of these irreclaimable savages, he landed with the brigade of Guards in the Crimea, and appeared upon the battle-field in a shooting-jacket; catching the first stray horse in his path, he was indefatigable in getting up ammunition, and was complimented for his conduct by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge on the field. At the close of the action he was shot through the ankle,

and in that state bore Captain Charles Baring, of the Coldstream Guards, who had lost his arm, off the field.

Lieutenant W. L. Braybrooke, son of Colonel Braybrooke, of the Ceylon Rifles, fell a martyr to the cause. Being on leave of absence, he volunteered to serve in the Crimea with the 95th, and in charging with that regiment he met with a glorious death.

Colonel Blake went with his horse headforemost into the Alma, and was completely under water for some seconds. On gaining the other bank, and in advance of his regiment, his horse got one ball in his jaw, one in his side, and a contusion from grape in his chest; besides these, one ball was lodged in the saddle, another in the holster, where the pistol stopped it, and a sixth ball hit the colonel in the left wrist, and ran up in the sleeve to the elbow, where it came out. The balls in the gallant steed were afterwards extracted, and the animal was said to be likely to recover. When Colonel Unett, of the 19th, was forced to abandon his mare because she was becoming faint, the poor animal looked at her master as he dismounted, and snorted him all over with blood, which was streaming from her nostrils.

Colonel Steele, Lord Raglan's military secretary, was for some time supposed to have fallen. Lord Raglan, in the heat of the fight, ordered him to ride to the brigade of Guards and give the order to advance, intending, of course, that, the order being given, he should return to his place with the staff. The moment was, however, too exciting for the hot blood of the military secretary, and, having given the order of his chief, he rushed forward himself with his old battalion, and did not present himself to Lord Raglan until he came to announce that the field was won, and to ask forgiveness for the breach of orders of which he had been guilty.

The artillery displayed at Alma, as they have done throughout the campaign, a wonderful quickness, exhaustless resources, and indomitable energy. One of the first of the guns which it was attempted to convey across the river had one of the wheels of the gun-carriage completely destroyed by the shot from the Russian guns, while the officers and men were up to their middle in the water. Nothing daunted by their position and the heavy fire kept upon them, they promptly set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time attached another wheel to the gun-carriage, and marched forward to the scene of action almost as soon as the others. One of the officers of the Royal Artillery killed in action was serving the gun as No. 3 gunner at the time he was killed.

Captain Maude sought and obtained permission from Lord Lucan, to leave the cavalry and go to the aid of the Guards and Highlanders; after several accidents, he gained the top of the ridge with his two guns—the first there—and joined in that iron storm which prevented the Russians re-forming. He was thanked on the spot, as was also Captain Turner, for his well-known spirit in also taking up a battery to one of the adjacent heights.

Well might General Canrobert, with such examples of personal prowess before him, exclaim, in a moment of enthusiasm, "All I would ask of fortune now is, that I might command a corps of English troops for three short weeks; I could then die happy!"

Not that acts of courage and daring were wanting on the side of the

French. The very name and idea of a F-r-r-r-angais on the battle-field is succulent with deeds of valour. When the unfortunate Russians saw our gallant allies scaling the natural ramparts upon their right, they thought they were Turks, on account of the Zouave uniform—Turks, we suppose, who had been converted to sprightliness—but they soon found out their mistake, to their cost.

One of the defences of the extreme Russian left was an octangular tower, from and around which a tremendous fire of musketry was opened on the French as they advanced. The Zouaves were for a moment beaten back, and a sergeant-major, named Fleury, in order to encourage the men, dashed ahead, with the tri-color flag in his hand, right to the basement of the tower. A bullet laid him low; but the Zouaves, followed by the other chivalrous regiments, came up and drove the Russians from the position. It was on the same telegraph-tower that sub-Lieutenant Poitevin, colour-bearer of the 39th French Infantry Regiment, perished nobly while planting his flag on the summit. He stood, according to one account, for a few minutes superb in the midst of hosts of Russian sharpshooters, but soon fell, pierced by a dozen balls. A letter to his sister, found in his pocket after death, imparted a melancholy interest to the fate of this gallant young officer.

The French artillery, which was worked according to the system introduced by the Emperor, distinguished itself greatly. The battery of Commandant de la Boussionère fired with a marvellous success, nor was that of Toussaint less effective. General Bosquet had only twelve pieces against thirty-two guns of the Russians, yet the latter could not hold against the French.

The barbarous conduct of the Russians when wounded first showed itself at Alma. The fate of Sir William Young, of the 23rd, who was shot by a wounded Russian to whom he was about to offer a cup of water, would of itself be a perpetual stain on the Russian character—an indelible spot on their boasted civilisation and their still more vaunted Christianity. How many of these spots now tarnish the ever-obscure repute of the Muscovite? Sir William Young had only wedded a beautiful young lady in Cornwall shortly before he went out, and he had survived the danger of the day to fall at the moment of doing an act of mercy! When the noble Chewton was down with a shot in the leg, the Russians brutally fired upon and beat him on the head with their muskets! A Russian officer was being assisted from the field, where he had lain for two days severely wounded, by two marines. He solicited some water to drink, and after he had been lifted down and drunk enough, as one of the marines was in the act of turning round to pick him up again, the ungrateful villain shot him dead. Another fiend, in the uniform of the Tsar, deliberately fired at and wounded an artilleryman, who had just given him some water to quench his burning thirst. Instances of similar atrocities on the part of these ignorant, bigoted savages, might be related *ad nauseam*. We had thought better things of the Russians till we read of them. They have disillusionised of many a hope and many a sympathy, indulged in, even when the testimony of an irreclaimable barbarity were almost overwhelming.

The march of the army across the country to the Tauric Chersonesus,

although it was enlivened by the spirited onslaught upon a Russian convoy, did not present many opportunities for traits of individual heroism. Lieutenant Maxse's nocturnal ride across the country is its most striking personal incident. Among the brave and the good whose loss the country have to deplore, the figure of Dr. Thomson, of the 44th, stands out, however, prominent in this brief episode of the war. This strong-hearted surgeon was left with one attendant to take charge of 750 wounded men—many of them savages of the Satanic type that delights in destroying the ministering hand of benevolence—and nothing but a recommendation to the Tartars and his mission as his protection against the Cossacks. For four or five days did this good Samaritan and his soldier-servant wait upon and support this enormous mass of helpless men. They had to bury a horrible mass of carcases and fragments before they could get at some poor wounded wretches. In this way they dragged out and buried, with their own hands, some 200. The food was derived from a stray bullock which they slew and made soup of. At length the *Arca* arrived and received 340 of the wounded. Other ships came and took off the remainder; but the toil, the exposure, and the effect of the proximity for so prolonged a period, and under such trying circumstances, to festering vitality and corruption in death, was too much for the doctor; he perished a martyr to his profession the day after he reached Balaklava.

The siege of Sebastopol, during its long continuance, has been one great succession of acts of individual heroism. It is really impossible to estimate as less, that incessant slaving in the trenches, exposure to the enemy's shot, to all sorts of weather, with very indifferent supplies, clothing, or shelter, and outlying pickets for five nights out of the seven, varied by an occasional severe and sanguinary engagement! Such has been the life of many an officer and many a soldier at Sebastopol. Nothing but hope deferred—the hope of every day commencing operations, or the hope of some prospective change—could have sustained them under such trials. To many, death must have come as a happy sleep. We are not at this moment going to enter upon the vexed question of supplies. We live in a time of great publicity. Not a grievance but is known—not a suggestion enters a mind but every one has the benefit of it. We live also in times of a previously totally ignored sympathy between the public, the soldier, and the press, who complain or who crave, and the authorities who rule. Hence immense advantages have accrued from this new state of things. War has been to a great degree humanised and assuaged of many of its more repulsive horrors. Not a really good and sound practical or benevolent suggestion has, we believe, been made, but it has been carried into execution; and when not feasible for government, it has been taken in hand by private individuals, or by associations. Medical men, apothecaries, nurses, food, clothing, winter huts, comforts and luxuries of all kinds and descriptions are either on their way or have arrived at the great scene of strife. But as in the instance of the loss of the *Prince*, where 200,000*l.* in specie, 40,000 winter suits, and a whole cargo of ammunition and stores were consigned to the deep, it can never be expected that war will be shorn of all its hardships. As well blunt the point of the Minié projectile, as shear from

war all its miseries and inevitable toils and pains, exposures and fatigues, dangers and deaths. Almost all that can be done—except in regard to the numerical force of the combatants—is doing, or has been done; we must trust the rest to the unfaltering sense of duty and the indomitable courage of our brave countrymen and their allies. May the God of Battles crown their efforts, and reward their constancy with success!

Some of the old English spirit—which is happily traditional in the navy—did not fail to manifest itself upon the occasion of the only attempt made against the outer forts of Sebastopol. When the Turkish admiral sent his excuses to Captain Mitchell of the *Queen* for having gone between his ship and the forts, the gallant captain's answer was, "That he considered him to do his duty best who was nearest to the enemy." Sir Edmund Lyons—the naval hero of Sebastopol—is reported to have sent in the commander of the *Shark* with the words: "Go in; you will find there a coffin or your promotion." The *Agamemnon*—Sir Edmund's brougham as it is playfully designated—fired seventy rounds, and her broadside was scorched the whole length. Sir Edmund Lyons, at the time occupied with the big fort, sent his flag-lieutenant through a galling fire to bring in the *Bellerophon*, and to get the *Sanspareil* back. He said: "Tell them to come in; these forts will sink me, and I'm — if I leave this." When the *Agamemnon* led on, the *Albion* made signal: "Where you go I will follow."

"Them Rooshans is too ugly to show their faces by day; I wish the brutes would come on and take their licking without so much bother," more quaintly than elegantly remarked one of the men, wearied with the perpetual firing at and from the trenches, and the little perceptible results. No wonder that with this feeling of anxiety and impatience—the fever of hope so long deferred—that when the enemy did at length show himself in force above Balaklava, a degree of gallantry and an ardour for hand-to-hand combat manifested itself, which, unchecked, soon carried our brave countrymen beyond the bounds of prudence.

The 93rd never even altered their formation to receive the first onslaught of the Russian cavalry. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

But it was in the cavalry charges that were directed, first upon the hesitating, and after that upon the retreating, columns of the Russians, that the chivalry of England shone forth in all its brilliancy. If the last charge of light cavalry was not so successful as that of the heavy dragoons, how could it be expected otherwise of a mere handful of heroes underlaid, overtopped, surrounded, and overwhelmed by myriads of enemies, and with the batteries of the recreant Muscovites firing on friend and foe alike! To call an attack made against such odds—as gruff, old cantankerous Gortschakoff would have it, *bête*—stupid, only shows the Russian marshal's dolt-headedness. There might be rashness—even folly in the act—but where there was such utter disregard of self, such noble devotion, and where individual acts of heroism were multiplied till every cavalier won the spurs of two or three knights of bygone times—where the onslaught was like that of the forked

lightning, and the living meteor broke in the flashes of the sabre piercing the Russian line and dispersing her stalwart cavalry in every direction—there may have been error or misjudgment—there was no stupidity, as many an aching barbaric head lives to testify.

Pre-eminent among the heroes of the day stands Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Low, of the 4th Light Dragoons, who actually cut down thirteen Russians with his own hand—a feat worthy of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. This gallant soldier entered the service in 1835, and has constantly served, on the full pay of the cavalry, since that year. Slightly above the middle size, his broad chest and shoulders, long arms, narrow girth, fine manly countenance, with the long, light, Saxon moustache, altogether form a figure the very *beau idéal* of the light cavalry sabreur—and such he nobly proved himself on that day so fatal yet so famous for the light cavalry of Britain. After that terrible charge, in which he slew or unhorsed so many of the enemy, dealing sabre strokes every one of which carried death with it, he found himself almost alone among the enemy's horsemen, three of whom bore down upon the British cavalier, one on each flank and one in front. Seizing his revolver, he shot the two first right and left, and, cutting down the third with his sabre, his good horse bounded over him, and, although with a jaw broken by a grape-shot, carried his heroic rider safe into the British lines.

Lieutenant Sir William Gordon had several lance and sabre wounds, but he fought his way back, kept his saddle out of the charge, and then rode down to the hospital.

The whole scene, however, presented one continued succession of heroic exploits—not a man that perished on that gory field but died the death of a hero—each memory will be upheld at its own fireside as proof of the undying constancy of the British soldier, and the inextinguishable spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. What fear have we of invasion when we find such impulses still alive throughout the country? Not a man that survived the same dread combat but will be honoured by his countrymen as a living example of what Britain has been and still can be! None knew what it was—craven-like—to yield; unhorsed, they killed their assailants with their revolvers; mounted the nearest steed at hand—English or Russian—and returned once more to the charge, even as in the case of Mr. Wombwell, of the 17th Lancers, when deprived of sword and pistol.

The riflemen, both English and French, have rivalled with one another in intelligence and spirit at the trenches. An eye-witness describes it as one of the most wonderful things that can be witnessed, to see the way in which our riflemen go about in detached parties, crawling along the ground, up the side of a hill, till they get within a few hundred yards of the enemy, when they lay on their bellies till a chance offers, when crack goes a Minié, and down falls a Russian. One of these brave fellows having crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when, after killing eleven men, a party rushed out, and he was obliged to take to his heels; unfortunately he was shot down by a volley of musketry aimed at this one solitary man, and he was subsequently picked up with thirty-two balls in his body.

The *franc-tireur* at the trenches is even a still more remarkable being. He starts at two in the morning, fully accoutred, with a supply of ammunition and biscuit. On his arrival at the trenches he is provided with a bag, a shovel, and a pickaxe. At a given signal a number thus equipped jump over the parapets with the agility of foxes, and take refuge in some sheltered spot under the forts, where they dig a hole to hide in. They first place their bags as a protection on the side facing the enemy, and then set to work. They remain in this one-man's battery—a kind of living tomb—the entire day, firing whenever an opportunity presents itself, at the artillerymen, or at any venturesome Russ head which peers above the rampart. When night comes on the *franc-tireur* leaves his hole, to be replaced in the morning by another; and even in darkness the revengeful enemy is often waiting to salute him on his departure with a shower of balls, shells, and grape-shot. One *tirailleur* is known to have killed in one Russian battery fourteen gunners. The Russians, in order to protect themselves against the deadly aim of the French riflemen, actually fixed shutters to their embrasures to cover them while loading.

The Blue-jackets have, as at Mooltan and elsewhere, distinguished themselves in the batteries. They are said to have been pre-eminently honoured by missiles from the Russian 13-inch mortars. These agreeable visits became so common that Jack got quite accustomed to them. "Bill," cries one fellow to another, "look out, here comes 'Whistling Dick!'" The 13-inch shell has been so baptised by them in consequence of the loudness and shrillness of the noise it makes in the air. They all look up, and their keen, quick eyes discern the globe of iron as it describes its curve aloft. Long ere "Whistling Dick" has reached the ground the blue-jackets are snug in their various hiding-places, but all the power of man cannot keep them from peeping out now and then to see if the fuse is still burning. One of them approaching a shell which he thought had "gone out," it burst just as he got close to it, and the concussion dashed him to the ground. He got up, and in his rage, shaking his fist at the spot where the shell had been, he exclaimed, "You ——— deceitful beggar, there's a trick to play me!"

On the 26th, some Russian skirmishers approached to within 300 yards of the right Lancaster battery, which had only one gun, under charge of Mr. Hewett, mate of the *Beagle*. Some mistake occurred in the orders of the officer commanding the picket, and the word was passed to spike the gun and retreat. Hewett, however, replied, "That such an order did not come from his commanding officer (Captain Lushington), and he would not do so till it did." The gallant tar then pulled down the parapet, and with the assistance of some soldiers, getting his gun round, he poured a most destructive fire of grape into a large column of Russians, and on their retreating from the British troops followed them down the hill with solid 68lb. shot, fired with fatal precision.

Lieutenant Clairin's conduct, when deceived by a party of desperate men, said to have been liberated convicts impelled by large promises to a desperate deed, got into a French battery under the flimsy guise of Englishmen, was most creditable to his promptness and intelligence. The

French, in their national gaiety of heart, positively laugh at the Russians. One day ten battalions, with artillery and a numerous cavalry, evinced an intention to march forward. General Bosquet, said to be a stout, soldier-like looking man, who reminds one of the old *genre* of French generals as depicted at Versailles, ordered the band of the 7th Light Infantry to strike up a lively tune to invite the Russians to dance, if such was their pleasure.

As if each successive deed of arms should surpass the last in heroism, the battle of Inkermann came as a climax to this brief but glorious campaign, only to be crowned by the reduction of the fortress of Sebastopol itself. Favoured by the darkness of night and the obscurity of mist and rain, an overwhelming force of new troops, their worst passions wrought into a state of frenzy by religious excitement, by ardent spirits, and the promise of a visionary booty, were directed upon the most exposed part of the British position, with the confident hope of driving all resistance before them; while a division advancing in the rear, and another assailing the French lines, were to unite in sweeping the doomed allies into the dark waters of the Euxine. Needless now to repeat how this magnificent scheme was frustrated by the courage of a handful of brave men! How the very out-pickets, with guns wetted, the men themselves sleepless and shivering in the cold, held this great force, which had gained its first great point by stealth, in check, till reinforcements came; how the outnumbered retreated, disputing each inch of ground; how the British battalions, divided in the darkness, were almost crushed by the mere numerical superiority of the foe; how the gallant Bosquet came with his merry men to the succour; and how, finally, the dense and apparently irresistible masses of the Russians were hurled in confusion down the acclivities of the hill and into the valley and the morass of the Black River, while the Imperial princess of the house of Romanoff, who had come to applaud and to congratulate, were hurried away in the common disgraceful and ignominious rout!

In such an action, fought partly in obscurity, and throughout in ignorance of the position and strength of the enemy, every man had more or less to depend upon himself. The roll of musketry and the broad flash and booming of guns of heavy calibre in the immediate neighbourhood, alone indicated at times the whereabouts of the foe; and if the Muscovites crossed bayonets sometimes with the British, it must be mainly attributed to the same fact, that each were sometimes up with one another before either were aware of the fact. Inkermann has been proudly called the "Soldiers' battle," and so it was pre-eminently. All honour to the worthies to whose constancy we are indebted for so noble a victory! It is almost impossible to conceive, men but badly provided for, getting up cold and cheerless, going into the field without breaking a crust, and fighting unflinchingly against the most tremendous odds till the afternoon. One sergeant of the Guards describes himself as having fired 200 shots, and not being a bad shot either. We know how dense the Russian columns were. This single soldier-hero may have killed 25 and wounded 75 men, but he may also have killed 50 and wounded 150 Russians by his own intelligence and activity. When their ammunition was exhausted, some of the men actually took to throwing stones at the enemy. The Russians appear also to have exhausted their ammunition, but they put

the stones into their great guns, for one man distinctly describes a stone as knocking a fellow-soldier's head to pieces. This could not have been hurled by mortal arm. But if the men were heroes, officers and generals vied also with them in heroism. The Duke of Cambridge proved at Inkermann that he is a true prince of the blood royal. The enemy held a redoubt in front of his position. He had only the Guards and two companies of the 46th Regiment at his disposal, but he said, "You must drive them out of it." They were then firing at one another at a distance of only twenty yards. In a few minutes they had gained the redoubt and driven the enemy down the hill. But the Muscovites came up with redoubled strength, and once more got possession of the redoubt. The Russians cheered, so did the Guards; at it they went, but after half an hour's struggle the English were completely surrounded. There was not even any getting out. The Grenadier Guards nearly lost their colours; they had only about forty men to defend them. The Russians had made out the duke, and began to take shots at him in the most deliberate manner. Dr. Wilson, of the 7th Hussars, perceiving the danger of his royal highness, drew his sword, assembled a few men of the Guards, led them to the charge, and rescued the duke from a position it is a wonder that he lived in for two minutes. The French coming up enabled the Guards to re-form and replenish their cartouche-boxes. What remained of the brigade was formed into one regiment of six companies, and then as it they went again, this time without remission, till the Russians were driven helter-skelter down the hill.

A sergeant of the 33rd or 30th Regiment was left alone for a short while in advance of his corps. Five Russians made an attack upon him. He shot one, bayoneted another, but fell at last, after receiving five different wounds. He had still sense enough to feel a horse's hoof near his head: he jumped up as well as he could, and in a moment found himself dragged up on the horse and being carried to the rear for some 200 yards. When in safety, the officer took hold of the man's hand and kissed it, left him, and returned to the front. That sergeant would give a great deal to know who his deliverer was, but there was no doubt as to his being a French field-officer. Captain Conolly, of the 49th, was shot heading a few men of his company, fighting hand to hand with the Russians, who wanted to take him alive; but he defended himself with his sword, wounded one, and was immediately shot by another who was only a yard from him. Lord Raglan, who saw the whole thing, sent to know who the officer was who was fighting so bravely against such odds.

The Commissariat officers adopted the laudable system of issuing rewards of £1. to private soldiers for "distinguished bravery in the field." Such a reward was paid to Patrick M'Grath, of the 33rd Regiment, who, when captured by two Russians, seized a firelock from one, shot him, and with the butt dashed out the brains of the other, and thus made his escape. A colour-sergeant of the Grenadier Guards—Davis by name, and who, from his height and bulk, has been called "the Great Grenadier"—performed prodigies of valour, literally mowing down the enemy opposed to him, and yet himself escaped without almost a scratch. It is said that the number of the enemy put *hors de combat* by the single arms of this stalwart grenadier would appear almost incredible. One of

our riflemen is said to have knocked over successively thirty-two Russians.

Lieutenant Tryon, of the Rifle Brigade, and one of the best shots in the United Kingdom, who was afterwards unfortunately killed in dislodging a party of Russian riflemen from the caves of Inkermann, is said, assisted by two men who loaded two rifles for him, to have killed an incredible number of Russians at the battle of the 5th of November. Captain Eddy's company of the 41st was sent out on the same occasion to strengthen the pickets, but before he had advanced far he was surrounded by Russians. Refusing to yield himself a prisoner, he shot four of his opponents, and killed two with his sword; thus dying the noblest and most glorious death a man can die.

We all know by sad experience what a difference there is in the same man when in health and when he is prostrated by sickness. General Sir de Lacy Evans exhibited proof of untameable energy, when he rose from a bed of illness to take part in the combat. Lieutenant George Swahy, of the Royal Irish, when surrounded by the enemy was begged to retire. "No, I will not," was the answer; "I will fight to the last." He only fell after using his revolver and then his sword with fatal effect to the foe. Lieutenant Crosse was attacked by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlaghan, rushing out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayoneted the other, and taking up Mr. Crosse in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of the regiment, and placed him in safety.

The Artillery was, as usual, vigorous in attack and effective in defence. Captain Dickson made head during a long period of time with a battery of two 30-pounders against a Russian battery of sixteen pieces of heavy artillery. Cool and intrepid in the midst of his guns, having to renew for the third time his brave cannoniers, killed at their pieces, he succeeded at last in silencing the whole battery! A real duel of great guns, two to sixteen! One artillery officer, obliged to abandon his guns, which he had previously defended by a charge of his own men sword in hand, charged again with the Connaught Rangers and 47th in the anxiety to regain his battery, which he succeeded in doing, and the vents having only been spiked with wood, the guns were soon made useful again.

The same unparalleled atrocity which has ever characterised the Russians in war, from the time when the merciless and savage Suwarrow put 30,000 men and 6000 women to the sword at Ismael, and butchered 30,000 Poles, of all ages and conditions, in cold blood, at Warsaw, to the day when a brutal chief ordered the guns at Balaklava to be turned on friends and foe alike, exhibited itself at Inkermann. When the brigade of Guards was forced to retire from the redoubt, before noticed, Sir R. Newman, of the Grenadiers, and Mr. Greville, of the Coldstreams, were unable, from their wounds, to accompany their regiments. When, a few minutes after, the Guards retook the position, the bodies of both officers were found, pierced with innumerable bayonet wounds, both dead, and Sir R. Newman stripped. Colonel Mackinnon would, it is said, have lived but for bayonet wounds received while lying on the ground.

Another officer had his leg shot off; the surgeon had time to apply a tourniquet, and left him on the field. After the engagement, the officer's body was found with the tourniquet torn off; he had bled to death. Colonel Carpenter, as he lay on the ground badly wounded, was bayoneted by a ruffian who, not content with that act of ferocious cowardice, clubbed his musket, and beat the grey-haired man with it on the head till he left him senseless. Colonel Haly, of the 47th, was treated in the same way, as he was stretched in his blood in front of his shattered regiment. The men on both occasions rushed in and carried off their officers, after bayoneting the brutes who had used them so barbarously. Russian officers were seen passing their swords through the bodies of our men as they writhed in agony on the ground, and pointing to their men to bayonet them as they passed. When the brave but unfortunate General de Lourmel was led by his impetuosity almost to the walls of Sebastopol in pursuit of the retreating Russians, the Muscovite artillery repeated the atrocious system followed at Balaklava, and fired upon their own men and their pursuers alike! These are the armies of the Tsar! These are the men to whom the regeneration of the East is to be entrusted! Bad as the Turks are, they never did anything half so bad as this. Yet it is to such allies that Prussia would give the hand of those whose ancestors fought under the Great Frederick. What a contrast is presented to the attitude of the allies—of a handful of Guards twice recovering a redoubt under a royal duke—by two Imperial princes, surrounded by a brilliant staff, regardless of everything but themselves, forcing their way over the bridge of Inkermann, trampling upon the moving throng, and dashing those who happened to be in the way into the dark streams below! The contrast is as great as has been their conduct throughout. Proud, selfish, deceitful, rapacious, and merciless, what ruin would await all that is good and all that is honourable,—what darkness, like that of the middle ages, would obscure the civilised world did victory attend upon the footsteps of such savages? The times of an Attila, a Yanghiz Khan, and a Tamerlane, are, it is to be hoped, gone by for ever.

There could not be a more gratifying tribute to these heroic deeds, of which we are not enabled to enumerate more than a tithe, than a whole nation's applause, nor a more graceful one than her Majesty's declaration that the exertions that have been made, and the victories that have been obtained, are not exceeded in the brightest pages of our history, and have filled her with admiration and gratitude. The brevet for distinguished service in the field, extending even to the recognition of the meritorious services of non-commissioned officers, is a natural and proper sequence to this publicly-expressed approbation, and is in every sense a most cheering and gratifying act of royal encouragement.

SYBILLINE LEAVES.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

MAY AND I.

As the sun the swallow,
As the spring the bee,
As the cloud its shadow
O'er the moving sea,
So through spring and summer
Will I ever follow,
Spite of frowning—thee.

As day chases visions,
As night chases day,
As the motes each other
Through the slanting ray,
As the Greek through tempest
Sought the isles Elysian,
I will follow May.

WAR SONGS OF THE NORSEMEN.

[These songs we have put in the mouth of the "Flameman," one of the Danish chiefs most dreaded by the Saxons of the northern coast. This Viking derived his name from the flame of burning villages that announced his approach. The *Land Ravager* was the title given to the banner of Hasting, a Norseman of a later epoch. Difference of religion made these early wars the most bloody and vindictive of perhaps any that have ever been waged between Pagan and Christian. In every bay of England these black bands landed, bringing terror and desolation in their train.]

I have spread out a feast
For the eagle and raven,
For the wolf of the forest
That feeds on the craven ;
The goshawks shall prey
On the skull-cloven vassal,
The kite may now build
In the roof of the castle.

I have stabled my steed
In the hall of the palace,
To Odin I've drunk
From the gem-gleaming chalice,
Their stone saints I've broken
To ballast my galley,
I plundered the shrine
Of the church in the valley.

There was crowding of banners
And hewing of shields,
There was cleaving of bucklers
On blood-sodden fields ;
The gore fell like dew
From the battle-smiths' hammers,
There were groanings and shrieks
Mixed with cursings and clamours

I spread out a meal
For the wolf of the forest ;
I muttered my runes
When our need was the sorest ;
The cross snaps in twain
As the icicle shivers
When our sea-horses bound
Up the tide of the rivers.

There is not a province
But what is our own ;
The deck of the galley
Is the wave-monarch's throne ;
The swan's path's our highway,
Our wings are our sails,
As our conquest we claim
The deep bath of the whales.

The horn of the walrus
Is our gathering cry ;
Through the scud of the breakers
Like the petrel we fly ;
By the light of the serf
We steer us till day,
Then swoop like the osprey
With a shriek on our prey.

We seek not a home
In green meadow or field ;
We will lie on no bed
But our iron-bound shield ;
We die with no prayer,
Like the monk and the slave,
But leap with a laugh
In our gore-flooded grave.

ANOTHER BATTLE-SONG.

Sword and fire the FLAMEMAN brings
To scare half the Saxon kings,
As when wolf leaps from forest den
Fly the Jarls and Eldermen,
And the monks scoop out the graves
When they see us on the waves.
Howl ye grey wolves of the wold
At the gleaming of our shield !
Howl ye in the autumn wood
When ye sniff the crimson food !

Where the Pagan warriors tread,
From the green turf moist and red
Never springs the corn again,
Where the blood poured down like rain.
We bring woe to husbandmen ;
In the wold and in the glen
Leaps the fire upon the crag
At the flapping of our flag.

How the serf the oxen's goading,
When he hears us shout to Odin ;
Where the grey sea sounding o'er,
Comes the savage cry to Thor ;

Looking down from great Valhalla,
Smile the men of ancient valour.

From the Tyne unto the Humber,
With their wealth our decks we cumber ;
Thorpe and homestead, rick and barn,
From the distant Lindisfarne,
To the city of the plain,*
Where the Saxon monarchs reign,
We have burnt as flat and bare
As the moor the foxes share.

Farmers bar them in their stead ;
Priests leave lovers still unwed :
At the grave's mouth lies the corpse,
And the mourners cry " To horse !"
Sickles gleam amid the corn,
Untouched stands the reaper's horn.
When they see us on the waves,
Then the sexton digs the graves.

Wheresoever blows the wind,
There an heritage we find ;
Wheresoever steers the prow,
Is our own, as this is now.
Wessex trembles at our shout ;
The Land Ravager is out ;
England, from the north to south,
Shudders in the white shark's mouth.

THE BELLS OF TREVENNA.

[Every headland in Cornwall has its legend. On all the granite blocks that are heaped up in savage confusion, like fragments of the ruined castle of the genii, have lives been offered to appease the angry demons of the sea. The legend of Tintagel (not Trevenna) is not the least interesting. It runs thus: *Once upon a time* the inhabitants of Boscastle, envious of the neighbouring bells of Tintagel, sent a vessel to the south to procure a peal for themselves. They were shipped safely, and arrived off Boscastle, when the storm-bells of Tintagel were swinging low with solemn roar. The sounds reached the ears of the pilot, who, elated by the welcome of his native village, piously thanked God that he should be at his home that evening. "Thank the ship and the canvas!" exclaimed the captain; "thank God on shore." "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as on land." "Not I," quoth the captain; "thank yourself and a fair wind." The pilot rebuked him. The captain violently swore and blasphemed. By this time the ship had neared the land, and the dark headland of Willapark and the precipices of the Black Pit were crowded by the inhabitants, eagerly expecting the precious freight. Suddenly, however, the sky became darkened, a furious wind arose, and the ship, struck by the mountainous waves, capsized and foundered. The pilot alone, supported by a portion of the wreck, was washed ashore alive, and to him we are indebted for the legend. It is said that during the pauses of a gale the bells are heard distinctly tolling from the ocean graves. We need not say we have considered the wreck a judgment on the pride of the people and the impiety of the captain.]

The waves shout all together,
And boast of the woe they've wrought,
And around the cliffs the breakers
Like foaming monsters fought.

* York.

In the cove where the wreck lies bleaching
 The tide breaks in apes,
 To the level sand where the drowned men lie
 The eager billows race.
 All night by the gleam of the breakers
 Steers the pilot to the port;
 It is the eve of Saint Christopher,
 And the saint's good help he sought.
 'Twas storm all night, and o'er the helm
 The mountain billows flew,
 But when dawn showed her angel face
 The wild sea calmer grew.
 At dawn he hears Trevenna's bells,
 Up the valley swinging low;
 "Thank God!" he cries, with eager eyes,
 "All praise, thee here below."
 "Thank thou the good ship *Osprey*,
 And this strong rope and sail;
 'Tis time enough to thank the saint
 When safe from the tooth of the gale."
 "Hark! captain," cried the pilot,
 "The loud winds bid us pray;
 Weak man should kneel by land and sea,
 By night as well as day."
 "Bah! thank the helm and rudder,
 And thank the favouring wind,
 And thank the sturdy shipwrights
 We left in the dock behind."
 "Thank God I see the haven,
 And the old tower on the steep."
 "Hurrah!" swore out the captain,
 And mocked at the raging deep.
 "Let the priests and women falter;
 Of the winds, at God's command,
 I know no help but a stout oak plank,
 Sure eye, and ready hand."
 "Thank God!" the pilot cries, "I see
 The valley and the mill,
 And the red roofs underneath the rock,
 And the old church on the hill!"
 "Keep prayers for shore!" the captain cries,
 "We want no mumblers here;
 I mock the wind; in a ship like this
 No rock or shoal I fear."
 But as he spoke a sudden storm
 Took his mainmast by the board,
 And the shredded sails like black winged birds
 Up to the dark sky soared.
 Ill-omened night barred out the morn,
 Dark stretched the frowning lee,
 When a sudden blast came long and loud
 And hurried them out to sea.

They passed St. Agnes' Head at noon,
 And they've left St. Ives behind,
 But through the wild waves gleams the reef,
 And louder grows the wind.

Like a muffled stroke on a coffin-lid
 The billows smote the bark ;
 Like a field of snow the breakers spread
 And glimmered through the dark.

The sea broke o'er the vessel's side
 And swept athwart the deck ;
 Like bones that crunch in a wild beast's mouth
 It gnashed on the parting wreck.

As the dying vessel shuddered,
 The bells rolled to and fro,
 And rang a low and muffled knell
 For the drowned that lay below.

And through the scud of mist and rain
 Corpse-candles moved about,
 Creeping, as if instinct with life,
 Mocking the tempest shout.

Cleaving the darkness thick and dense
 The crushed wreck swept along,
 And through the tangled rigging
 The winds harped out a song.

O like the shriek of a bursting heart
 Was the scream when it struck the rock,
 And the sharp keen spear of the jutting reef
 Clove the frail planks with a shock.

The waves roared out a welcome
 As that cursing man leapt in ;
 And the sea-birds, joyful at the storm,
 Laughed high above the din.

But when the clouds had broken,
 In the light the bright sun cast,
 The pilot lay upon the sand
 Lashed to a shattered mast.

And far above him on the hill
 He hears Trevenna's bells,
 And sees his welcome children
 Come leaping down the dells.

"Thank God !" he cries, and raised his hands
 Unto the fiery sun,
 "But for His help that howling sea,
 That still creeps on and on,—

"As if it waited for a prey,
 Had swept me to the grave.—
 Thank God on shore by night and day,
 Thank God who rules the wave."

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Anecdote of Miss Starke—Mrs. Fanny Kemble—A Hunt without a Fox—The Duke of Parma—The Church of San Lorenzo and its Legends—The Tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the Circus of Romulus.

CAN any one fancy travellers without Murray's universal red-books—the "Englishman's Bible"—as necessary to his journey as the food he eats, and yet twenty years back they were not in existence, and people depended on Mrs. Mary Starke, esteemed a most learned and profound personage in her day.

To prepare herself for writing her Hand-book she traversed Europe *dans tous les sens* in a carriage and four, with couriers, mails, and appendages, and then settled down at Naples, where she was called the English "Queen," and consequently was pardoned all sorts of eccentricities. The other day I fell in with so curious an anecdote connected with her, I thought it worth transcribing. Her mother, widow of Governor Starke, accompanied by the future authoress of the Guide-book, went to pass a winter at Nice. Miss Starke, while there, had an extraordinary dream. She imagined that her father appeared before her, approached her bedside, and seating himself on the bed, addressed her. He began by entreating her not to be alarmed, but to attend earnestly to the information he was about to communicate, viz., that on the Thursday of the following week a packet was to arrive at the post-office, addressed to her mother.

"Go you," said the apparition, "and receive it, open the outer cover, re-enclose the contents in another paper, and direct and forward it to Mr. —, of the Inner Temple."

Miss Starke, under great alarm in consequence of the dream, communicated the circumstances to her cousin, who endeavoured to pacify her mind, but finding that the subject had made too profound an impression, she said:

"Let us go to the post-office on Thursday, and then the non-arrival of this ghostly packet will convince you of the folly of the whole affair, and you will forget soon all about it but as a matter to laugh at hereafter."

The young ladies went to the post-office, and found that a packet so addressed had that moment arrived; half an hour later it would have been in the hands of the mother. Miss Starke, finding that facts supported her belief, had no hesitation in doing as she had been directed in the dream. She opened the packet, and re-enclosed it to the Inner Temple, London. By return of post a letter arrived from their family lawyer, complimenting her on the extraordinary sagacity and caution she had displayed in sending him the papers; "for," wrote the gentleman, "if your mother had executed the deeds sent to her, the *entire ruin* of the family would have been the inevitable consequence."

Fanny Kemble gave a reading last night for the benefit of some charity, at the Palazzo Mignanelli. The affair was got up by Ameri-

cans, who quite took the lead on the occasion. I saw every American I knew in Rome and many I did not. R—g—rs, the inimitable sculptor, with his long beard, acted quite as master of the ceremonies, and there was M—— and the Crawfords; in fact, Fanny came out entirely under the patronage of "the stars and the stripes," although there was a large admixture of English here as everywhere. The play selected was "Julius Cæsar," which gained a wonderfully local colouring read on the banks of the Tiber, under the shadow of the Capitol, and near that statue of Pompey "at whose base, while all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell!" Mrs. Kemble was simply attired, and her unadorned hair was braided over her noble brow. Her bearing and aspect is, as all the world knows, on these occasions, full of dignity and composure, and she looked even more intensely statuesque than ever, fresh as she is from the study of the great models of Grecian art around her.

Her reading was inimitable, every part being given with a propriety and delicacy of expression and conception as satisfying to the senses as a play where every character is distributed to first-rate performers. Nothing could be grander than the tone she lent to the "noble Cæsar," who, while he lived, spoke like a very deity. His death was admirably suggestive of the whole scene, although she never moved from her seat. The character, too, of false, fickle Anthony was brought out with great force, and ample justice done to the "sly, polite, insinuating style" lent him by Shakspeare.

Some of her attitudes were inexpressibly grand and appropriate. There were moments she looked a very Mater Dolorosa, spreading forth her arms as though calling on all humanity to witness her great grief—such a form as Michael Angelo would have conceived and invested with all the attributes of majestic grandeur without beauty. Still, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety;" and there were moments that to me her features expressed downright sublimity.

She is a wonderful woman; and had she lived in the time she so magically invokes—as Brutus's wife—she certainly, like a second Lady Macbeth, would have grasped the dagger, and with her own hand done the fatal deed. One could not but fancy, while listening to her loud cries and admiring her passionate gestures—every feature beaming with internal fire—how she would have led a revolutionary mob, with even more power perhaps than that renowned Theroigne de Méricourt, who, in the great revolution, rallied on the multitude to some of their deadliest excesses.

The only touch of softness in the whole play was in the scene where Portia reproaches Brutus for his want of confidence, which Mrs. Kemble gave with a pathetic expression of wounded love perfectly admirable. Solemn and mysterious was the Ghost scene—low and subdued, and totally without effort, depending solely on her wonderful intonation.

On the whole, I never heard "the divine Fanny" read better; and the silence of an immense audience was as indicative of her complete success as the rapturous applause which ever and anon burst out simultaneously.

Hurrah for the breezy, fresh Campagna, sweetly scented with wild thyme, where the Mediterranean gales rendezvous for sport, and play

with the blasts sweeping down from Monte Cavi and the snow-capped Sabine Hills! Hurrah for the bright sun lighting up the low copses, fringing the deep valleys, where grow the freshest grass and moss and the fairest flowers of the spring! And, last of all, hurrah for the hunt and the red coats, and the splendid horses, and the dogs with their stiff tails! reminding one of their native "Rule Britannia land," its shores bordered by white-crested waves—in this bright and far-distant land of the South—for there really is an English hunt at Rome, and I have seen it, and been driving about in its wake for four mortal hours.

Well, I will tell you all about it. English are English all the world over, and especially so at Rome; where they assemble in such multitudes they are apt to forget the existence of the Pope and the Romans altogether, and fancy that the city of the Cæsars has become a British colony. Wherever they go—our delightful countrymen—they take their manners like their clothes, carefully packed up, and preserved quite unaltered or improved; and they drink their burning wines in tropical heats, and import "papers," which they read all day seated in stifling rooms in glorious weather, and their morgue and pride, and their long purses, much to the benefit of the natives, and their very bad manners (including incivility to women), their unquenchable curiosity, their iron prejudices on all subjects, and their utter inability of speaking any tongue but their own decently, and, last of all, they take their horses, and their dogs, and their grooms, and the whole paraphernalia of their hunt. Although I am a born Englishwoman, I never knew to what a singularly remarkable and obstinate nation I belonged until I came into Italy. A wonderfully national nation are we, and therefore is it quite astonishing why people so satisfied and delighted with their own habits and customs should ever leave that all-perfect country they will insist on forcing everywhere.

But I have done—leaving the sturdy English squires with their ill-dressed wives and daughters to strut about the Piazza di Spagna, peering into the shops of ready-witted Italians, who, calculating on their folly and ignorance, levy a heavy black-mail in the way of dollars, or to parade up and down the Pincian with that *noli me tangere* look so becoming in fellow-sinners and Christian brethren; and I will go off and away up the long hill, winding round the sides of Monte Mario, crested by the Villa Mellini, and its groves of cypress, and dark ilex, and pine—a very diadem of beauty—with the olive gardens nestling in the warm folds of the hill-sides; and on and on a long road, very dusty and very dull, until we reach a great green plain covered with grass, quite boundless to the eye—green below and blue above—nought save those two colours of primeval nature, the open Campagna.

Here, close by the road, which now becomes a grassy track, is a striped booth erected, fixed on one side to a large van, just like a show-caravan at a country fair; and round the little booth, which looks very solitary and odd, stuck up alone in that awful plain, are grouped beautiful hunters, sleek and satin-coated, pawing the ground, or with proud necks, curved and flashing eyes, galloping here and there with their masters on their backs, not a little vain of the noble animals. Some are ridden by fat, oily, English grooms, dressed quite *cap à pied*, talking Cockney

as they congregate together. Red coat after red coat trots up, and carriage after carriage full of pretty ladies, but quite properly and sufficiently distant in their looks to make it certain that they are English-bred and born; and then last of all come the two whippers-in and dogs, nice sagacious creatures, who quietly lay down to rest and husband their strength until the right moment comes—and then we shall see. The wind blows fresh from the glorious mountains skirting that boundless plain, and one begins to wish the red coats would leave off hanging over the carriages and entertaining the *belles* within—because it is growing cold—when, just at the right moment, we are off. On go the dogs, and the horses and riders, and a little man on a rough pony, with a hatchet to *cut through the hedges* (hear this, O ye of Melton Mowbray and the Warwick Hunt!), because the infant hunt is too weak to leap much; and after come the carriages in a long file, driving out, as it were, to sea on the trackless waves of that placid ocean of grass. There was no road, and we bumped up and down on the inequalities of the ground in a most comical fashion. The hunt crept slowly on seeking for a fox they could not find. On they went, forming the prettiest tableaux imaginable, down into narrow valleys, damp and dewy, and emerald green, their sides clothed with low-tufted woods and luxuriant sedges—now hiding, now displaying the persevering red coats—standing some above on the brow of the little rising hills, others below winding in the sinuosities of the glades far onwards. Now and then some fair equestrian (among whom a lovely Prussian bride in the first blush of youth and beauty, riding a magnificent horse which she managed with perfect skill, appeared pre-eminent) grew impatient, and took a hasty hand-gallop straight an end.

We in the carriages quietly followed the noiseless search after a fox that would *not* be found, and, mile after mile, crept on up little rises and down into gentle dales in the most singular drive I ever took in all my life. Every now and then I thought we must be overturned; but not a bit of it. One carriage ventured, and the rest followed like a flock of obedient sheep. The breezes, fragrant with the rich odour of herbs and flowers, swept softly along, broad shadows formed gigantic shapes on the grass, flocks of small birds rose and scattered at our approach, and the sallow, skin-clad *pastori*, mounted on shaggy ponies, or leaning on long staffs, came forth to behold the world of the great city below, sallied out to visit her pure unsullied sister of the free wilderness. Strangely did the two gaze at each other, and little did they assimilate. She of the desert disdained the glare and garish pomp of the artificial throng in their tawdry show and finery. She who wrapt herself in gorgeous vestments resplendent in gold, sapphire, and purple, borne by Aurora when her rosy fingers open the dawn, or by Phœbus sinking on his burnished couch, what did she care for us?

The scene, though moving, was silent; voices were lost on that great hunting ground; the valleys still bent onwards, and led us enticingly away, away, far out into an unreal and a dreamy world. By this time I had forgotten why we had come, and, impressed with the scene, neither cared for nor heeded what was passing around. I desired to return, and so we hoisted sail and steered towards the huge dome rising so strangely out of nothing, like a great balloon sailing in a firmament of green. As

we proceeded, the sheep in their folds started up and stared at the unusual invasion, and the *pastori* rested on their poles, gazing sadly upon us. Had it not been for them we never should have landed on the road.

When I look back on those hours spent on the boundless Campagna prairie, it comes before me like a vision, and the hunt and the silent procession like phantasmagoria, perfect and beautiful, but shadowy, soulless, and unreal—forms conspired up from the deep recesses of those enchanted valleys to lead one on, ever wandering, like the vague and endless strivings of a dream. I went out into that spell-bound universe of green, believing all I saw there to be creatures of flesh and blood, but now I am returned I doubt their identity, especially the wild huntsmen that went and came in the dark ilex-groves and the fox that never was found.

We returned as the sun was setting, and I am much inclined to believe those spirits melted away and vanished in the long shadows of coming night, and that ourselves were the only beings that returned to the great city.

I went to the Gesù the other morning to hear a funeral mass celebrated for the repose of the soul of the Duke of Parma, by his aunt the Duchess of Saxony, who resides at Rome. Cardinal Antonelli, when he received the intelligence of his assassination, kindly endeavoured to break the news by a series of notes, but the duchess, being from home, read them all at once on her return, and forthwith fainted dead away, poor lady. Everybody had long considered this prince insane; his eccentricities and excesses having attained a pitch quite irreconcilable with any remains of reason, even in an *infante*. His minister and favourite, Baron Ward, once a low English groom sent over to break in horses, was a scandal in the sight of all men. The man who, at Lucca, cleaned the boots and held the bridles of the horses, become prime minister! Truly an extravagance of contrast quite Oriental, and perfectly in keeping with the marvels of the Arabian tales, where charcoal-burners and porters go to sleep, and wake up—Defenders of the Faithful.

The Duke of Parma had a handsome palace at the Baths of Lucca, where he wished to come and hold his motley court, and give no end of balls. Last year everything was prepared at a vast expense for his reception, when the wise old Tuscan Leopold pronounced his fiat that his brother of Parma should not enter the Lucchese territory for fear of exciting a revolution! Everybody laughed, and was sorry because they lost the balls.

I am told that, when formerly there, his conduct was in open defiance of good taste, not to say shamefully scandalous. He was a regular living specimen of the worthy profligate people who have abused Victor Hugo for depicting in his drama of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, a second Rigoletto, and he has met his death in a like melodramatic fashion. Still his end, assassinated at the age of thirty-one, is melancholy. It was so generally understood, by even the suspicious Italian courts, that his assassination was not caused by political motives, but was the consequence of one of the many low intrigues in which he was perpetually engaged, that the event has made little stir. He was stabbed in a wine-shop on the public piazza, while attended by only one servant; yet, public as was the act, the murderer escaped. After having received three stabs in the stomach,

the dying reprobate called loudly for the last sacraments, which were administered.

I wonder what Emma — will say, whom all the world knew as "the Duchess of Parma," to whom he gave *fêtes*, money, in fact all she should *not* accept. The real duchess, with a touch of Bourbon blood, at once proclaimed herself regent, and sent Baron Ward about his business, together with his respectable co-ministers, acting with the utmost decision and resolution, not in the least allowing any womanly weakness to interfere with her viceregal duties. So the original sceptre created for the unworthy Empress Maria Louisa, poor Josephine's successor, is again wielded by the hand of a woman!

There was a wretched tumble-down catafalque of black and silver erected in front of the altar at the Gesù, and such dolorous and dreary music chanted from a gallery it must have been inexpressibly ratifying to the melancholy soul of the defunct prodigal if he heard it; mortal sounds could not wail more sympathetically. It was dull enough to make one sleep, and dismal enough to insure bad dreams and distorted nightmares. In front of the catafalque a large inclosure was parted off for the reception of the diplomatic corps, who were received with many bows and much Italian palaver by a sable-robed master of the ceremonies, who might have advantageously let himself out to a London undertaker as chief mourner or mute, in case of no next of kin presenting themselves. The poor duchess enjoyed her grief in some corner, for nothing was seen of her. I soon came out, for it was intolerable altogether.

When the Holy Father Sixtus, the second of that name, pope and martyr, was dragged to the stake by the commands of the Emperor Valerian, a young priest, of gentle and engaging aspect, followed him, and thus addressed him:

"Father, whither are you going without your son and your deacon? Never before were you wont to offer sacrifice without me. Have I been wanting in my duty? Have I displeased you? Try me, and see if I am not capable of enduring torments, fire, or imprisonment, for the blood of our Lord."

"I do not leave you, my son," replied the venerable pontiff, moved at the youth's generous impatience for the rack and the flames of martyrdom; "my spirit shall watch over *you*, who are reserved for a greater and more glorious trial than is vouchsafed to *me*. In three days we shall meet in Heaven!"

Then the young priest rejoiced to hear that he should be so soon with God, and, like a traveller disposing himself for a long journey, prepared all his worldly affairs, distributed his scanty means to the Christian poor, who bathed with their tears the deep-hidden altars in the mysterious catacombs, where the holy sacrifice was offered. He also gave somewhat of the Church's slender treasury. His proceedings were not so well hidden but that the Roman prefect got word of them, and, in high rage, sent for the young priest, and desired to be shown his hidden treasures:

"Bring to light," cried he, "those vessels of gold and candlesticks of silver you possess. They are wanted for the altars of the gods. Render also to Cæsar the things which are his; he needs the coin for the main-

tenance of his armies. Your God certainly coined no money on earth, and needs none now he is dead. Words alone were his revenues; keep thou them, and give the gold to Imperial Cæsar."

The young priest, nothing daunted, replied:

"You say truth; the Church indeed is rich in inestimable treasure. I will make out instantly an inventory, and display to you all our possessions."

Then the young priest went round to all the holes and corners of the city: he sought on the sandpits of the Esquiline (where herded the slaves who were branded, and the vile murderers escaped from justice) for the persecuted Christians, happy if there they might burrow, like beasts, so that they had but peace. He went into foul holes and noisome courts—in the close-packed houses under the Tarpeian rock—and he assembled at length all the Christian poor—maimed, deaf, and blind—in a certain spot, together with the lepers, and the poor virgins, and orphans, and widows. He then went to the prefect, and told him to come, for the treasure was spread forth.

When the luxurious prefect, fresh from the scented waters of the marble baths, came among such a loathsome throng, he gathered up the folds of his toga, and burst forth in a great rage:

"By the eternal Jove! I will teach you to play such tricks as these? How dare you, base slave and caitiff Christian, to bandy pleasantries with me? What means this abject crowd?"

"Why are you displeased?" rejoined the young priest, calm and unmoved by his rage. "It is gold that is low, vile, and mean, and incites men to violence. We have none, we despise it. You asked for the treasure of the Christian Church—lo! it is before you—the sick, the weak, the wretched, they are Christ's jewels, and with them he makes up his crown! I have none other."

Then the prefect grew more furious, and fire glanced from his eyes:

"Do you then presume to mock me?" cried he. "Have the axes, and the fasces, and the sacred eagles no power? In your vanity and your folly you desire to die the same vile death as Jesus; but new tortures yet unheard shall be invented—death shall become to you the sweetest boon."

Then the prefect commanded his lictors to make ready a great gridiron, and to cast under it live coals nearly extinguished, that they might slowly burn; and Lawrence—for he was the courageous young priest—was stripped, and bound, and extended on the gridiron, until his flesh was slowly burnt off his bones; he all the while continuing in earnest prayer, and imploring the divine mercy on his native Rome, and that, for the sake of his sufferings, the Christian faith might be planted there. So he died; and his remains were carried without the city to the Veran field, beside the road leading to Tibur.

In after years, when Constantine the emperor had seen the glorious cross hanging in the blue sky from the Monte Mario, where he lay encamped over against Maxentius, and had been converted and proclaimed Christianity the religion of the universe in the great hall of the Ulpian Basilica, he bethought him of the glorious martyr, and built a

church over his tomb; and afterwards were also added the remains of the protomartyr Stephen, which were transported from the East, and Constantine named the church, by reason of the great martyr, one of the seven Basilicas of Christian Rome. It is this church, heavy with pious legends, that I have visited this day.

I quitted the city by the Porta San Lorenzo, anciently called Tiburtina, with its two antique towers, twin sisters of decay, and its long chain of aqueducts stretching far away into the plain. About a mile distant, on a dusty road now leading to modern Tivoli, the Basilica appears rising out of solitary fields; yet the general aspect of the building is pleasing, from a certain quaint old-fashioned look suggestive of the graceful legends with which it is associated.

The portico running the entire length of the front might, except for the six Ionic columns—pilfered from some pagan temple—serve as the entrance to a large barn. Bare wooden rafters support it; and the walls are covered with fiery frescoes, most grotesque in character, quite smelling of brimstone and an unutterable place below. These atrocities are said to have been executed in the time of Pope Honorius III. I need not add that art was then almost at its dying gasp, weighed down under the influence of the dark ages. Here is the soul of St. Lawrence, represented as weighed on a balance as big as a house, by black fiends; the coronation of Peter Courtenay, as Emperor of the East, which took place in this Basilica; dead men raised to life; souls rescued from Purgatory by the pope flying pell-mell up to heaven—all wild, indescribable scenes, and represented in the stiffest forms of Byzantine pattern; the frescoes divided from each other by borders of black or orange, and mounting row above row to the cornice.

The interior is of majestic and imposing proportions, every way worthy of the proud name of Basilica it claims; but, nevertheless, there is an unfinished, bare look about the whole, in spite of much magnificent decoration. The nave is supported by Ionic columns of classical workmanship, but the entablature is only whitewash, while the old wooden ceiling, carved in high relief, is infinitely rich, and coloured of a pale blue. The floor is opus Alexandrinum. The two ambones, or marble pulpits, from which were read the Gospel and the Epistle, have been spared, and are of great beauty, ornamented with large slabs of rich red and green marbles, with mosaic borders of even more precious materials. The whole of the apsis, or tribune, considerably raised by marble steps, is solemn and imposing, supported by twelve magnificent Pavonazzetto columns, all, save two, decorated with graceful Corinthian capitals. Unfortunately they are half sunk to accommodate the elevation of the tribune; their proportions can, therefore, only be judged of from below. Above is an arched gallery, supported by smaller columns. This forest-like mass of pillars, arches, and capitals, all of exquisite workmanship, produces a fine effect. Old frescoes ornament the vault of the tribune, mosaics decorate the arch. Under the high altar is a subterranean chamber, or "confession," visible from above, where lie enshrined the bones of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence. These remains are approached by Catholics with extreme awe, for, when restorations were going on in the church, in the reign of Pelagius II., the marble sepulchres being

opened and the bones irreverently touched, all present died within ten days.

As I stood leaning against a pillar on the high altar, I could not but feel penetrated by the devotional solitude and singularity of the scene—the heavy damps of ages, the solemn traditions of the martyred dead breathed from those stern old walls. Not a sound was heard from the outward world; through a side-door the sun streamed in from the spacious cloister, surrounded by columned arcades—all solitary, silent, forsaken.

I had had a fancy to visit the shrine, from a most singular tradition attached to it. In the reign of Pope Alexander II., about the time that the Normans invaded England, there lived in the convent a pious monk, who was so fervent in prayer that he invariably rose before daybreak to invoke the intercession of the holy martyrs, whose remains lay under the altar.

One night—it was a Wednesday in August—while kneeling there, he saw, with his open eyes, just as the daylight began to glimmer, the great doors open as of themselves, and a stately man, with a long beard, enter, habited for the performance of mass, accompanied by a deacon of a youthful and pleasant aspect, followed by a crowd of many soldiers, monks, and gentlemen, all in strange attire. Although a numerous retinue, their footsteps raised no echo—the church was as quiet as when the monk prayed alone. Astonished at the strange sight he rose from his knees trembling, and as the procession silently advanced up the nave, he hid himself behind the pillars and watched. As they approached the high altar the monk softly approached the young priest (for his mind misgave him, and he was very curious though sorely frightened), and with much respect whispered to him:

“I pray you tell me who are you that prepare with such solemnity for the morning mass?”

The youth with the pleasant aspect replied:

“The one habited as a priest is St. Peter. I am Lawrence. On the anniversary of the day when our blessed Lord was betrayed by the wicked Judas’s kiss, and when the judges fixed that he should expire by the slow torture of the accursed tree, I also suffered martyrdom for his love; therefore, in memory of that day, we are come to celebrate the solemnity in this church built over my bones. St. Stephen is also among this blessed company, the ministers are angels of Paradise, and the others are apostles, martyrs, and confessors, who have all sealed their faith with their blood. They have had in remembrance the day of my death, and because it should be known of all and honoured to the glory of our Lord in the universal church, I have desired that you should see us with your mortal eyes, that you may make manifest this solemnity to all men. I therefore command you, when day breaks, go to the Pope, and tell him from me to come here quickly with all his clergy, and to offer up the blessed sacrifice for the people.”

“But,” returned the monk, now pale with awe and fright, as he saw the visionary multitude gathering round him and felt the cold touch of their garments, “but how shall I, a poor monk, make the Pope believe my words if I have no sign of the holy vision?”

Then the young saint took off the cincture with which he was girded

and gave it to the monk, to show in token of all he had seen. Then the monk, being full of fear, returned to the monastery, and as the day was now broke, assembled the monks, told them of the vision, and showed them the cincture. Then all knowing the holiness of the monk believed his words, and went with him to the Pope, who then dwelt at the Lateran Palace, on the Cœlian Hill, and he, after assembling the conclave of cardinals by their council, returned to celebrate the mass.

It so chanced that as they went forth they met a dead man, who was being carried to the grave, so to prove the virtue of the cincture, having prayed, the Pope placed it on the corpse, who at once moved and came to life, at which miracle they gave great thanks to God and the holy St. Lawrence, and the Pope celebrated solemn mass at the church, which is repeated every year. This, therefore, causes much fervour to St. Lawrence, and induces crowds to go on a certain Wednesday in August to venerate his remains. It was ever afterwards considered a laudable work of penance to pass the night in prayer before the high altar. When Charles IV. with his wife was crowned at Rome by the Cardinal Bertrando (Pope Innocent IV. being absent at Avignon), the new emperor passed the entire night prostrate in prayer there, and also offered up his devotions on the stone whereon the body of St. Lawrence was laid after he was dead.

On one side of the altar a flight of steps descends to a dark door in the wall, all green and musty with age, leading into the catacombs of St. Cyriaca, where the body of St. Lawrence was first interred. She was a pious convert to the Christian faith, and when the saint was burned, she consecrated this land beyond the city, called the field of Veran, for his sepulchre. Other saints and confessors were laid beside him in the long subterranean galleries cut out of the porous tufa stone; so the catacomb was gradually formed. St. Cyriaca had long devoted herself and her goods to the Saviour.

It was before her house, situated on the Cœlian Hill, hard by the church of the Navicella, that St. Lawrence had assembled the poor, and maim, and blind, and distributed to them alms the day before his death, and in the face of persecution she remained faithful. At length the Emperor Valerian, spite of her high birth and great age, commanded that she should be tortured, because she refused to sacrifice to Jupiter. Her body was torn, and her bones broken with heavy whips of iron and lead. So she died, and was carried out and buried in the catacombs still bearing her name under the church of San Lorenzo, which are still decorated with many interesting and curious frescoes breathing the pious hopes and humble resignation of the early Christians.

If these historic legends lend an interest to the venerable church, I shall rejoice; but it is a place to be visited in a believing spirit and with a certain reverence, or no charm will be found in the ancient precincts.

Beyond the church of San Sebastiano the Appian Way extends in a straight line to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, about a quarter of a mile distant, which stands crowning a rugged eminence, "firm as a fortress with its fence of stone." Turning to the left, in a large park-like expanse of the finest turf, one of the rarest prospects of old Rome opens before one. It is enchanting! How shall I describe it? I will try.

At my feet are a mass of majestic ruins, at first confused and undefined, but by-and-by the long lines of walls, the turrets and porticos range themselves into symmetry and order, as under the touch of a fairy's wand; and I see the great circus of Romulus stretching in two long parallel lines before me to the length of 392 feet, a mighty enclosure, narrow in breadth, with turreted towers at the extremity near which I stand. Beyond are the walls of another square enclosure, supposed to be the stables of a riding-school connected with the circus, and to have been adorned with a temple. There are the marks of ranges of arches still engraven on the great outer walls, which alone remain.

Above, the ground rises in a gentle swell, planted with vines, and the pale mystic olive-trees, perhaps the most appropriate shade nature ever devised of overshadowing the ruins of the past. On the edge of the hill appears the church of San Sebastiano, rising out of a dark cypress-grove, while among the olives appear no less than three separate temples and porticos, dotting the hill here and there, impressive in their deep decay, lending a richness and variety to this panorama of ruins not to be described; indeed, I know of no scene in or near Rome so satisfying to the mind as this little-frequented spot, where so much still stands to tell of the grandeur of ancient Rome.

Following the line of the hill, beyond the olives and their accompanying vineyards, comes a soft picturesque plantation of feathery elms, standing singly in all their graceful proportions, on the great background of the open Campagna, undulating here in unendless inequalities of rounded hills and gently sloping valleys, spanned by the majestic line of the Claudian aqueduct, marching, as it were, in an ever-advancing procession towards the Eternal City.

Above rise the pale outlines of the mountains and the rounded summits of the Sabine and Alban Hills, now, as the sun is sinking resplendent with delicate shades of pale pink and purple, melting into the blue vault of heaven in the most charming gradations of colour. Here and there a white mass—Frascati or Tivoli, or the great convent, once the temple of Jupiter Latialis, on the summit of Monte Cavi—catches the lateral rays of the sinking sun, and shines out in dazzling whiteness. There is not a sound to break the harmonious beauty of this lovely scene, or to distract the mind revelling in the suggestive memories of other ages.

I wandered on over the smooth green sward to the rising ground on a level with the great round tomb behind me. Here another ingredient of beauty was added: Rome itself burst on my sight, with its walls and domes, turrets and spires, never more beautiful than when seen from this side, softened by foreground and foliage, with the graceful pile of San Giovanni Laterano crowning the Caelian Hill with its classic porticos, all backed by the wooded slopes of Monte Mario and the steep Janiculum.

Around me feed an immense flock of sheep, spreading themselves over the classic meadow; a herd-boy, with the brigand-pointed hat and gay-coloured girdle peculiar to Romagna, sat upon a stone and watched the sheep and me. The vast mausoleum frowned down on me, flanked by its turreted walls, erected by the Gaetani in the middle ages, when this solid structure was transformed into a fortress by the family of the ambitious Pope Boniface. These walls have in their turn become ruins,

adding to, rather than detracting from, the dignity of the tomb they enshrine, standing

— with half its battlements, alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity.

I suppose no one ever—

in contemplative musings rapt—

visited this monument, the sublimest evidence existing of conjugal regard, without mental questionings in some sort similar to those so gracefully expressed by Byron—to end as did his, in this simple fact—

that Metella died.
The wealthiest Roman's wife
Beheld his love or pride.

The ivy and trailing plants that now diadem the summit of a mausoleum, rivalling in magnificence that of the deified Adrian (now known as the Castle of San Angelo), was fanned by the soft evening breeze; no sound was there to wake the remarkable echo which accurately repeats all sounds entrusted to it, so that when Crassus mourned the loss of "that lady of the dead," the funeral solemnities must have been infinitely multiplied by the endless repetitions of the wailing of the mourners, as if the infernal gods themselves and all the souls in the nether Hades had united in one vast chorus of groans and cries to bewail the deceased Cecilia. Whether it be chance or intention, it is a strange coincidence; but it seems stranger still, that after the lapse of so many ages, the same echo which bore the lamentations for the wife of the Roman senator, "so honoured and conspicuous," should still remain to carry the impertinences of Cockney visitors in this commonplace nineteenth century, who visit these classic precincts with as much indifference as they would stroll out to Hampstead or Clapham Common. That echo, too, must have borne many a rough message in the mediæval days when the tomb-fortress was besieged by that ruthless man, the Connétable de Bourbon, who opened his trenches before the Aurelian wall and the street of tombs as remorselessly as though these venerable remains boasted not a single recollection. Fortunately for me the present was tranquil as the past; silence reigned supreme. Pan and the sylvan fauns and the wood nymphs, who must still guard these lovely spots, where was once their home, alone peopled my solitude, along with the fleecy sheep spreading over the hill.

I had certain pleasant memories, too, of my own connected with the old tomb, anything but sepulchral in their suggestions—recollections of a certain pleasant afternoon spent on this very spot in company with a friend (who indeed deserves that misused name of manifold meaning)—when we came out to watch the sun setting over the domes and spires of distant Rome; but, somehow or other, we did not look at the sun, and cared as little for the tomb. But I was alone now, and had only certain pleasant memories, as I have said, to fill the void; but it would indeed be treason not to recal those happy hours, now, alas! gone, and for ever!

I descended into the arena of the circus immediately beneath, through one of the ruined towers flanking its extremity. The interior carpeted with the brightest grass is luxuriant in vegetation; whole gardens of variegated flowers, the wallflower, ivy, and low plants of ilex tufted the ruined walls, clothing their nakedness with the rich colouring of returning spring. A peasant was gathering fennel, and immediately approached, begging me, for the love of heaven "*e per le lacrime della Madonna*," to assist him, and pointing to the scanty herbs which he had so carefully collected, in order to make into "*minestra*" or broth; "*for,*" said he, "*we are starving in the city, and I am come out here to gather a few herbs, to us most precious.*"

It is from the well-defined remains of this circus, so much more perfect than any similar structure, that antiquarians collect their actual knowledge of the arrangements. It was first called, and supposed to be, the circus of Caracalla, and is so named by the accurate Eustace; but later excavations, carried on by the Duke Bracciano, brother of Torlonia, to whom the ground belongs, prove from inscriptions that it was erected to Romulus, the son of Maxentius, A.D. 311. From its admirable preservation, extreme beauty of position, and the poetry and interest of the ruins around it, this circus may be considered as unique among the remains of ancient Rome. The external walls are almost unbroken; in many places the vault supporting the seats still remains; the foundations of the two obelisks, terminating either extremity of the spina (running lengthways through the circus and forming the goals), still exist; and on one side stands a sort of tower where the judges sat. Near where I entered is a gallery, which contained a band of musicians, flanked by the towers I have mentioned, whence the signal for starting was given.

There were seven ranges of seats, containing upwards of 20,000 spectators, and the extreme length of the circus was 1006 feet. The chariots passed round the spina, and the most fearful accidents constantly occurred from the rapid driving, and the narrowness of the space, and the jostling permitted, as also from the fact of the reins being fastened round the bodies of the charioteers. A large gate is found near the spot where they started, used for the removal of the bodies of those killed in these encounters, as the ancients deemed it a most portentous omen to pass a gate defiled by the passage of a dead body.

I studied the place till my imagination built up the ruins and filled the vast arena with spectators. I fancied the solemn procession advancing before the commencement of the games, headed by the emperor, seated on a superb car. Troops of young boys follow, and escort the charioteers driving the chariots destined for the race, some harnessed with two, some with four, and even six horses. Then come the athletes, almost naked, followed by troops of dancers, consisting of men, youths, and children, habited in scarlet tunics and wearing a short sword and a helmet, ornamented with feathers; they execute war-dances as they advance to the sound of flutes, and harps of ivory, and lutes. Hideous satyrs covered with the skins of animals, overgrown Silenuses, with all kinds of monsters in strange travesties, imitate with various contortions the more dignified dancers which preceded them, seeking to divert the spectators by their extravagance.

Then appear a troop of priests, bearing in their hands vessels of gold and silver containing the incense, perfuming the air as they advance. Their approach is heralded by a band of music. They bear the statues of the gods, who, in honour of the occasion, condescend to leave their temples. Some are borne in splendid cars enriched with precious stones, which sparkle in the sun; others, too sacred for the eyes of the *profanum vulgus*, are enshrouded in close litters; they are escorted by the patricians, and nobly-born children are proud to hold the bridle of the superb horses that draw them. The procession makes the circuit of the assembly, received with general acclamations, especially on the appearance of an idol particularly venerated by the credulous plebs. The statues are then placed in a temple on cushions of the richest materials. The emperor, descended from his car, makes libations—the earthly Jupiter to his heavenly brother; the games are announced, and the chariots of green, blue, white, and red emerge from the Carceres, and rush on their furious course, as a white cloth, thrown from the imperial gallery, gives the signal to begin.

There is a melancholy charm, a silent though eloquent language of the past interwoven with these ruins (now warmed and tinged by the bright sun into a ruddy brown), inexpressibly enticing. It is a sheltered, sequestered spot to while away the twilight hours, on the soft banks of grass under the shadow of the high walls, and surrender oneself up to fast-flitting fancies. Light came over my soul and happiness. I had longed to behold the classic remains of Rome, and behold, coming from the far misty north, I was among them! I seated myself on the capital of a fallen pillar, and gazed on the ruins strewed around among the long grass and waving reeds. They were all to me as holy symbols of the great past, that came whispering from out their crevice-like Memnon pillars strange melodies of other ages, plainly audible to my soul in their lofty utterance. The arches, the pillars, the towers, and the ruined temples peeping out of the olive wood on the hill above, all spoke out plainly their sepulchral language; and the dark cypresses beside the catacomb church whispered also, as the breeze moaned through the heavy branches, like sounds from the holy dead reposing beneath in their stone coffins carved out of the living rock!

I at length reluctantly withdrew through the triumphal arch at the opposite extremity of the circus, through which the victorious charioteer drove amidst the shouts and acclamations of the multitude. That ruined arch now abuts on a road leading to Albano, which I crossed on my way to the fountain of Egeria; but time would not permit me, on that occasion, to proceed further.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FOREIGN LEGIONS OF FRANCE.

It is not a little curious, at a moment when the national prejudices of the British are roused to the point of ebullition by the proposed levy of a foreign legion, to be quartered in the homes of Old England, and to be drilled in the presence of a vast population ready and anxious to serve their country, if adequately paid and duly cared for, to know that France—so essentially a military and warlike nation—should have been indebted for all its ancient successes in arms, for its first military renown, and even for the personal liberty and safety of its monarchs, to foreigners. Yet such is the case. For centuries after the foundation of the monarchy, the guard of the king's person was solely entrusted to the brave and faithful Caledonians, and the Swiss continued in the same loyal and responsible situation almost till the fall of monarchy itself; while on the field, history is before us* to show, that the adventurers armed for devastation by the feudal barons of old were people of all nations; that among the earliest troops known in France were German lansquenets and ritters—introducurs of the pistol; that the most distinguished archers were those of Great Britain; the first cross-bowmen, the Italians; the best irregular cavalry the Spanish carabins and Albanian stradiots; while the credit of the foundation of the existing regimental and infantry system lies entirely with the countrymen of William Tell and Arnold de Melchtal.

France, whose military genius and prowess is indeed incontestable, has had foreign troops in her service during the whole ten centuries which separate Napoleon from Charlemagne. The first on record, and who from their well-tried courage and loyalty were selected as the body-guard of kings, were the Scotch. This renowned soldiery, whom we shall afterwards see watching by night at the foot of the Castle of Pleasis-les-Tours, easily recognisable by their measured tread, their feathered caps, and the wan reflection of their halberds on the walls, and again in the seventeenth century, in the suite of the great king in the pleasant avenues of the garden of Versailles, had already in 886 been enrolled by Charles the Fat as a body-guard of twenty-four gentlemen.

The system of indiscriminate plunder and highway robbery which prevailed in early times, and which scattered strangers and adventurers all over the country, at first repressed by vassalage, commonalty, and citi-

* *Histoire des Troupes Etrangères au Service de France, depuis leur Origine jusqu'à nos jours, et de tous les Régiments levés dans les Pays Conquis sous la Première République et l'Empire.* Par Eugène Fieffé, commis principal aux Archives du Ministère de la Guerre.

zenship, was in the time of Philip Augustus, about 1180, succeeded by a militia, the members of which were soldés, or regularly paid, whence the word soldat and our soldier. The institution as it thus took its origin was in main part made up of foreigners.

The communal militia, created by Louis the Fat to check the usurpations and disorders of the feudal barons, under his successor, Louis VII., began to imitate them, and even surpass them, in the fearful extent to which they carried their reprisals. This plundering and licentious life induced a host of foreigners to join the adventurers, in the hopes of indulging in the same vicious excesses, and hence great bands of robbers, their numbers increased by the scum of the first crusade, which had just returned from the Holy Land, anything but purified by their distant pilgrimage, associated themselves in different parts of the kingdom.

The manuscript chronicle of Bertrand Du Guesclin, quoted by Ducange, shows that these bands were made up of men of various nations :

Gens de maint pays et de mainte nation
L'un Anglois, l'autre Escot, si avoit maint Breton.

These bands of adventurers were known by different names, derived sometimes from the country they most frequented or originally came from—as Alaquais, Aragonois, Basques, Brabançons, and Comtois ; sometimes from their habits and manners as the Cantatours, or those who sang on the highway, bandits, brigands, mille-diables, fendeurs, escorceurs, laquais, rontiers, soudoyeurs, tondeurs, and varlets.

The English kings enrolled a number of these bands, but took good care to employ them only on the Continent, where they devastated the heart of France, which they called *their chamber*. Louis VII. took some of these bands under his pay, in order to keep in check those subsidised by Henri II. ; but not being able to pay them regularly, they soon returned to their bad practices, fighting even against one another, till they received a decisive defeat at Brives, in 1177, from other bands of adventurers, among whom were the paillers, so called from their wearing a truss of straw on their helmets.

When Philip Augustus recommenced the war against the English, he incorporated some of the remnants of these bands with the communal militia, but the inconveniences soon became insufferable ; they plundered churches and houses alike, violated the women, skinning the priests, smashing the sacred utensils, faisant servir les linges bénits à tous les usages des femmes qu'ils traînaient à leur suite, and carrying their vicious practices to such an extent, that the French king was at last obliged to turn the arms of his other soldiers against his own auxiliaries.

The long wars of France and England, however, kept these bands together, and even gave to them a certain importance. One of their most celebrated captains, Lupicaire, successfully defended Normandy with his band of Brabançons, in the pay of the English king, against the French. In the time of Jean sans Terre they joined themselves to the Albigeois, and devastated Central France. Louis VIII. failed in putting them down ; Louis, surnamed the Saint, was more successful.

Jean the Good enrolled the adventurers to combat the Black Prince. At the termination of the war in 1360 they were again turned adrift, and, forming themselves into various bands, they recommenced their

malpractices. The Chaperons, so called on account of the white caps which they wore, so infested Aquitania, that no one was safe outside of the fortresses. Another band, called the Tard-venus, became so numerous as to defeat the constable, Jacques de Bourbon, sent against them at the head of ten thousand men. It was in vain that the pope, Urbain V., launched forth his excommunications against these lawless companies. They were only sensible to one means of seduction, and that was successfully employed by the Marquis of Montferrat, who bought over a band for 60,000 florins.

Bertrand du Guesclin succeeded in raising a still greater body of adventurers to march against Peter the Cruel, with an expenditure of 200,000 florins, the promise of absolution for all their sins by the saint-père, lequel nous fera bailler de son trésor, hopes of great booty, and last, but not least, the offer on the part of the same valiant knight to keep with them in loyal and joyous company. The bands thus gathered together amounted to some thirty thousand men, and before going into Spain, Du Guesclin led them, as he had promised, to Avignon, to get the Pope's absolution and a little of his trésor. The Holy Father, terrified by such an apparition, sent out a cardinal dressed in the utmost sacerdotal magnificence to address them, but some of the adventurers held the church in so little reverence that the ornaments of the holy envoy only excited their cupidity. *Telz y estoient qui sa vesture voulsussent bien avoir robbée.* The cardinal found it convenient to effect a precipitate retreat, and the Pope was obliged to give absolution with one hand and money with the other, to rid himself of such pious suppliants.

All went well with the adventurers, Du Guesclin surpassing himself in the assault of the Spanish fortresses, till the Black Prince made his appearance; and those who escaped the final disasters of the war returned once more to France, where many of the great lords placed themselves at their head. One of these, Aymerigot Tête-Noire, master of eighty strong places in Auvergne and Limousin, and possessing immense treasures, being on his death-bed, thus bequeathed his property: "In the first place, I leave to the chapel of St. George for repairs 1500 livres; to my wife, who has served me loyally, 2000 livres; and the remainder," he added, addressing the officers around him, "you are companions, you ought to be brethren, divide everything among yourselves; and if you cannot do that in a pleasant manner, and the devil should get amongst you, you see my battle-axe—it is sharp and strong—take it, and let him get the most who can." It is needless to say that the last wishes of the dying lord were faithfully carried out.

The adventurers were often employed by the kings of France. In the time of Charles VII. they had for chief the celebrated Lahire; and when Louis XII. and Francis I. went to wage war in Italy, they took with them several of these reckless bands, who did good work for them. Francis; who was indebted for his life to one of these adventurers, who lifted him up when he would have perished under the weight of his armour, got ashamed of his lawless followers, and by an edict, dating 1543, called upon all good citizens to aid in their extermination (*à leur courre sus*). The inhabitants of Autun and other towns carried this rude counsel into effect and dispersed many of the bands, and the organi-

sation of regiments, which took place shortly afterwards, caused them finally to disappear.

Brantôme has left us some graphic and detailed pictures of these adventurers, drawn, as he says, from the old romances, the paintings, tapestries, and windows of old houses. "God knows how they were dressed; more like rogues than respectable persons, wearing shirts with long white sleeves, like gipsies and Moors; never changing them for two or three months, exposing their hirsute chests, with cut, torn, worn-out shoes of varied aspects, most of them displaying the flesh where it ought not to be seen, many branded with the fleur-de-lys on the shoulder, or *essorillez*, a misfortune (the loss of the ears) which they remedied as far as possible by long rough locks of hair falling down the sides of the face, and all of them making more frequent use of the rope and the gallows than of the rude weapons of their days."

In modern times the French have taken the lead among military nations in the improvements introduced in arming their soldiery, but it was not so in olden times: the enrolling of foreigners in the French service had its first origin in their superiority in the use of the cross-bow. The second Council of Lateran had forbidden the use of this weapon, *comme étant une arme très meurtrière et odieuse à Dieu*. But the English did not hold the council in sufficient respect to obey its edicts, and having availed themselves of so militarily a useful weapon, Philip Augustus was obliged to buy the services of a large body of Genoese cross-bowmen. There were fifteen thousand of them at the battle of Crecy, and at the commencement of the action, according to Froissart, they began to *juper* (shout) *moult épouvantablement pour les Anglois ébahir*—a proceeding which, however, failed lamentably in producing the desired result.

The *arbalétriers*, who were also called *crennequiniers*, from the instrument with which they strung their bows, had from the time of St. Louis a grand-master, who took rank after the Marshal of France. He received his orders directly from the king, without the intermedial of the constable or marshal, *en envoyoit guerre le cry*, and claimed, as a right, the bells of the towns which capitulated, as well as all the artillery taken in the battles in which his men had been engaged.

The Italians continued to serve France under various other names and forms. Such were the bands of the Milanese *condottiere*, Giovanni Jacopo Jacques Trivulzio, who, after fighting in eighteen battles and sieges, was sacrificed to the Countess of Chateaubriand, as also the Italian black bands of Giovanni de Médicis. These bands were afterwards organised into regiments, of which the first was that of Brancaccio, enrolled in 1562.

The first German troops which France took in her service were levied by Philip the Bold, in 1284, and were distinguished as *lansquenets* and *ritters*. The *lansquenets* (*lands-knecht*) were originally a kind of grooms, who followed the mounted ritter on foot, armed with a knife or a pike, but uniting with other pikemen they had severed themselves from bondage, to fight on their own account, and Charles VIII. employed large bodies of them. The charge of being badly disciplined, refusing to fight without a previous increase of pay, and of even going over to the enemy when there was any pecuniary advantage to be obtained, is generally laid to the account of the *lansquenets* by historians. Thus

Brantôme relates that, at the siege of Pampeluna, "La Palice ordered Bayard to go and take a castle. Bayard bade the lansquenets, who were commanded by the Duke of Suffolk, to advance to the assault, but they answered that they would not go unless they had double pay." At the siege of the Castle of Fleuranges, they did not hesitate to sell their general for a very trifling sum, and give up the place to the Count of Nassau. In the time of Henri II. there were 20,000 lansquenets in the army; they were then well armed and disciplined, and marched to the sound of copper drums, wearing black cuirasses and helmets. The lansquenets disappeared with the definite organisation of regiments, but their name has survived in a game of cards.

The ritters wore black armour, and rode to the sound of attabales—little drums struck with a single stick. "Ils estoient," says Brantôme, "armez jusques aux dents et bien empistolez." They, in fact, introduced the general use of the pistol, and were hence called pistoliers. They were also called black devils, from a habit they had of painting their faces black in order to terrify their enemies. The ritters were generally Lutherans who came to fight for the cause of the French Protestants. They suffered fearfully at Montargis and at the Castle of Auneau. The ditches of the latter castle, which were the head-quarters of the Duke de Guise, were actually filled up with the arms and armour of the unfortunate ritters, and for a space of two centuries the inhabitants of the neighbouring country still went there to collect javelins and rusty helmets, and, like Virgil's husbandman, contemplated with astonishment the size of the bones of the warriors who had wielded such weapons and borne such heavy armour. All that remains of the ritters in the present day is the word *havrésac*, which they introduced into the French language.

We have seen at what an early date the Scots were employed as a king's guard in France. The Scots were looked upon as the hereditary enemies of England and the natural allies of France. They were poor, brave, and faithful, easily recruited, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, their high pretensions to noble descent gave them a title to be nearer to the king's person than any other soldiery. Saint Louis, on the occasion of his journey to the Holy Land, appointed twenty-four Scotch gentlemen as his body-guard by day and night. They were called *archers du corps*. To these were added seventy-five as guards of the lodging. The first alone had the privilege of standing by the king, one on each side of his chair, at prayers and at meals; hence were they also called *gardes de la manche*.

When France was invaded by the English, seven thousand Scotsmen fought at the battle of Beaujé, in 1421, under John Stuart, named Comte de Boneau, and Charles VII., in gratitude for their services, created a company of *gens d'armes Ecossais*. A first man of arms was also placed at the head of the *gardes de la manche*, and he was entitled *premier homme d'armes de France*—a very remarkable distinction in a nation so essentially warlike. Robert de Patilhoc, who was first appointed to the command of the Scots company, was also called the little King of Gascony. These Scotch mercenaries were, indeed, loaded with honours as well as with more sensible proofs of esteem. They were well paid, sumptuously armed and equipped, well mounted, and treated as gentlemen, and each was entitled to a squire, a valet, a page, and two

attendants, one of whom was called le couteilier, from the great knife he carried with him; it being his especial province to make away with those whom their masters had unhorsed in a *mêlée*. The situation of an archer of the Scots Guard was thus made one of real importance, and was sought after by the younger branches of the best families.

The Scotch company always showed itself worthy of its reputation for bravery and fidelity.

At the siege of Pontoise, in 1441, the Scots marched to the assault within sight of the king. At the battle of Montlhéry, those who had not fallen in defending the person of Louis XI. grouped themselves around the prince, and when his horse was slain they carried him in their arms from the camp into the town. They gave still greater proofs of devotion to the same monarch under the walls of Liège.

It was ten o'clock at night, the historian Mathieu relates, when the Liégeois made a sortie by the breach in their walls, killed the sentinels, and stopped near the tent of the Duke of Alençon, in the barn behind the duke's tent and that of the king. The Liégeois were led by two deserters, who were perfectly well acquainted with the position of the tents, and particularly with that of King Louis XI.

A general assault was to have taken place the next day, and the French gendarmerie had been permitted to disarm itself in order to obtain the necessary repose. The noise made by the Liégeois roused them up. The cry of "To arms!" resounded through the camp; but the besieged, making use of an artifice, began to shout out, some, "Long live the Duke of Bourgogne, and death to the others;" whilst others shouted, "Long live the King of France, and death to the others!" in order to beget mistrust between the two princes, to throw the camp into disorder; and induce the combatants to destroy one another. Taking advantage of this state of things, the two deserters made their way to the king's tent; but the Scotch were watching over him, and they defended his person valiantly against their desperate assailants. The two traitors were killed by them, as well as a great number of Liégeois. Louis XI., who had not gone out of his tent, only knew what great danger he had been exposed to after it was all over.

The Scots distinguished themselves by the same bravery and devotion at Fornoue, at Aquadel, at Ravennes, and at Pavia; it was they who rescued Henri IV. when he fell in the midst of the advance guard of the enemy on the occasion of his going to reconnoitre the army of the Duke of Parma; it was they who warded off the dagger of "the sixteen," incessantly pointed at his breast. Henri IV. entered into his good town of Paris surrounded by these brave men; they were also by his side when he went for the first time to knock at the doors of St. Denis, and ask the Archbishop of Bourges to receive him within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church; and they were with him when he was crowned at Chartres, the 27th of February, 1594. This company, suppressed in 1791, was re-established in 1814, but was only Scotch by name.

The company of Scotch gendarmes was at first exclusively composed of gentlemen; they took precedence of the French gendarmerie, were for some time commanded by sons of the kings of Scotland, and even their valets were young gentlemen, who thus served their apprenticeship.

The first notice we meet with of Englishmen serving in the French ranks is in 1558, when four English ensigns are described as forming part of the army of Picardy. A century later, English regiments played an important part in French military affairs, and Scotch and Irish regiments figured among the foreign regiments in the French service up to the latest hour of the monarchy.

The battles of Granson, Merat, and Nancy, established the military reputation of the Swiss. Their phalanx of pikes and halberds had defied the most intrepid horsemen of the day; the trumpets of Uri and Unterwalden had terrified the Duke of Burgundy, that man of heart of bronze, who was said never before to have known fear. The most marvellous reports became universally current of the gallantry, the stoicism, the self-denial, and the intrepidity of these men, of whom three victories had made heroes. These men, at that time the auxiliaries of the French, became their instructors; they were at that epoch—the time of Louis XI.—the only real infantry that existed in Europe. Out of these instructors were formed the well-known body-guard of the French kings, called "*Les Cent-Suisses*."

The Swiss served for a long time afterwards as foreign legions in the service of France. In the time of Charles VIII. there were upwards of 25,000 Swiss in the French army. They saved the king and his army from destruction in the passes of the Salto della Cerva. They were not less useful in Naples. When the lansquenets having, as was usual with them, abandoned Montpensier to go over to the Spaniards under Ferdinand of Arragon and Gonzalvo of Cordova, the Swiss, though only 1500 in number, remained faithful, till only 300 remained under the command of a solitary captain. The Swiss refused, however, to march to the assault of Genoa, in the time of Louis XII., under the pretence that they had only engaged to fight in open country, and they gradually encumbered their terms of service with all kinds of troublesome restrictions. They even took up arms in favour of the Pope Jules II. against Louis, but Francis I. defeated these *dompleurs de rois*, as Brantôme calls them, and afterwards took them in his pay. He was their admirer, and he wished to be their friend. Henri II. specified by treaty that the enrolment of Swiss should in future never be under 6000 soldiers, nor above 16,000. This lasted till the seventeenth century, when the Cantons agreed to supply whatever number of troops should be asked of them.

The Swiss sustained the military honour of France almost exclusively in Piémont. At the defence of Sienna, the ladies of the town took part in the labours, and, divided into companies, shared with the Swiss soldiery the dangers and the hardships of the siege. No wonder that, so encouraged, they were enabled to hold out for ten months.

In the religious wars which devastated France for so long a period, the Swiss were the best support of the monarchy. They served, however, both in the Roman Catholic and the Protestant party, but only the latter were acknowledged by the Cantons. "The importance of the services rendered by the Swiss to France," says M. Fieffé, "has not been sufficiently felt; they have been looked upon as mere mercenaries shedding their blood for their pay; but that is an error, there was much more in them, and such devotion, endurance, and bravery as they manifested in the cause of the monarchy could never have originated from the mere love of money."

Besides the Cent-Suisses, who occupied the fifth place in the companies of the king's body-guard in Henri III.'s time, there were also what were called *les gardes Suisses*. They had their origin with Charles IX., who in 1567 only escaped from the Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligny by the gallantry of the Swiss regiment of Pfiffer, who, placing the king and his court in the midst of them, conveyed them away safely from Meaux to Paris. The grateful monarch attached the regiment to his person, and designated them the King's Swiss Guard. Henri IV. rewarded the regiment of Glaris in a precisely similar manner. This body, like that of the Cent-Suisses, occupy an important place in French military history.

Greece, as well as other countries, furnished France with soldiers in the middle ages. Charles VIII. took four hundred *stradiots*, as they were called, in his service. They were chiefly remarkable for cutting off the heads of their enemies and hanging them to their saddles. They also slept out in the open air, themselves and their horses. When Louis XII. marched against the Genoese in 1507, he enrolled two thousand *stradiots*, who were then also called Albanian cavalry. The more irregular cavalry, derived from the same sources, were called *argoulets*, which in the Frankish dialect signified "bad soldier." What remained of this cavalry, which has played so important a part in the military annals of the East, was incorporated in 1589 in the companies of *carabins*, who made part of the army of the King of Navarre.

These *carabins*, from the Arabic *Karab*, or *Karal*, were of Spanish origin, reinforced afterwards with Basques and Gascons, and must not be confounded with the *carabiniers*, an exclusively French force, founded under Louis XIV.

Flemings, more especially Brabançons, were organised from out of the bands of adventurers by Louis XII., and a guard of four hundred archers was selected out of them. This guard was entirely destroyed at the battle of Ravenna. Liégeois, Walloons, and other Flemings, were mixed up with the religious wars, and the connexion between France and the Low Countries has in all times been so close, that the army of the former has always been more or less recruited by people of Belgian race.

The chiefs of these foreign troops bore the title of colonel before those of France itself. Brantôme derives the word from the Italian *colonna*, a column, and certainly at first it applied equally to the troops and to their commander; but others derive it from *corona*, of which the Spaniards made *coronella*, whence *coronal*, *coronel*, and ultimately colonel.

There were not wanting many patriotic minds in France, before the end of the sixteenth century, who felt indignant at seeing the interests of the kingdom delivered up to the hands of strangers, even when there existed a valid excuse for their employment. The Swiss were at that time the best foot soldiers, and the Scotch the most faithful and gallant in Europe; the French could only gain by contact, *n'y ayant point de meilleur maître que l'émulation*. ("*Histoire de l'Ancienne Infanterie Française*.") The same apology for the enlistment of foreign troops as regards our own country can scarcely be said to exist in the present day. There could be no objection to embodying, officering, and subsidising Turks in Turkey, no more than Sepoys in Hindostan. In olden times,

Italian and German bands were also subsidised by the French, upon the principle of taking away so many good soldiers from the enemy ; but this system is no longer applicable in our times, when a higher civilisation has brought with it a higher sense of patriotism. Something may, however, still be obtained by emulation, as we see in the instance of the superior organisation and commissariat arrangements of the French when placed in contact with the British army.

The French were also indebted for the introduction of military music to foreign troops. The Swiss brought the *arigot*, a primitive kind of *flageolet*, and the *fife*, or *fifre* (so called from the renowned Swiss regiment *Pfiffer*) ; the Italians brought the drum ; the Piedmontese the bagpipe ; and the Germans the *hautboy* ; but they had the good taste not to imitate the Spaniards, who marched to the assault to the tune of a fiddle. The great Condé was the only one who used this ignoble instrument at the siege of *Lérida*.

Foreign troops began especially to play an important part in the military history of France in the time of Charles VIII., when that ambitious monarch sought to vindicate his claims to the crowns of Naples and Sicily by force of arms. The king, obliged to leave Gilbert de Montpensier and Robert Stuart Darnley, Sire d'Aubigny and Marshal of France under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., in charge of his conquests, was in reality indebted to the Swiss for the safe return of his troops to their country, and to the Scotch for his personal preservation.

At the battle of Aquadel (May 14, 1509), the Venetians, under L'Alviane, drove back the French advance guard. The Duke of Bourbon recovered the position with the foreign *hommes d'armes*. The Swiss were also checked at a dyke, but Louis XII. brought them back to the assault in person, and the defence was carried. The hundred Scotch archers and twenty-five *gardes de la manche* distinguished themselves much, as did also the Albanian irregulars, at this hardly-contested battle.

When the pope, Jules II., shortly afterwards besieged Parma, a duel took place under the walls of that city between two Albanians, which is thus related by Du Bellay :—"A duel took place under the walls of that town between two *stradiots*—one belonging to the Pope, the other to the French—armed at all points in Albanian fashion—*estradiotte* under the arm and cap in hand ; and as to what they did, the Pope's Albanian ran against the other and transfixing his shoulder ; the French Albanian, when he saw this, used his *estradiotte* like a javelin, and struck him on the throat, following this up in such rude fashion, that at last he killed him with heavy club-like blows. It was a great pity, for they were both esteemed '*gentils compagnons*' among the soldiers."

At Ravenna, where the Flemings, under Gaston de Foix, then only twenty-two years of age, were all massacred, the Scotch archers, armed with battle-axes, and the *lansquenets*, performed prodigies of valour. One of the latter, a kind of giant, opened a breach in the enemy's ranks by his own individual efforts. Pescara gave up his sword to the Scotch. Unfortunately, Gaston de Foix, seeing a body of four thousand footmen withdrawing in good order, rushed at them to make them surrender, was surrounded, and fell, after having received twenty-two wounds. His death entailed the loss of Italy. La Palice, who succeeded him, could not keep down the jealousies of the foreign troops ; he was aban-

done by Swiss and Germans; and the old pope, Jules II., died with joy, after having accomplished the desire of his whole life—the expulsion of the French from Italy.

The English, in alliance with the Germans under Maximilian, were besieging Thérionne, whose grands dieux, great heroic idols like our Gog and Magog, are still to be seen at the cathedral of St. Omer, when a select body of gendarmes d'élite and four thousand lansquenets were sent to revictual the place. The English and Germans fell upon these, and Bayard, Dunois, and La Trémouille, were taken prisoners. The rest fled away, songeant moins à se servir de l'épée que des éperons, ce qui en fit donner le nom à cette journée—the battle of the spurs.

Francis I. was no sooner crowned than he resolved upon invading Italy. Ten thousand lansquenets formed the nucleus of his army. The Milanese, under Maximilian Sforza, had Swiss and Spaniards for auxiliaries. The French had two good generals—the Constable de Bourbon, and Pierre de Navarre, an adventurer, skilled in engineering, and one of the great captains of his age—and they carried their forces triumphantly across the Alps. Arrived before Milan, the dreaded sound of the trumpets of Uri and Unterwalden were heard, and the Swiss issued forth to the attack. The battle lasted two days, and was only decided by the arrival of L'Alviane with his stradiots and Venetians, shouting their war-cry, "San Marco! San Marco!" Francis I. has left an account of this remarkable battle in his own hand. Bayard, the chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, won his spurs upon this occasion.

A formidable rival to Francis I. arose in the person of Charles V., who inherited the triple crown of Spain, Austria, and the Low Countries. The meeting on the field of cloth of gold failed to secure the alliance of Henry VIII.; the pope, Leon X., was also against the King of France. There remained for Francis little more than the Swiss and the Venetians. The former received a severe check at the assault of the Castle of Bicoque, near Milan, and the whole French army and its auxiliaries were almost annihilated at the battle of Pavia, February 22, 1525. In this fatal battle Jean de Diesbach, unwilling to survive the disgrace of his countrymen—the Swiss—rushed to death. The Duke of Suffolk was slain in the midst of his lansquenets. La Trémouille, Bussy d'Amboise, Louis d'Ars, La Palice, and a hundred other captains, nobles, and knights, fell on this bloody field. Francis I., who had slain the Marquis de Saint-Ange with his own hand, was taken prisoner with Robert Stuart, the Scotch Guard having been massacred in their defence. In the words of the old chroniclers, "Tout étoit perdu, sauf l'honneur."

Two years afterwards, terrified at the prospects of an universal empire entertained by Charles V., the pope, Clement VII., Henry VIII. of England, the Swiss, the Venetians, and the Florentines, entered into a defensive alliance. Italy became once more the theatre of war, and the chief military resources of France were still its Swiss and its lansquenets. The alliance with England lasted for a very short time, and Francis sought the aid of Soliman (Suleiman) II. The battle of Cerissoles, won by the French and their auxiliaries, under the Duke of Enghien, the founder of the glories of the House of Condé, imparted a final *éclat* to the bellicose reign of Francis I.

Henri II. persevered in carrying on war against Charles V., chiefly

instigated thereunto by the Protestant princes of Germany. To this effect he had recourse to large levies of foreign troops. The Italian, Pietro Strozzi, compelled the emperor to raise the siege of Niëtz, and Henri II. defeated the Imperialists in person at Renty. On this occasion the ritters, who fought with blackened faces, and whose chief—Wolfgang—carried as ensign a fox devouring a cock, in derision of the French, were overthrown by Gaspard de Tavannes, who was rewarded for his gallantry by the king on the field. It was the issue of this combat which in part contributed to Charles V.'s withdrawal to monastic seclusion in Spain.

Another incident characteristic of the times resulted from this battle. San Pietro de Bastelica, captain of the Corsican auxiliaries who fought at Cerisolles, deemed it a good opportunity for rescuing his country from the Genoese. Andrea Doria, in consequence, proscribed the Corsican. His wife, Vanina d'Ornano, heir to the powerful house of that name, wished to intercede in his favour. To prevent her, San Pietro strangled her with her own scarf, first asking her pardon, with one knee on the ground, as his lady and sovereign mistress. The name of the Corsican chief became, however, so odious in consequence of this act of barbarous patriotism, that he was obliged to adopt that of his victim, and his descendants upheld its military renown for four centuries.

Philip II. invaded France with an army of Spaniards and English, under the Duke of Savoy, and won the battle of Saint Quentin (Aug., 1557), in which the Scotch Guard, under James Montgomery, particularly distinguished themselves. Henri II. hastened to enrol an army of Swiss, Germans, and lansquenets, with which he succeeded in capturing Calais and Thionville. This led to a treaty, the King of France giving his daughter in marriage to the morose and bigoted Philip, to be himself killed a few days afterwards in a tournament by Montgomery, the captain of the Scotch Guard. Henceforth, the command of the Scotch was given to a Frenchman.

The scene now changed. Incessant foreign war gave way to intestine disputes. The Protestants of France claimed, arms in hand, the free exercise of their faith. The whole country was divided into two camps. Religion became the pretence, the ambition of the chiefs the real cause, of civil war. Guise, Condé, Montmorency, Henri of Navarre, became the watchwords of parties. The Protestants, organised by Coligny, and afterwards commanded by Henri of Navarre, displayed an almost unparalleled zeal and audacity amidst innumerable difficulties and disasters. The presence of foreigners in the two camps contributed in no small degree to impart a character of implacable ferocity to these intestine wars. The intrigues of Philip II., of Elizabeth, and of Ferdinand also, abetted rather than assuaged the mischief.

The ritters, although Protestants, served both parties. The Italians abandoned the Duke de Nemours before the walls of Lyons; the English were compelled to evacuate Rouen; Condé, defeated at Dreux, slept peaceably the same night by the side of Guise; and Protestants and Catholics united to expel the English from Havre. Throughout we find the religious question always secondary to the political one.

Catherine of Médicis first instituted a French guard to defend the king's person, but the command was given to the Italian, Philip Strozzi,

a pupil of Cossé de Brissac, surnamed *Le Père des Capitaines*. Conspiracies, which threatened the welfare of the young king, however, induced the queen-mother to confide the fate of her son and of the crown of France to the Swiss. "This living citadel," says Fieffé, "received in its bosom the whole court, and conducted it in safety to Paris." The good citizens of Paris made a very different display a few days afterwards on the plains of St. Denis. Covered with rich armour, they marched in front, but were soon driven back by the cavalry of Condé and Coligny. Montmorency was killed by the renowned Scotchman, James Stuart, but the Swiss remained firm, and the Huguenots were ultimately forced to abandon the field of battle. Condé himself was treacherously murdered shortly afterwards at Jarnac. Jeanne d'Albret, widow of the King of Navarre, then presented to the discomfited Calvinists, as leaders, Henri of Béarn, at that time fifteen years of age, and the son of Condé. Coligny commanded in their name. A succession of victories now crowned the efforts of the Protestants, who appear to have been chiefly Germans fighting against Italians. The Catholic party were also mainly indebted to the Swiss for repairing their disasters at Montcontour.

Charles IX. concluded a peace with the reformers in order to draw them into the fatal meshes of St. Bartholomew's-day. Henri of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were alone spared, as princes of the blood, and they fled, horror-struck, to La Rochelle, where they again raised the standard of their party. Charles IX. died, "pursued," to use his own words to the celebrated surgeon Paré, "by the hideous faces of the massacred Protestants, all covered with blood."

Condé went in search of more ritters and lansquenets, but Guise met them at Dormans, and beat them, receiving in the face a wound which earned for him ever afterwards the surname of *Balafré*. Henri of Navarre was more successful at Coutras, where he defeated the Swiss troops and stradiots sent against him by Henri III., and slew their commander—the king's favourite—the Duke de Joyeuse.

Matters, however, with so many foreign troops and so many interests in the field, kept on only gaining in complication. Another victory obtained by Guise at the head of a party of Walloons and Italians aroused the fears of the king for his own safety. He sent for Biron and Crillon to bring in the Swiss to his defence, but the citizens of Paris turned against them, and forced them to surrender; whereupon the Duke of Mayenne assumed the command of a Catholic league, whilst Henri of Navarre went over to the king. Nicolas de Harlay raised at his own private expense an army of Swiss lansquenets and ritters to save the monarchy, and the two Henrys were encamped at Saint Cloud to combat for their rights, when the dagger of a fanatic extinguished the second branch of the Valois.

The 2nd of August, 1589, at three o'clock in the morning, the Scotch Guard saw a man enter the room where Henri III. had just expired, whom they at once recognised by his suit of armour and well-worn doublet. They threw themselves at his feet, saying, "Ah! Sire, you are now our king and our master." That man was Henri IV.

Obliged to raise the siege of Paris, and exposed to the utmost peril by the boldness of Mayenne, Henri IV. placed his chief reliance on the Swiss. At the battle of Arques he took up his position with the regiment of Glaris, saying to its colonel, Galatti, "*Mon compère, gardez-moi ici*

une pique, car je viens mourir ou acquérir de la gloire avec vous." Four thousand English and a thousand Scotchmen came over to his aid. Mayenne awaited them near Ivry. The lansquenets, as usual, asked for money the eve of battle. Henri had none to give them. "The eve of battle!" he exclaimed, "never did a man of courage ask for money. Companions," added the king, "follow my white feather; you will always find it on the road to honour." The cavalry of the leaguers, composed of Walloons and carabins, was crushed by a formidable artillery; the Swiss went over to the royalists; the lansquenets, under the Duke of Brunswick, were cut to pieces; Henri threw himself into the ranks of the enemy. Spaniards and leaguers were alike put to the rout. It was an universal flight. "Spare the French! Down with the foreigners!" shouted Henri IV. The same thing had been said before!

Henri finally won over the chiefs of the league by embracing the Roman Catholic religion; but there still remained the Spaniards, under the Duke of Parma, to combat, and who was charged by Philip to support by force of arms the claims of his daughter, Claire-Eugénie, by Elizabeth of Valois. Henri fell into the hands of the enemy in a reconnaissance, and was only rescued by the gallantry of his Scotch Guard. The Duke of Parma fell at the siege of Caudebec, and the Spaniards took their way back to the Low Countries. Mayenne refused to abet the pretensions of Philip, and ultimately joined the king's party. Henri entered into Paris the 22nd of March, 1594, surrounded by his brave Scotch followers. He fell the 14th of May, 1610, by the dagger of an assassin, away from the same faithful guard, whom he had not permitted to accompany him, but who, when he was alive, had been the first to salute him as king, and, now that he was dead, they were the last to weep over him, for upon them was imposed the last mournful duty of consigning the bodies of the kings of France to their coffins.

GOTHAM AND PORKOPOLIS.

GERMAN GLEANINGS OF AMERICAN NOTIONS.

SHALL we ever have an opportunity of ornamenting our bookshelves with a work conscientiously describing America—that is to say, a work written without prejudice or bias, serving to make us conversant with all the virtues and vices of our cousins over the water, and in which nothing should be extenuated, nor aught set down in malice? For our own part, we must confess that we despair of ever hailing such a consummation of our wishes. Under these circumstances, it only remains for the reviewer to act the part of the faithful scribe, and exercise his own judgment in the selection of those passages as serve to satisfy his demand for impartiality. Such, then, will be the plan we propose to pursue with Dr. Moritz Busch's "*Wanderungen zwischen dem Hudson und dem Mississippi*," in which he details his experiences of a residence in New York and Cincinnati, the two cities bearing the pleasant *aliases* which form the heading of our article.

While Troy was converted into a heap of ashes through the charms of a woman, Cincinnati became Queen of the West through the seductions of another daughter of Eve. The three block-houses which were erected in December, 1788, opposite the confluence of the Licking and the Ohio, and called Cincinnati (not after the old Roman dictator, but from a sort of freemasonical union among the officers during the revolution), had but a poor prospect, as it seemed, of ever becoming a magnificent city, for the elder settlement at North Bend appeared to maintain its pre-eminence. At the latter spot the troops were landed who had been sent to protect the frontier, and round them the colonists had collected. Suddenly, however, the commanding officer found the spot ill adapted for the purpose, and he marched off one fine morning with his people to Cincinnati. Report says, however, that his reasons for removal were different from those he alleged. The officer, while searching in North Bend for a good situation for the fort, had formed the acquaintance of a pretty black-eyed woman. The husband of the Backwoods' Helen had scented danger from the frequent visits and tender glances of the Paris in a red coat, and therefore retired to the adjoining settlement, whither the officer speedily followed. The name of this hero was Luce, and our author is of opinion that the townsmen of Porkopolis ought to erect a monument in his honour, were it only a simple stone with the name of the well-deserving man, and a hand beneath it in the act of crowning a person with a flourishing pair of antlers. In the year 1792 the population was augmented by about fifty persons, and the first church and school were then erected out of stumps of trees and planks of barges. The solitary public served as sessions-house, and the square before the door was adorned with whipping-post and stocks. Add to these public buildings Fort Washington, built entirely of wood, like all the forts of the backwoods; the prison, also a shingle-covered block-house, and three or four dozen cabins; imagine behind and before them a dense, gloomy forest of sycamores, maples, oaks, and beeches, not forgetting, also, that where the Fifth-street market now forms the centre of the busiest traffic was a swampy pond, surrounded by dwarf willows and inhabited by bull-frogs, and the reader has a perfect idea of Cincinnati as it was sixty years back. Of a truth, the "Queen City of the West" was a miserable nest at that period, and as respects the morality of the inhabitants there was not much to boast. Cards and dice found their way from the fort among the colonists, and of the nine lawyers in the village, seven drank themselves to death. But the magic impulses were even then at work which have rendered America so great, and the Queen of the West had already put on those seven-leagued boots which have enabled her to catch up her eastern sisters. Cincinnati, the village with 110 houses and 500 inhabitants, possessed, in the year 1799, two newspapers, and two keel-boats, built bullet-proof and armed with guns against the Indians, which maintained the communication with Pittsburgh and eastern civilisation. In 1801, the first vessel built in the forests of Ohio went down with a cargo to New Orleans. At the present time, Cincinnati contains 150,000 inhabitants, of whom 31,000 at least are Germans by birth, and 45,000 of German origin. This affords our author an opportunity of dilating on his countrymen in America in the following amusing fashion :

Strange what a variety of destinies is represented by the portion of humanity which has been tided into our hotel by the waves of American activity. First is a young gentleman who states he was formerly a Prussian lieutenant of the Guards. This appears indubitable from the descriptions of parades and manœuvres with which he favours us—just as indubitable as the waiter's situation in a boatman's inn on the canal, which he now holds. There is, further, a newspaper writer, who till three months back kept a Lutheran school, and now, though still a Protestant, conducts a Catholic paper. There is our barkeeper, born in Saxony, grown ripe for America in Texas, crowned with laurels in the Mexican war—a worthy fellow, who has retained a German heart and a heart for Germany. Next comes a strange hypochondriacal Magyar, who, as captain in the Sultan's army, visited Troy and Tripolis, Jerusalem and Damascus, then served as major of Honveds under the "traitor" Görgey, and has just come from the city of the Montezumas, where he earned his bread by embroidering flowers—a Hercules in petticoats, tenfold more honourable than the big-mouthed fellows who hung about Kossuth in the Shakspeare Hotel at New York, and lived by the mercenary enthusiasm they evoked. Here see the portly, well-lined stomach, which belongs to one of the fathers of the city, who is worth his 30,000 dols.—he helped to dig the Erie Canal in 1836, in which his houses are now reflected. There the lean black coat, at home across the sea its occupier was an honest journeyman tailor, became here a farmer's lad, converted himself into an image-boy, then became a trapper, and after a score of metamorphoses, during which he taught the mysteries of the A B C in Missouri, was a stoker in Illinois, in Kentucky a grocer's assistant, in Virginia painted heaven and hell to the attendants of camp-meetings—eventually burst forth as one of the most respected lawyers in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati contains, probably, the largest shoe-manufactory in the world. It belongs to Messrs. Filey and Chapin, and the buildings extend over nearly thirteen thousand square feet. The most extraordinary thing about it, however, was the rapidity with which the raw material was converted into saleable goods. In fact, there is a certain Sharky who, in ten hours, can make six pair of boots, and on one occasion, for a wager, made twelve pairs between sunrise and sunset! Another extraordinary manufactory is one in which *iron coffins* are made in immense numbers. These, which we fancy are a perfectly novel article, are in the shape of a recumbent human figure, and the show-room in which these fearfully elegant articles are stored, looks just as if a pyramid had been plundered of its mummies. Formed of two cases, which are soldered together as soon as the corpse is inserted, and with a thick plate of glass where the face comes, these articles possess numerous advantages, into which we need not enter. As they are but slightly dearer than the common wooden coffins, the idea has been received with applause, and it is not improbable that, in course of time, all Americans will be thus interred and protected against corruption—not excepting the tanners who, as it is well known, enjoy the privilege of rotting a year later than other Christians. Joiners would certainly be losers by it, and Hamlet's god's-acre jokes would in a few years be incomprehensible without a commentary. The following description of a walk through the streets of Cincinnati is so lively, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

In addition to the strange things I have already mentioned, an European eye sees in the streets of Cincinnati much that is extraordinary. There gallops a crier from ward to ward, in order to ring his bell at the cross-streets and announce "a child lost." There ropes are fastened from house to house, from which, high above the awnings which beshadow the pavement, flutters the

election ticket of the democratic party of Ohio in the shape of an immense flag. There a street opens up to the market, which is overbuilt. Round the corner come drums and fifes. A motley militia company of twenty privates and ten officers, and thirty musicians in front, marches out boldly to the exercising-ground. One has a bayonet fixed, the other wears instead his side-arms. One has red stripes on his trousers; the fancy of his next rank man found gold bands more tasteful. The commanders are strongly affected by the lace and epaulette fever. There a very grave policeman is keeping guard lest a dust-heap of the most venerable antiquity, covered with old boots, cabbage-stalks, and rotten eggs, should be stolen by the pigs, who are enjoying their siesta upon it. There Loafers are boxing before an engine-house. Here and there, and there again, not a thousand paces apart, are the ruins of recent fires, covered with printed and manuscript announcements of the changes of residence to which the conflagration has compelled the former inhabitants. We pass a barber's shop, and notice the customers lying on their backs to be eased of their beards, and have their face and head washed at the same time. We meet dandies dressed in the most exquisite fashion, who, on account of the muddy weather, have tucked up their trousers to the knee, and who with extreme elegance employ their fingers as a pocket-handkerchief. We are passed by a flower-panelled omnibus adorned with a half-length of Zachariah Taylor, out of which half a dozen young boarders jump, dressed in Bloomer costume. We have business to attend to in a bank, so we go in, find an old man busily sweeping, and on asking for the "Boss," discover that we have him before us in the broom-man. In another commercial house we find the principal in his shirt-sleeves, busily engaged in cleaning his own boots. With an Anglo-American acquaintance we visit an hotel, for instance, Woodruff House or the Broadway Exchange, to enjoy a morning draught. On the table various roast-meats are steaming; near them is a pile of plates and a basket of knives and forks. While drinking, we notice that other guests are busily helping themselves. We do the same, and polish off (of course standing) a tidy lump of juicy roast beef or venison. We then put our hand in our pocket to pay, when our friend taps us on the shoulder and says, "For goodness' sake let your money rest. The lunch is *gratis*, and the barkeeper will laugh at you, if he notice that you are so green." If we walk up the canal and have any luck, we perceive on the summit of a mountain of flour-casks a man in black, who is engaged in washing a few black-a-moors white; or, in other words, convincing a mob of red-nosed Loafers that brandy is poison, and abstinence the crown of all virtues.

One of the most curious things in Cincinnati is the quantity of red flags floating from the windows in every direction. They are not emblems of red-republicanism, for, though Porkopolis is filled with democrats, only a few German tailors have anything to say in its favour. The sanguinary flags have the peaceable intention of announcing to the people that an auction takes place in the house—of books, clothes, spirits—or a mock-auction. Mock-auction—what is that? It is, in comparison, the den of the lion-ant for those who have not learnt the first commandment in the Yankee Catechism: "Keep your eyes open!" It is, further, a counterpart of that trunk of a tree, in which Reinecke Fuchs showed his cousin Braun the honey, for those, namely, who like cheap bargains. It is also an A B C school of this world's wisdom, where simple peasants and that ilk, and among them clever fellows, learn the practical value of the proverb, "All is not gold that glitters." A mock-auction, finally, is a piece of cheating, by which, after a well-devised scheme, against which the arm of the law is powerless, greenhorns are taken in. The description of a mock-auction, at which our author was present, furnishes him with an opportunity of generalising in the following fashion:

"Mock-auctions," my friend says. "You are astonished at their audacity? But, go to the prophets of the camp-meetings. Like pure gold the stream of pious eloquence gushes from their lips, and it is pinchbeck to Him who knows the hearts. Take your station in the Fourth-street, the promenade of our highest ladies. Come! the ladies, who walk past you with downcast eyelids, are the purest virgin-gold? It appears so, certainly. But I could lead you into our assignation-houses, where these virtuous dames give their lovers *rendezvous* behind their husbands' backs, and you would join with me in saying, 'It's all pinchbeck—infernal pinchbeck.' Then go into our court-houses, where the smaller thieves are hanged, and the larger ones let out on bail. It's all pinchbeck, and the only gold which does not merely glisten, is that with which they are bribed. Then listen to our lawyers. Hear the history of our politicians; for instance, that of our worthy Webster. Remember how our elections are carried with hired Loafers' fists: how the partisan papers branded the noble and brave Harrison as a liar, cheat, and coward; how they converted the 100 sheep, which another candidate for the presidency sent to market, into so many chained and bleeding slaves, on whose back the name of 'Polk' was branded—how they did this, to turn the abolitionists from him, who, on their side, again coat the pinchbeck egotism of the north with the gold of universal brotherly love. Look at that fine church. In truth, a splendid work, for whose erection a pious mind and a love of art of the purest metal were united? pray don't be too enthusiastic. 'Tis pinchbeck, speculation, which hopes to make a capital bargain by letting the seats and pews at a high figure. Then listen, lastly, how our editors sell their columns to the highest bidder, and gild the worst cause with the eagles, which are pressed into their hands for the purpose. Do that, my good fellow, and you will join with me in exclaiming: 'Pinchbeck' humbug—all America is one gigantic mock-auction.'"

But we are bound to say a few words in justification of the title of "Porkopolis" given to the "Queen of the West." The proper time to visit Cincinnati is between the months of November and February. A visitor at any other season cannot see her delights, her glory, the pride of her statisticians and chroniclers, the most precious jewels of the treasury of the Queen City, the greatest wonder of the Ohio Valley—the pork manufactories. Our author, however, had that good fortune—he not only saw but smelt its glories. Puh! a week of cold weather opened the pork-houses, sent legions of bristly victims through the streets to the altars of Mercury, piled thousands on thousands of pickling casks in the factories, pervaded the atmosphere and every room in the city with the unending, invincible, inevitable fatty steam. Hams, sides of bacon, and lard-oil, were henceforth the subject on which every energy was concentrated, and for three long months the axis on which conversation, newspaper articles, and cart-wheels turned.

The want of a market for their maize compelled the inhabitants of the west to distil it into brandy, which could be more easily transported, and to feed swine with it. The eighteen million bushels which were shipped to Europe in the famous year of 1847 formed scarcely three per cent. of the harvest of 1846. But generally only the hundredth part of the harvest is exported, and a tithe consumed at home. But, as the whisky distillers cannot pay the price for the maize they consume which it brings in when converted into pig-meat, the rearing of these animals has been propagated in an extraordinary manner. The United States of America breed annually about forty-four million pigs—that is, nearly as many as the whole of Europe. Of these, about five-eighths are credited to the valley of the Mississippi, where above 1,700,000 are annually

barrelled. Of the latter number about twenty-seven or twenty-eight per cent. are killed and exported from Cincinnati alone—an immense number, when we reflect that this trade is confined to three months in the year. The pigs run about wild in the woods, till they are driven into the maize-fields at the end of September to pick up fat. There are farmers who annually feed one thousand. Whoever has less than one hundred, disposes of them to dealers when the pork season commences, who confine them at certain spots till they have a sufficient number to pay the expense of driving to Cincinnati or other markets on the river. Here they are collected in pens near the *abattoirs*, as close together as possible. In this position they are killed, the butcher stepping over their backs and breaking in their skull with a two-pointed hammer. As soon as this is done they are dragged with hooks to the “sticking-room,” where their throats are cut, and the blood is allowed to run into large vats, whence it is sold to the manufacturers of Prussian blue. Next to the sticking-rooms are the steaming-cauldrons. In these the pig is drawn by machinery on to a long bench, where it is cleaned and stripped of the bristles. The hind-legs are then kept apart by a long crooked stick, and it is hung up to the ceiling, where a workman paunches it—an operation which is performed with such activity, that generally three per minute are prepared for pickling.

Cincinnati contains ten of these slaughter-houses. They are situated at the north-western extremity of the city, and are usually built of wood. The side-walls are movable, and are drawn back whenever the cold is not too severe. The largest of these establishments employ above one hundred persons, and the salary they receive averages sixty dollars per month. From the slaughter-houses the pigs are sent in immense waggons, holding sixty to one hundred apiece, to the pork factories, where they are salted and packed. This takes place with extraordinary rapidity, so that pigs which are grunting to-day are by the morrow pickled and carried off by the draymen, whose carts rattle by hundreds over the principal streets to the steamers at the landing-place. To give an idea of the value of this trade, we may remark that from November, 1847, to March, 1848, no less than 500,000 pigs were killed in Cincinnati, and 180,000 tons of pickled pork, 25,000,000 pounds of ham, and 16,500,000 pounds of bacon, were sent away, without taking into account the smaller animals, and the feet, heads, entrails, &c., which were melted into lard in other factories, or went to the thirty lard-oil manufactories, which produced last year a million and a half pounds of lard-oil and stearin. It is calculated that these establishments employ above ten thousand persons, and the value of the goods they produced in the year 1848 was estimated at the enormous sum of eight million dollars.

On the occasion of visiting a negro chapel, our author found to his regret that “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was in very deed a romance—a lady’s romance, and a partisan firebrand in the bargain. In his view, the North American negro is perfectly indifferent to religion, knows neither baptism nor matrimony, prayer nor belief, and is only acquainted with the name of the Deity through the curses and oaths of his sellers and buyers. As a proof of the justice of his remarks, we may quote the following description of the church service, as performed—not in an

obscure corner in the south, where it would be regarded as a crime to teach a coloured man the rudiments—but in the African Methodist chapel, as it is termed in the *Cincinnati Directory*, situated at the east end of the Sixth-street, not a hundred paces from the Broadway :

On entering the door, all was silent, and as we could see no light from the windows, we began to fancy we had made a mistake, when a hymn was commenced. A black janitor opened a second door, and there met us—mixed with a strong scent of musk—that peculiar and most unpleasant perfume with which mother nature has endowed the hide of the Ethiopic race. We were the only white men in the meeting, which might perhaps contain two hundred persons. To the left were the women ; to the right, where we were invited to sit, the men stood, leaned, knelt, and sat, their brown and black faces rendered still more comical by the decoration of a high and brilliantly white shirt collar. Among the darkies of the female sex, on the other hand, I noticed—among a great quantity of plump, coarse faces, which could scarcely be distinguished from uran-utans except by the artistic decoration of silk bonnets and lace veils—several most charming forms, and marvellously regular features ; these were the “yeller gals,” whose praises I had heard so often sung. And, in truth, they are wondrously beautiful creatures, these Quadroons, who are the theme of so many serenades on the part of the African troubadours. My companion indubitably showed his taste in preferring his “yeller gals” to Power’s “Greek slave ;” and it was difficult to be not only all eye, but also all ear, as was proper, when we had before us these daughters of Eve, in whom a triple cross with Japhet’s descendants had only left the beauties of their maternal ancestors—burning eyes and ivory teeth—while it had obliterated every trace of the curse of Noah with the exception of a slight bronze tint.

An almost suffocating heat prevailed in the low room. A hymn was sung, whose refrain was better suited for the battle-field than for a migration to Zion’s city of peace :

“Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in my soul !”

At last the hymn was ended, and the centre man of the three preachers rose to deliver a sermon. He was a broad-shouldered fellow, who with seraphic taste had parted his wool down the middle, and in his light blue coat and white handkerchief looked very absurd. His oration, for which he opened his double hedge of teeth so wide, as if all that lay on his mind must come out at once, and during which he wiped from his face—I cannot say whether tears of emotion, or merely the sweat of Adam—made a deep impression, if not on the heart, most assuredly on the *tympana* of the pious menagerie before him. But with what incomparable effect he twirled his long arms ! how fearfully he rolled his eyes ! how convincingly his fists pounded the desk at each important passage ! At first I could only distinguish in the outburst of his pious fervour a few impressive points, as—repentance—miserable sinners—a-a-awll mankind : for in addition to the yells and groans which followed such remarks as I have quoted on the part of the community, and not to mention the desperate English which the holy man spoke, he had thundered himself almost hoarse in the first few sentences. Still the ear gradually grew accustomed to it, and I began to understand him.

After the sermon had gone on for a space, a change took place in the scene. With “Uff” and “Eio” the men twisted about, as if their consciences had given them the stomach-ache. In all corners repentant sinners were yelling and howling, whining and grunting, lowing and bleating. Some were grovelling on the ground, at intervals uttering a half-suppressed groan for mercy. Others made bounds in the air as if a bullet had struck them, and then fell with a howl on their knees. Others,

less active, vented their feelings in trampling and scraping with their feet. As our author says, "Every imaginable bestial voice, from the lion to the rat, was audible. Grimaces, than which Hell Broughel could not have invented more horrible, met the astonished eye. In a word, it was a scene which made me fancy—Heaven forgive me—that I was among drunken satyrs and dryads." The conclusion to which he comes is, that the African race is fully subordinate to the European; and he justifies his view by stating, that during the whole of the service he could not refrain from repeating a verse, in which one of the black minstrels has characterised himself and his co-complexionists:

My mammy was a wolf, and my daddy was a tiger,
Half fire, half smoke, I'm the old Virginny nigger.

But we dare say that our readers are beginning to tire of pigs and darkies, and will have no objection to accompany the author on an excursion he made into the backwoods of Eastern Kentucky ere he proceeded to Gotham. The following is a description worth reading and quoting:

Cynthiana is a pleasant little town enough. We inquired after the best inn, and found an hotel, where very considerable progress had been made in civilisation. They even were acquainted with the invention of snuffers, while the good people in Falmouth still used a pocket-knife—after the manner of their worthy fathers—in docking the wick. Our sleeping room had, further, not only carpets and blinds, but—how we stared—even a stove, in which a fire had been lighted, though not ordered, in order to show the magnificent difference between this and the other taverns of the neighbourhood. Finally, our eyes saw, when they opened in the morning, two pairs of *almost* polished boots, with which Jem, the woolly-pated ostler, had prepared us a surprise, all the more agreeable, as a thing of this sort is only done in first-class hotels. It is true, that they had not yet discovered the convenience of wash-hand stands, and we were consequently obliged to descend to the pump and the towel, common to all faces, in a truly democratic fashion. In addition, alas! it was found that the pleasant surprise was converted into an unpleasant one, on closer inspection of our boots, for Jem, unaccustomed to such extraordinary events, had mixed the feet coverings of the various gentlemen and boys and caused a confusion thereby, which made us think of the last day, when the one-legged invalids will rise from their graves and hallo for their second walking-stick with all the hundred oaths of which they are capable.

The mode of life among the backwoodsmen, who were the first settlers between the Alleghanies and the Ohio, must have been anything but pleasant. Our space will not, however, do more than allow us to quote the following anecdote on the subject:—"I can still perfectly remember the day," said one of the author's new acquaintances, "on which I first saw a cup. My father sent me to a relation who kept a school at Lexington. How astonished I was when I saw the first brick house, which, to increase my surprise, was internally decorated with paper, and had a whitewashed ceiling. I had no idea that there could be such things in the world; but what eyes I made when cups and spoons were placed on the table! I imitated them, and found the taste of the brown beverage, which they called coffee, particularly disgusting. Still I continued to drink, although I was remarkably near crying. The white basins, as in my uncivilised fashion I called the cups, were filled and re-filled as soon as empty, and I knew not how to help myself, as I did not dare say I had enough. At last I noticed that a gentleman in company

turned his cup and laid his spoon upon it, when no more was poured out for him. I followed his example, and to my unspeakable satisfaction the result was the same."

After a pleasant excursion and meeting with numerous adventures, our author proceeded down the Mississippi, on board the *North River steamer*, on which, as usual, a most motley company was assembled. "It was a curious selection from the most various classes of society. A gallery of contrasts, in which the inequality of the individual seemed continually revolting against the equality of all. Here a national blue duffle coat, and in it a half savage Husher from Indiana. Next him, in a long black cloth talar, pale and pious, a pupil of the Jesuit's College at St. Louis. Further on, with the red silk Spanish scarf round his waist, a returning gold-digger from California. From the bar a mass of professional gamblers thronged to dinner. Behind them waddled, with a greasy smile, a fat Dunker, with whom I had carried on in the forenoon an instructive conversation on the sacrament of baptism, the benefits of pig-breeding, the necessity of taking the communion by night, tobacco-planting in Ohio, and other homogeneous subjects. My *vis-à-vis* was an old smoothly-shaven major, stiff and cold, as if he had breakfasted on a kitchen poker and had not yet digested it. As neighbours right and left, he had two Loafer-faces, with whom he would not have commenced any intimacy, from the very appearance of their shirt-collars. Similar and worse physiognomies, on which sottishness was contending with craft, alternated with the mild faces of Methodist preachers, with elegant, active, smart New Englanders, with collars as white as if they had been washed in snow and bleached in milk, and with tall, muscular, dirty fellows from the forests of Western Kentucky."

While seated at table, our author was struck by the sight of a charming young woman, who was waited upon with the greatest *empressement* by a young gentleman, her companion. A Yankee on board soon discovered who they were, by that amiable pertinacity so peculiar to that race of men, and was therefore in a position to tell Mr. Busch the following amusing anecdote respecting them :

About four weeks back a young man brought a lady to a boarding-house at Evansville, on the Ohio. Here she gave birth to a child a few days afterwards. The gentleman, who had left in the mean while, came to pay her visits frequently, paid liberally for all she required, but always refused to fulfil his promise of making her his wife. At last she told all her troubles to the landlady. The latter, a good-hearted woman, took a deep interest in the fate of the fair victim, and persuaded her boarders to join her in a scheme, whose purpose was to save the young lady's honour, either by persuasion or force. When the sinner came again to visit his beloved, the resolute landlady hurried after him, locked the door, and called her fellow-conspirators. They immediately fetched a clergyman, and, after the door was opened, demanded the immediate performance of the marriage ceremony. At first the young gentleman resisted, but yielded, after sundry whispers of "Lynching" and other unpleasantnesses. The pastor did his duty, and the unbidden wedding guests wished the new couple happiness and prosperity ; after which the latter departed by the first steamer.

At St. Louis, where our author remained for some time, he had an opportunity of seeing many German republican celebrities, among them Friedrich Hecker, the leader of the insurrection in the Black Forest, and now one of the most respected farmers in the vicinity of St. Louis. We

are glad to find that he is doing so well, for he was, after all, the only sensible man in the whole Frankfurt parliament. He was sharp-sighted enough to recognise the fallacy of moral rebellion, and did all in his power to insure his countrymen the blessings of a constitution, not *octroyée* by the princes, but emanating from the popular will. Another man, who made a noise in St. Louis, was the great Kinkel, in whose honour a meeting was held, the speakers being principally Anglo-American lawyers, who knew about as much of the state of Germany as a blind man does of colours, but nevertheless gained immense applause by their humbug of "intervention for non-intervention"—a phrase much in vogue during Kossuth's residence in America, and signifying the duty of the American republic to interpose—with arms, if necessary—whenever one monarchy assists another against any republican outbreak among the people. Our author, in fact, appears to entertain the most supreme contempt for his countrymen in America, and if all he says be true, they most fully deserve it. They have not the slightest care for aught save money, and, in spite of their boasts of living in a free country, thousands upon thousands never exercise their privilege of voting. They have no universities, and they allow themselves to be the blind instruments of the cunning Yankees, who despise them most heartily as "Dutchmen," and are only civil to them at the time of any presidential election. But we need not delay on this subject, when we have metal so much more attractive awaiting us at Gotham, where our traveller has by this time arrived.

New York contains several imposing public buildings, but only a few in good taste, and only one original, the Tombs' Prison, built in the Egyptian style. Anything else of value is, nearly without exception, a servile imitation of European models, without the slightest regard being paid to the *entourage*. The Exchange, for instance, in spite of various architectural defects, would certainly make a grand impression as a whole, with its façade of eighteen colossal granite pillars and its fine cupola, if it stood in an open square, instead of a proportionately narrow street. The same is the case with the Custom-house, a Greek temple, joined on the left by a row of private houses. Only to give one more specimen, the Gothic entrance to the Unitarian Church on the Broadway would look remarkably handsome, were it not confined by two frontages with green shutters. Further to the north, it is true, such blunders entailed by the saving of space cease, but the poverty of conception which is forced to borrow from other countries and ages, and employs what is borrowed so clumsily, that it frequently appears a sarcasm on the original, but always a servile copy, prevails here. The greatest success has been met with when the buildings are intended for secular purposes. The University in Washington-square, the State Arsenal in the Fifth-avenue, and the Institution for the Blind, are stately and beautiful palaces, while nearly all the churches reveal that the architect had no idea of what he was building. Still, this imitation, when original ideas were wanting, is praiseworthy, for truly fearful crimes against the laws of beauty have been committed wherever the architect—as, for instance, in the St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Presbyterian Church in Chatham-street, through confidence in his own inventive talent—spurned to derive any aid from the Continent.

New York possesses as few fine churches as it does public squares or large theatres. While in America everything acquires gigantic proportions through the immense activity fostered in the New World, and while the American is justly called pious, still, in the metropolis of this active country, and this pious nation, the "City of Churches," although boasting some twenty dozen churchlets, has not yet erected a God's house, which can contain above a thousand persons. The cause of this remarkable circumstance lies partly in the endless division into sects, partly, too, in the motives from which most of the churches and chapels have been built. These motives had their source entirely in speculation, which wishes to make money by letting pews. The reaction of society against the republican principle of equality is shown, as in a thousand other things, also in the affairs of heaven. The dollar even here decides the value of the man, and the grade to which he belongs. A rich aristocrat cannot possibly fulfil his duties towards the God of his sect beneath the same roof where the common workman offers up his publican prayers. He requires a place which is only accessible to his own equals. This requirement is worked upon and employed by speculators. Marble temples are built for the *haute volée*, brick ones for the lower classes: fifty dollars are demanded for a seat in the former, five for one in the latter; and a roaring trade is done in both cases. We will only quote one of many instances:

It is known that Barnum made several thousand dollars by selling the tickets for the first of Jenny Lind's concerts by auction. But it is not known, probably, that this manœuvre has found imitators in the pulpit, and that several of the clerical lights of New York were among those most zealous to enrich themselves by this novel species of simony. It is surprising that such scandalous impudence was not punished by the public at starting by the proper contempt. During my stay in Gotham, however, people seemed to have a clearer view on the subject; for when one of the "Reverends," Henry Ward Beecher, brother of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Jupiter Tonans in a church at Brooklyn, announced a sale of seats in his "house of prayer" by public auction, only very few were disposed of on the first day, and this worthy pastor found his expectations of a full purse bitterly deceived.

The Broadway of New York is the parade-place for all that is extraordinary, beautiful, strange and foolish within the confines of Gotham. Yes, even more, it is the stage for everything and every one that wishes to consider itself or himself something in America; and whatever exists in the Old World which considers it necessary or advantageous to display itself to the New One, makes its entry into Brother Jonathan's territory by the New York Broadway. From the windows, from the roofs of its houses, are enjoyed the first-fruits of that eye-pasturage which time or fashion recommends. A new president is elected. Not to display himself within eight days on the Broadway would be regarded as an unpardonable crime. A general has gained a victory. On the Broadway he first obtains the recognition of his services. A revealer of the last day, a reformer, has arisen to ameliorate and convert the world. His first search for proselytes is made, if he speculates correctly, on the pavement between the Bowling-green and Grace Church. The Tom Thumbswindle, the Lind enthusiasm, the Kossuth humbug, all first found echo on this avenue. News is heard of an elephant in Siam, incomparable for size, in

mildness of character an angel, and whose agility in the management of his trunk outvies the dexterous fingers of M. Philippe. Every one is ready to forfeit a year's existence only to see the wondrous brute. One fine morning a trumpet is heard. Every one pricks up his ears and hurries to the Broadway, and lo! here comes the anxiously desired. Siamese at the head of a menagerie, containing a dozen similar miracles. The theatre La Scala, in Milan, is mad with enthusiasm at the singing of a Signorina Lucci. Will this enjoyment be participated in New York? Will her countrymen part from such a treasure? We are afraid, never! Halloh! no despondency! Hocus pocus, there is the signorina driving from the landing-place into town, and her first salutation from the carriage-window is paid to the Broadway. 'Tis the same with circus riders, celebrated party speakers, learned canary-birds and fleas, newly-arrived vicomtes, with broad coats of arms and narrow fortunes—whom the aristocracy here adores—with dandies lately returned from Europe, fashionable courtesans, and so on. The same may be said, too, of the appearances on the field of fashion. If a new hat has been brought out in Rotten-row, or a new revolutionary blouse sprung from the teeming head of Lutetia Parisiorum, has Berlin invented an extraordinary variety of trousers, have the Persians discovered a new mode of arranging the beard, is a peculiar fashion of wearing the hair in vogue among the Muscovites, Jebusites, or Pharisees, look round upon the Broadway at the proper season, and if any of these things have attained a proper development, it will be found here in the primest quality and purest model, as truly as this street is the centre of fashionable life in New York.

In an architectural respect the Broadway is, here and there, fine, and, through its length, imposing; although, in consequence of its numerous curves, its whole extent cannot be seen. But no one will be inclined to call it beautiful. Had the money which has been expended on the erection and ornamentation of these houses been accompanied by a slight degree of taste, a surprisingly magnificent effect might have been produced. Although the eternal monotony in the upper town is not very admirable, a variety like that on the Broadway borders too closely on chaos to produce any agreeable feeling. But let us leave general remarks and regard the details:

The eye turns reluctantly from the glorious bay, upon whose heaving waves the spirit of peace and beauty slumbers, fanned by the earth-encompassing winds. From the shade of the trees which rise above the grass-plots of the battery we lounge towards the Bowling-green, and then into a broad, gradually-ascending street, from which carriage on carriage rolls towards us in rapid succession. A hundred paces further on we are in the loudest whirlpool of the business world—a motley stream of men pours along the pavement—a perfect Mississippi of all sorts of cars and carriages rolls along the road in the centre towards us. Omnibuses laden with human beings, and adorned with flowers, arabesques, and even with portraits, keep up an incessant ringing as they pass. Two-wheeled cars, containing bales and casks, force their way from the side-streets into the main channel of traffic. With hurried steps business men measure the road between the stores to which their occupation calls them. Bright eyes, charming faces, careful toilettes emerge brilliantly here and there from the throng, to disappear immediately afterwards behind a wave of busy-hurrying money-hunters, or with a rustle of silk to pass through the narrowed doors of one of the magnificent shops, which give the Broadway the character of a bazaar three miles in length. Then to the left towers Trinity Church, the

handsomest in New York. It belongs to the Episcopalians, and its building cost the immense sum of 400,000 dollars. For this the architect built a Gothic tower of red sandstone, 260 feet in height, and tacked on to it a church which contains no more than eight hundred persons. This disproportion is quite original. All the details of the building, which has no lack of stained glass and other vanities, are plagiarisms of European ideas.

Opposite Trinity Church a side-street enters the Broadway, which we cannot pass without devoting a word to its importance. It is Wall-street, the key to Uncle Sam's money-chest, the string with which America opens and shuts her purse, the thermometer of the entire Transatlantic trade. As money governs the world, so Wall-street governs money, and from its mysterious counting-houses issue the decrees which produce abundance and want, war and peace. Wall-street is the heart of the Empire City, as the Broadway is its main artery. Here, in the centre of a double row of banks and counting-houses, whose doors are adorned with pillars of polished granite and broad flights of steps, is a building with gigantic marble pillars and an immense cupola—a building which unites the character of the most colossal gambling-hell and the most thronged temple in the city—the gambling-hell of the speculators, and the temple of the god Mammon—the EXCHANGE, which our author thus describes :

It is just high-water in Wall-street. The houses of business are closed precisely at three. The street is thronged like a colony of ants. Here a cellar vomits forth a pale young man, who carries in the calfskin-pocket-book beneath his arm the pleasant assurance that he is to-day double as rich as he was yesterday. Then another totters along, who has just the contrary to anticipate to-morrow. There a third flies, as if pursued by a pack of wolves, up the steps of one of the money-temples, to inquire of his "worthy neighbour" whether he has a couple of hundred dollars to spare to help him out of a momentary embarrassment. It is twenty minutes to three, and the crisis is approaching its catastrophe with giant paces. From cellar to cellar he flies, and nowhere does he find what he seeks. Every one seems, strangely enough, to be able to satisfy his own demands with the greatest difficulty. In a quarter of an hour this speculator in "fancies," who yesterday commanded hundreds of thousands, will be a ruined man. The sheriff will come and levy on his elegant house in Madison-square, his plate will wander to the auction-room, his friends will forget to bow to him, his capricious lady-wife will overwhelm him with reproaches for his stupidity, which has made her experience want. Is it surprising if he collects the little left to him, and runs away to California, or—a still nobler way to shuffle off all terrestrial cares—draws a razor across his throat? Nowhere, perhaps, is such rash speculation carried on as in Wall-street. Nowhere do so many "lame ducks" waddle about. Nowhere is Dame Fortune so highly revered. Nowhere does Brother Mammon behave so like a Moloch. Over the entrance to the street should be inscribed "Daring wins—daring loses;" over its exit, "Lightly come—lightly go!" But from the cupola of the Exchange a flag should float with the inscription, "*Nil admirari!*"

Let us hurry back to the Broadway. There sparkle the coinage of every country, and bags of Californian gold-dust in the window of a money-changer. There glisten bottles of an immense calibre, filled with fluids of every colour of the rainbow, from an apothecary's shop. Here the steps descend to the Terrapine Lunch, one of the finest and most frequented oyster-cellars in New York. Opposite to it, a couple of dozen boot-soles look out from the reading-room window of an hotel upon the

mass of merchants, artisans, and loiterers, which, with the noise caused by the omnibuses, cabs, cars, and carriages, becomes almost overpowering. Next to the hotel glistens a jeweller's shop. Next to that again, a fashionable *magasin de modes* offers the passing ladies all that the heart or the fancy can desire. Here, through the broad show-window we peep into one of the largest booksellers' establishments in America. There again, mirrors, gold frames, and in the latter—in some measure thrown into the bargain—pictures are sold by auction. The latter, like the former, are nothing but manufactory work, delivered as per order in dozens, and with their gaudy colouring are merely intended to decorate rooms. They have about as much æsthetic value as the pictures on our snuff-boxes and tea-trays. Further on, next to an ice-cream saloon, pompously decorated with gold and marble, carved work, and heavy satin curtains, one of the innumerable dentists of New York has established himself—probably to be ready to hand if the dainties of his neighbour exercise a pernicious influence on the teeth of the fair ladies who patronise him. Here is the end of all vanity—a churchyard; and then, just opposite, the triumph of vanity and swindle—Barnum's Museum, the palace of the king of the humbugs, to which we will return as soon as we have made one more excerpt:

We are now in the centre of the stream pouring up and down town. From the balcony of the flag-covered building an orchestra of wind instruments thunders out with unwearied lungs the most stomach-rending tunes. Across the park, behind whose trees the white marble City-hall looks down upon the granite-coloured frontage of Astor House, a militia company marches, consisting of twenty privates, heroically fizzed out with bearskin schakos, gold lace, and epaulettes, to the tune of the inevitable big drums and two fifes which howl Yankee-doodle, commanded by three officers and six under-officers, overshadowed by a tremendous flag, and accompanied by a gaily-attired nigger, who carries a rose-coloured heart, set in with flowers—probably a target. Omnibuses, of which fifteen pass every minute on the average, rattle past us, followed by clouds of dust from the Upper Broadway and Chatham-street. Irish carmen hurl greetings or insults to each other across the street, coachmen curse, carriage doors are slammed, horses neigh, policemen clear the way in a stentorian voice—in short, it is such a row and confusion that a countryman would lose his senses in it. Let us, therefore, fly for refreshment and variety to the history of the Museum, beneath whose doorway we have been making our latest observations.

Now then for Barnum! The American Museum is one of the greatest curiosities in the world: its owner, Barnum, one of the greatest speculators of all ages. The former is menagerie, picture-gallery, theatre, armoury, all in one. The latter, the "Napoleon of Humbug," was once a plain grocer's lad, is now millionaire, and will be, ere he is many years older, Governor of the State of Connecticut—all through pure, but talented humbug. The manner in which he laid the foundation of his imposition and fortune is characteristic of all that succeeded. About twenty years ago he had purchased on credit two menageries, containing several half-starved lions, hyænas, and wolves. The former proprietors of the beasts had been unlucky; and even Barnum himself, at first starting, could not succeed. He wanted the *primum mobile*. He could not pay for advertisements, gigantic posters, and criers, and those matters are nowhere so thoroughly a part of business as in America. Accident assisted him. A speculator, who was driving a number of wild oxen from the prairies of the west, eastwards, in order to show them for

money, had contracted so many debts on the journey, that his creditors took the beasts in execution at Utica. Barnum heard of it, and a brilliant idea immediately struck him. He managed to borrow some money, bought the buffaloes for a trifle, and took them to the village of Hobohen, opposite New York. He there made a bargain with the proprietors of the four Hudson ferries, by virtue of which they were at his sole disposal for several days; and this was scarcely arranged, ere yard-long coloured placards and stentor-voiced criers announced in every corner of curious Gotham that twenty real buffaloes would be hunted by wild Indians, mounted on mustangs, in the meadows near Hobohen. The spectators would pay for this ocular festival only the ferry price, which Barnum had raised from four to eight cents. All turned out as the speculator had calculated. Whoever could, accepted the invitation, and for three days the ferry-boats nearly broke down under the weight of the sight-seers. And what did they see? A dozen New York rowdies dressed like Indian hunters, and armed with long lances, with which they rode round the poor beasts that lay comfortably in a circle, and gave them a prod. And was that the end of the ditty? Folk abused and growled, but could not demand their money back, as they had only paid for the passage, not for the sight. Barnum, however, made by this operation a clear profit of nearly 5000 dollars. With these he established his present Museum, which, after its incorporation with another elder institution of the same stamp, became the gathering-ground of all the curious, through the gathering together of all the curiosities, abortions, and rarities, that could be collected.

TOM PEPPER'S LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

Before Sebastopol, December, 1854.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—I suppose Aunt Priscilla has told you (for I sent her a letter not long ago) that I was unable to write to you for want of ink and paper. We are rather better off for it again, so many of our fellows have died off, or vanished somewhere, and amongst their effects we occasionally come upon a little store of stationery.

Did you hear of the dreadful go we had at the battle of Balaklava, on the 25th of October? The battle itself was bad enough, but after it was over and the Russians were retiring, Captain Nolan came galloping down from head-quarters, asking for Lord Lucan. "I'm here," called out his lordship, "what do you want?" "You are to charge the enemy," he said, "there, right ahead, and rout 'em." So Lord Lucan coolly gave the order to the Light Brigade to go and do it. "It would be perfect madness," remonstrated Lord Cardigan, "to charge the enemy *there*: it's a *cul de sac*, and we shall be surrounded, and all cut to pieces." Not that Lord Cardigan remonstrated for himself, his bravery is too well known, but he would have given his right hand, rather than

have led his attached followers to a hopeless death. "Cut to pieces, or not," returned Nolan, "it is Lord Raglan's order, and you must obey it." "Charge!" roared out Lord Lucan, by way of settling the dispute, and off dashed Cardigan with his heroic soldiers. They all knew, and saw, that they were going right into the mouths of a hundred cannons, and to effect no good and no earthly purpose; but not one flinched, and they met their fate as none but Englishmen can do. I was not one of those who charged (if I had been, you would never have got this letter nor any other from me), but I was close by, and saw it all. They rode forward at a hard gallop, steady and compact, the very ground shaking under them, and gained the enemy. Then out burst the Russian cannons, with a fury that struck dismay to us, who heard; whatever it may have done to those who *felt* the fire. Showers of balls from the front, storms of shells from the sides, and both from behind. It was awful. Heads, legs, arms, and trunks of Englishmen, flying in the air, and the horses were shot down more effectually than their riders. If you had seen the poor little remnant of men who were left alive, crawling out, back again, you would never have forgotten it. Lord Cardigan never will. He escaped, but how, he does not himself know. There was plenty of hot discussion about it afterwards; some blaming *the order*, some saying the fault was Nolan's: but Nolan had gone with the arms, and legs, and bodies, so no elucidation could be had out of him. I don't know whether the commander-in-chief chose to, or could, give any: if so, it did not reach us juniors.

Well, that battle passed off, like the one at Alma, leaving no particular effects behind it, save thinned ranks and tents, and a great accumulation of graves; but I must tell you a little about another, one worse than either. I don't speak of skirmishes, which we have had in plenty, for it would skirmish away too much of my time and paper. The 4th of November was on a Saturday; and a blessed Saturday it was—for rain. Pour, pour, down it came, steady and soaking, as if it never meant to leave off, the skies and air a dark lead colour. There was scarcely a man in the whole camp but what was knocked up, either in spirits or in health, mostly in both, for things in general were looking hopelessly glum, and disease had crept in at every corner. At night, I had to go into the trenches with the men: none of us were half-clothed for it, and before we gained them we were soaked to the skin. But we have got used to all that, like eels do to skinning, and writing of it will not mend matters. The first set-in rainy night you have, dear sir, just take off your drawers and flannel-shirt, and shoes and stockings, and change your winter clothes for an alpaca suit, and knock the crown out of your hat, and put on the pair of slippers Jessie worked for you, which by this time must be minus the soles, and if you can find a convenient ditch within range of the park guns, get into it, and, bribing the guns to fire off minute volleys, wade about in the rain and mud till morning. When you go home (if you have cleverly contrived to dodge the balls) you will be a tolerable judge of how very agreeably we are passing our nights in the trenches. I got through the night somehow—as I have managed to get through the rest—partly with thinking of the blaze of fireworks that would go off the next day, all over England, and the stunning Guys that would be made, and what particularly stunning Guys we officers

should look, if we were dropped down in London streets in our present trim ; and at four the next morning, Sunday, back I and the men waded, after our night's watch. We left a few behind, who were done over with the wet and cold, and who most likely died out before evening, but that's usual.

Some of the men said they heard the church bells ringing in Sebastopol, but I did not. Ugh ! what a morning it was ! the rain still pouring, and the fog as thick as you get it in the City. I think I slept for half an hour, after I reached the tent, not longer, for my clothes, and the floor, and the tent, were all wet together, and woke me ; so I roused up, and began striking at two flint stones (lucifers being exhausted) to try what I could do towards making a fire and boiling some water, when smash ! a shot took the tent. My ! didn't we brush out of it to see what was up ! We saw too soon. The Russians were close upon us. They had climbed up the heights of Inkerman, in the night, had dragged up their guns and artillery, were within a few yards of us, and had opened fire. The confusion we were thrown into was horrible. We did not know which way to advance or how to repel them, for the morning light had not come, and the fog and mist lay thick around. But a few paces removed from us, we could just distinguish masses of grey coats, which we knew to belong to Russians. We had been surprised with a vengeance : there was no disguising the matter : and thousands of us, brave and fearless as we *are*, never thought to come out, that day, the victors. Shot and shell, balls and bullets hailed down upon us. Our guns were not in readiness ; our muskets, damp and wet, would not go off. Could we have seen the position of the enemy, we would not have cared ; could we have gained an idea of the numbers that were upon us, it would have been something. We struggled through the brushwood, our skin torn with its prickles, and charged those grey masses, bayonet in hand, fighting, in our desperation, for very life ; now slashing here, now there, now repulsed, now stricken down. Sometimes, in the changes of the fight, we could not tell whether we were hewing at friends or foes. Many individual deeds of daring and bravery were done that day : and that's saying something, when all were so brave. There was no particular order given, or plan pursued, so far as we knew : every division did the best it could, and every man in it ditto : but for studied arrangement in the attacks, there was neither time nor light for it. The Duke was in the heart of it, and fought like a Briton. Many of our bravest commanders rushed into the thick of the battle, and never came out of it. It lasted all day. The Russians howled and strove like demons : they had been primed with raw spirits, and were raving drunk. The prisoners we took told us they had received absolution from their priests before starting, and glorious promises. Those who died fighting, if they had led good lives, were to be taken straight to Paradise ; those who had led bad lives, were to be transmogrified into little Russian babies, and begin their lives over again : and they are such bigoted ignoramuses, in religion, they believed it all, and regretted they were not amongst the fallen. We came out victors ; you may be sure of that ; though we were but a handful against their countless hordes. Thousands of them were left dead and dying on the plain. Our loss was dreadful : not in

numbers, as compared with the enemy's, but in the flower of our officers. Scarcely a general officer remained to us, and some regiments were left with a single captain, or perhaps lieutenant, all the rest killed or wounded. The sneaks had picked out our officers, and deliberately aimed at them. The newspapers will tell you the rolls of our dead: you will find it a lengthy list. At night, past six, I got back to our tent, and found it riddled with shot. Precious hungry I was, having fasted six-and-twenty hours. There was no chance of cooking anything, so I got a drop of rum, some biscuit, and raw pork. Please don't tell Aunt Priscilla this, or she'll call me a cannibal: but I can assure you it's often only one choice with us—eat it raw, or go without. The death-plain was fearful; worse than ever were Balaklava and Alma. English, French, and Russians, lying in heaps: wounded, dying, and dead, all mixed up together. The enemy went prowling about, and beat many of our wounded officers to death. You should have heard the execrations lavished on the tigers, when we found our poor comrades' bodies all bruised and battered: many of them showing only a slight *battle* wound, from which they would readily have recovered. The next day was occupied with funerals, and with picking out the wounded: the Russians firing on us at the work. As at Alma and Balaklava, we had not half enough surgeons, no bandages, to speak of, no lint, no anything. What to do with the wounded, we did not know: some were kept on the plain, in precious places that they call hospitals, and some were shoved on board transports, to be sent to Scutari. The scene of the *Kangaroo*, &c., was re-enacted. The poor wretches were crowded on board, without breathing room, no hospital-accommodation, with one, or at most two surgeons to the whole ship-load. They were ten—fifteen—twenty days before they got to Scutari, so that numbers were by that time out of their misery, and gone overboard in their blankets.

Two days after the battle, a council of war was held at head-quarters, and I believe it was a noisy one. Ensign Tubbs told me, and Cornet Stiffing told him, that the Duke of Cambridge spoke out his mind about it, saying the whole army was being sacrificed to indolence and incapacity, and blew up Lord Raglan, sky high, before them all. Major Gum heard what we were saying, and he blew *us* up, and told Tubbs he'd have him and Stiffing court-martialed, if they retailed such reports. So we held our tongues till the Major was out of hearing, and then went on again. One thing's certain, that when the council was over the Duke left the camp, and went on board the *Caradoc*, and he's never come back. Major Gum must blow up if he chooses, but things have long been in a dreadful state with us. Our clothes are worn thin and threadbare, and we have none to change. We are exposed in the trenches night and day, often twenty-eight hours out of forty-eight; we are all as thin as weasels (Major Gum and a few of those big ones excepted, and they'll be fat in their coffins); our bones rattle in the wind and in the frost, and lots die from the exposure; we don't get half enough to eat; and the sickness amongst us is so great that we are only the remnant of an army. But of course, as our superior officers tell us, all this is but the fortune of war, and a soldier must learn to put up with it without grumbling. He must put up with mud, too, if he comes out here. I and Tubbs thought it fun at first, to see horses and men sink over their knees

in slosh, at every step, but now that we are used to it it bothers us, especially when we have to go in ourselves.

We seem to be in for every sort of disaster. A great storm overtook some transports that were bringing our horses. The vessels were tossed fearfully, the horses got loose, and there was a general set-to, they biting and kicking, while the crew fastened themselves down in terror. More than three hundred animals were thrown overboard, maimed or dead. But the worst storm I ever saw, or heard of, took place here a few days subsequent to the battle of Inkerman. It began on Monday, the 13th, a squally, drifty day, the gusts of wind shaking us and our tents as if it owed us a grudge. We thought nothing of it, gusts and squalls being so plentiful in the Crimea; and, for myself, I lay down in our tent on Monday night, and was asleep directly, having been in the trenches the previous one. I was awake again before morning: you just fancy whether even a tired lad could sleep, with the wind shrieking and howling *inside* the tent, its canvas sides blowing up and flapping about, and the rain drifting in upon one. By-and-by, I think it was about six or seven in the morning, bo-o-o-om came the thunder from the distance, whirl-r-r-roared the wind, crack went the poles of the tent, and down it came upon us. Such a struggle and fight as we had to get out of it! We were entangled like the lion in his net, and when we did extricate ourselves, startled, and breathless, and shaken, a pretty prospect was before us. Of course we were not dressed—who was to find clothes smothered in canvas?—so down we sat in the mud and rain half-naked. It's a good thing nothing was off us but our coats and hats (and sometimes we go to roost in them), but what else we had on was in rags, and a nice shiver we were in. Well, we sat down in the slosh, and looked around. Some of the tents were upset, like ours; the rest were upsetting. All the canvas, within view, was fluttering and flapping like the sails of a ship. Coats, shoes, shirts (of those who possessed two, one on, one off), caps, handkerchiefs, and such-like articles, were flying about in the air, and flakes of mud were splashing over us as thick as hail. Men were clinging to the prostrate tents, or holding on to the ground, grasping the mud and the pools, in dread fear of being taken up after their traps, for the hurricane, in its might and power, was as a rushing whirlwind. I and Tubbs held on, one to the other; but it was the primest game to see some of the old ones rushing about, all in white, after their apparel, ducking down to avoid the gusts, and groaning with the exertion. The horses got frightened and broke loose, and came kicking amongst us. Every tent came down, every one, and there was the whole camp, shelterless, clothless, and foodless, with shivering limbs and chattering teeth. We could only sit in the mud and stare at each other, and throw ourselves on our faces to meet the fury of the storm. It lasted all day, and in the midst of it, down came a biting snow-fall. By night we were frozen with cold, famished, desolate, and desperate. How we passed that night I am sure I cannot describe to you. I hope I shall never pass such another. I think the storm went right through us all, bones, and sinews, and flesh. Some of the weak ones never recovered it, but were found stiff and cold the next morning: and lots of horses. In the midst of the tempest, a fellow came up and said some draughts of regiments were just landed from Kamiesch Bay, and were being swayed about in

the wind, and rain, and cold, hopeless of shelter. Brigadier Cuff asked who the d——l had been mad enough to allow them to land in such a storm? "A young aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan's gave the order," was the answer. "Then the young fool deserves to be shelterless, and exposed to a hurricane for the rest of his life," muttered the hot brigadier; and he went on with something we could not catch, about "favouritism," and "staff," and "beardless scions." The newly-landed men suffered wofully: half of them fell ill and died. The camp hospitals had their canvas walls blown away, and the sick and wounded were pitched into the wet ground, and lay in all the fury of the elements. The grave-pits, which were wide and deep before, grew wider and deeper.

The mischief caused by the storm was not confined to us: the ships and transports went down by dozens. Off Balaklava, Eupatoria, Kamiesch Bay, the Katcha, it was one appalling scene of wrecks. The *Prince*, that splendid steamer (you said you saw her, off Woolwich), went down with all hands. She was chock full of comforts and necessities for us, warm clothing, provisions, &c., and down it all went. She also contained medical stores for the sick at Scutari; but somebody had buried them in the hold, under tons of shot and shell, and they were never got out. The *Resolute* was full of ammunition, and she went down with it all, doing the siege out of its supplies of shells and powder. The *Rip van Winkle* went down with all hands, the *Wild Wave* and all hands—but it is of no use to enumerate them: it will not raise the ships, or make the sea give up her dead. The *Resolute* was lying safely in Balaklava harbour, but Captain Christie, the ship agent out here, ordered her away into the roads, and a steam-tug took her there. Captain Lewis, master of the *Resolute*, went to Christie, and strongly remonstrated, saying she must not stop in the roads, for if it came on to blow, nothing could save the ship. "That be hanged," said Captain Christie, or words to the same effect, "I don't want you to teach me my business." The ship stays there, and nowhere else." So the ship stayed there perforce, and the storm came, and the ship and her captain, and all on board of her went down. The shipping in Balaklava harbour is in an everlasting mess, and no mistake. There's a great crowd of vessels, and nobody to arrange them, so it's nothing but confusion, day and night. A ship, anchored close in shore, wants to get out. It can't. The thing's impossible, with the vessels lying all ways around it. A vessel comes in: it takes up its place as it chooses, nobody directs where, and nobody cares: it can't get up alongside, and if it has stores on board, there the stores stop, and never come out of it. That's the management here. If they would send out a lumper from the docks, as harbour-master, he'd have things straight in a week. The French ships, in their neighbouring bay, are under the supervision of a capitaine-du-port, are moored systematically, no delay or confusion occurs, and all goes on as orderly as clockwork.

A post has this moment come in, dear sir, bringing a letter from you. I am glad to hear you are all well. Many thanks for your sending the newspapers, but none have reached me. Present my love to Aunt Priscilla: it is very kind of her to say she shall forward me a box of requisites, but please tell her she may save herself the trouble, for it will never reach me. She may as well despatch it off to the unknown regions, as to the Crimea. Our officers have advice, every day, of things sent off

for them, but nothing ever comes. I cannot remember how many weeks it is, since we heard that the public were sending us presents. (Very kind indeed of them, and of course it is not their fault that we don't reap the benefit.) Wooden houses, we heard, were coming, and flannel garments, soap and butter, old coats and new trousers, lavender-water and nightcaps, tiles and washing-basins, saucepans and shirts, muffs and shaving-glasses, pickles and pills, jam and tubs of rose pomatum, cherry brandy and black draughts, cookery-books and plum-puddings, doctors and candles, warming-pans and opera-hats, and I can't recollect the rest. We suppose the things have come to a permanent halt on the road, for nothing has appeared, and we have given them up for a bad job.

You ask in your letter, dear sir, whether it was not owing to indolence and bad management that the Russians were allowed to surprise us on the morning of the battle of Inkerman; but, if you please, you must ask that of Lord Raglan—or of Sir de Lacy Evans, and he is on his road home. It was said that Lord Raglan rode down during the fight at Inkerman, and looked on—and he has got made a Field-Marshal for it—but in reality he had just as much to do with winning the battle as you had. We hear that our winter stores of clothing and food are positively lying at Balaklava, so perhaps, if we have luck, we may get them served out to us by the beginning of next summer. We cannot obtain them now, for there's no road to bring them up to camp. The line they call the road, is a foot and three-quarters deep in black mire: I and Tubbs tucked up our trousers (what remains of the legs) and got in, and so measured it. What are left of our horses are poor starved skeletons, getting nothing to eat, except a chance meal of each other's manes, and tails, and ears, so we can't expect them to drag through such a road as that. They are come to such a state of weakness that it takes six to draw one sick man down to Balaklava, a distance of from five to nine miles, as we happen to be encamped. Sometimes they fall down midway, and the invalid's upset into a cradle of mud. The French have made a beautiful paved road to their camp, from their point of debarkation, Chersonesus, and all their things are conveyed up with speed and regularity. They have built themselves warm huts, their clothing is as trim as when they landed, their provisions are varied and excellent, and they seem just as comfortably off as they could be in Paris. Their huts are built in systematic rows, after the manner of streets, each row separately named. Some of their soldiers act as street policemen; their business being to remove all offal and dirt, and keep the site clean. Our tents are erected indiscriminately, according to every one's own fancy, and they stand in the midst of more offensive nuisances than your nose ever came in contact with, or any other nose, who has not enjoyed the privilege of encamping in the Crimea. Some two thousand dead animals (not to speak of other treats) are lying decaying round our tent doors, so you may imagine how the noses here are regaled. The Turks in Balaklava are dying of fever and famine, at the rate of three hundred a day.

Ensign Gill arrived yesterday from Scutari, quite cured of his wound. He is now inside our colonel's tent, telling them all about the management at Scutari hospital. I suppose you would not call it "management" in England. Heaps of the sick and wounded died, he says, because there was nobody to keep them alive, no doctors, nothing fit for

them to eat and drink, no beds, no washing, and indeed no linen to wash; with other funny items, which I will not trouble you with.

Several of our officers, not liking the life here and the protracted siege, and finding their health failing, have applied for leave to retire; but you need not fear my doing so, dear sir, for I of course deem it to be an Englishman's duty to remain in front of the enemy, as long as his skin and bone *will* hold out. I have said nothing about the siege, for there's nothing to say. Hostilities are almost at a stand-still: we have neither guns nor ammunition to do any good with, and the Russians go on strengthening Sebastopol. They make repeated attacks upon us at night, which we have to repulse. Some think they have undermined the town, and that if we do get in, we shall be blown up. We don't know: if it is so, there's nothing for it but to take our chance.

Kind love to Aunt Priscilla, compliments to the Reverend Mr. Strait-horn, and tell Jessie not to make herself ill eating twelfth-cake, as she did last year. A merry Christmas to you all, and believe me, dear sir,

Very dutifully yours,

T. PEPPER.

Target Trenches, before Sebastopol, Dec., 1854.

DEAR GUS,—I have got your letter at last, but what the deuce do you mean by saying you have had none from me? If it's true, and you are not cramming a fellow, that swindling post-office ought to be strangled. I have sent several.

Fanny Green's an idiot. The foolery of her telling you to ask me to get Lord Raglan's auto—something—for her album! You do write so badly, Gus, I can't make out the letters, and I'm blest if I know how to spell the word myself. His signature, I suppose she means.

She had better write over to the Emperor of Russia, and ask for his: she'd stand a deal more chance of getting it than I have of getting, or asking for, Lord Raglan's. I don't believe Lord Raglan's here. At the battle of Inkerman—and that was the 5th November, Guy Fawkes's Day, Gus!—we saw somebody in a cocked-hat and white feathers, sitting on horseback and leisurely looking on, whom they said was Lord Raglan. It was at a great distance, and we could not distinguish what he was like. Since then, we have not heard of him, and the impression in the camp is, that he has been back in London (or some other Eden) weeks ago, to warm beds and cosy club-houses. There's a house within view, which is called his, and we watch the smoke curling up from the chimneys, wishing we could also watch the fire-blaze curling inside; we see aides-de-camp emerging from the doors, but as to his being perpetually shut up in it, as Gum, and those, make a show of believing, it's all a flam. If he were there, he could not help showing out sometimes. I'll write a line to F. G. if I have time, and answer her stupid request.

If anybody would like to see an army of ghosts, they can come and look at us. Our eyes are sunken, our cheek-bones stand out, our faces are drawn and white, and our arms, and legs, and stomachs are thin transparencies. Night-work, illness, starvation, and wet and cold have done it. Our dress is in the ghostly way also. Our boots have neither fronts nor sides; our stockings (what are left, averaging ten pairs and a half to thirty feet) are minus toes and heels; our trousers hang in fringes,

and are tied round the knee with haybands; our shirts (most of us possess the fragments of one, always in wear since three months) have got nothing left but the wristbands and tails, so that there's a difficulty in keeping them on; and our coats are varied, anything you may like to call them. The best are made of a blanket, thrown on with careless elegance, without shape, and with two holes punched out for the arms; many sport wrappers of green baize, worn after the form of a shawl; others patronise paletôts of sail-cloth, made in a new fashion, without sleeves and button-holes; and a few stick by their old regimental coat (or, rather, that has stuck by them), but in a precarious state of dilapidation. Some rejoice in old hats, and some only in hair—matted, long, and greasy. Some heads wear it (when it's rough and stubborn) after the manner of an owl; and some (when it's damp and weak) hanging down like a lion's mane; and, having given up soap and water, our skin is of a martial hue, a tinge between soot and walnut-tree wood. These desirable clothes are never off us, and never dry, for we are under a perpetual soak of water—rain above and standing pools below. We have also got (but mind you read this in a whisper) *some visitors* about us, caught from the Russians, we all make a boast of asserting—but it's our dirty clothes. They have obtained firm footing among us, and won't go out, and all we can do is to scrub and swear. Don't split about this to F. G.: she would never let me go near her to snatch a kiss again.

We have not heard of Jekyl, or found his body, so we think he may be a prisoner to the Russians. The 46th Regiment (Perry's lot) landed the beginning of November. They came ashore, all decorated and perfumed, their regimentals bright and shining, and starch in their shirts. I and Tubbs and Stiffing, and a few more of us close chums, hastened to meet them, and assure them of our admiration of their treatment of that horrid Perry. They stared at us, and wondered who they had got amongst—unwashed and unshaven as we were, spangled with mud, and our togs torn and tattered. We told them they must excuse our appearance, as we had not had our baggage since we landed in the Crimea, but they still looked askance at us. Their first essay in the trenches took the top of their pride out of them, and the land storm, which they arrived just in time to encounter, took the rest. It is a fact, Gus, only it was hushed up, that the work they dropped into here was so different from what they had been accustomed to, or anticipated, that they turned restive, and refused to do it or to stay. They came to, however. After that they died off by pitfuls—as all the fresh troops do. They now let the new arrivals wait a few days before sending them into the trenches. I don't see that it makes much difference: they die off just as fast. Scores of men, new comers and old stagers, are reported sick each morning, go into hospital, and never come out again alive. Gill's up from Scutari, and can walk as well as before his wound. He gives the most outrageous accounts of the hospitals and management, enough to turn one sick—nobody would believe it, but for the same want of management up here. He says there's a troop of girls come out to nurse the sick—such a game! The prettiest of them has got lovely eyes, and a mole on the side of her face. Some dress in white veils all day, and some are Romish-Protestants (Gill says that means betwixt and between, good for neither), and keep bowing down to the ground. You should have heard our officers going on about it, when the news first came that

the ladies were coming out; some drawing long faces over it, and others laughing and ridiculing. It was a mistaken proceeding altogether, they said, and those who had listened to the enthusiastic notions of weak girls, were as silly as the girls themselves: that a soldier's hospital was no place for delicate-minded young ladies, and that their presence in it could only embarrass themselves, the patients, and the surgeons. "Quite monstrous!" Croaking old wretches our officers are: what right have they to put in their spoke against it? I know if I were in that wretched place, Scutari hospital, in all its short-comings and misery, it would go half-way towards a cure, to find some pretty girls round my bed, to make love to. What a go if F. G. would turn nurse and come out!

I have been writing to my old governor of a guardian, and if you can borrow the letter from him, do so, and read it. It will afford a fair specimen of the average official letters that go out from camp. We call them "official" when we don't give the truth. Confidential letters are very different things: but we only venture upon them when we know they won't come out to the public. Of course in these "official" letters we cannot altogether disguise matters, as they are, but we put the best construction on things. The fact is, Gus (for you may be sure my letter to you is not "official"), things here are in an awful state. We are going at railroad speed into our graves. Thousands are already there, and they are the best off. England has no conception of the dreadful straits we are reduced to. It would be far better for us to be out of the world than be as we are. I don't mean for the physical privations, but for the shame; that drives us wild—the incapable figure we cut in the sight of our allies. We are in tatters, filth, and nakedness, rotting in mud and water, trying to keep bare life in us from hour to hour. Our tents are riddled like cullenders, and the rain comes continuously in, and stops; their canvas sides are no protection against the frost, the wind, and the inclement winter; wood cannot be procured for firing, and we shiver in the cold, and eat our salt pork raw; our rations are doled out to us, some days entire, some half, some none; the coffee's green, and can't be used; we are paralysed in body, desperate in mind; and the men are worse off than we are. Not a day passes but hundreds fall sick, and down we lie in what are called the hospitals, the wet ground under us, and a single damp blanket atop, and wait, as patiently as we may, till death comes. There's no medicine; no succour; and there's no hope, for to lie down, in that way, is to die. Some are sent to the hospital at Scutari, but the horrors of the passage there, arising from indifference and neglect, are such, that many would die quietly, where they are, rather than be subjected to them. Neither can all be sent, for they cannot be got down from the camp to the ships: no road has been made, the mud is impassable, and the horses are dead or dying: some of disease, mostly of famine. Latterly, the French have been transporting the sick for us: *their* horses are fat and sleek. Our men have to be almost perpetually in the trenches, doing the work of three, and the hardest constitution is failing. All this evil is being wilfully enacted. For a long while we scarcely dared to speak of it amongst ourselves—the things were so barefaced and shameful that there was a reluctance to allude to them. Even now, if Gum hears us juniors speaking about it, he blows off, and tells us to be quiet: but I'm not going to be quiet to you. Lazy indifference caused the battle of Inkerman. Sir de Lacy Evans

(and others) repeatedly pointed out to Lord Raglan that we should inevitably be attacked in that, our weak point, but Lord Raglan did not care—at least we presume so, for he never so much as rode down to look at the ground. The camp is in the most astounding state of filth, and he has never seen into it, or issued orders to cleanse it. The stores of provisions that would have saved our lives and our horses', and clothed our shivering limbs, are lying in profusion at Balaklava, spoiling and rotting, but neither he nor anybody else orders them to be given out. A road to the camp might have been made, fifty times over, with a little exertion, but no one troubles over it, or orders it done, though we are perishing for want of the things it would bring up. Wooden houses are lying in the water at Balaklava, and we are dying in our canvas tents. After the great storm, stores of various descriptions were floating in profusion about Balaklava harbour, for the want of picking up, but the authorities took no notice of it, nor ordered it done, and they were all washed away or buried in the mud. I saw as much hay as would fill London churches: it would have saved our horses—but who cares for them, or for us either?

New regiments are compelled to land in storm and tempest, without food, shelter, clothing, or protection: other regiments, fresh from warm climates, are turned adrift with no winter clothes, under or outer. Cholera and fever have long been doing their ample work, and now, dysentery and scurvy have come. Biscuit and salt pork, sometimes fried, sometimes raw, and no vegetables, have brought it on, and the doctors say, if not arrested, it will mow us all down. The French look on with amazement, marvelling at the wicked indifference of our heads, the patient submission of the army, and the universal incapacity betrayed by all. When I got to my writing, just now, it had rained for six-and-thirty hours; now it snows and hails, the mire is getting white—not hard—and the sharp wind cuts at me through the heaving canvas. I was in the trenches all last night, and, on coming out, there was an order for some of the men, who had been with me, to wade all the way to Balaklava, and get up some rations. They were drenched and starving, hardly able to put one foot before another, but they had to go, and started without a meal, for there was no fuel to make a fire to warm it, and brushwood won't light in such wet. I shall have to go into the trenches again to-night, so many, who ought to take their turns, are down with sickness. The Russians make night sorties on us frequently, and we have to drive them back, amongst other agreeable jobs. Rumours are now flying about the camp that our shameful state is the result of *treachery*. That Lord Raglan has quietly and gradually reduced us to it, purposely, and is letting us die off, in obedience to orders from some at home, who are the secret friends of Russia. I was in our colonel's camp the evening before last, waiting for him to come in, when an officer of the —— Regiment entered, and said it. Gum was lying down, wrapped in a blanket, for he has got some sort of fever on him, and he suddenly raised his head up and stared at the fellow. "By ——!" cried he, "I have long thought it looked like it." "But where's the treason?" called out Cuff; "it can't be in the Horse Guards. And where are her Majesty's eyes and her keen judgment, that she cannot detect what's going on—if anything is going on." "It's not her Majesty's fault that things are kept from her," cried the officer who had brought the report:

"she can only see what her ministers choose to let her." "But surely," said Cuff, "the Duke of Cambridge might enlighten——"

Just then Gum caught sight of me—he did not know I was there, or had forgotten it—and he croaked out—for he is as hoarse as a raven just now—that I was to make myself scarce, and if I breathed a word outside of what I had been an eavesdropping witness to, Lord Raglan should court-martial me. So off I tore, through the slosh and the offal, and found Gill and Tubbs, and told them all.

Gus! can this be true? They treat us as if we were geese, without brains and ears, but we are not quite such geese in intellect as they would like us to be. One thing gives a colouring to it—*why is it that all our officers are asking to resign?* Gum said, the other day, that it made his cheek blush (but it's red enough at all times) to find, each morning, a fresh number of officers swelling the lists of the malcontents, and praying to be released from the army. It is quite true that all are trying to leave this: I would give up my commission to-morrow if I could: and what must be thought of us when this comes to be known in England? Will our country say we are cowards? Gus! never you believe it. There's not a cowardly heart out here. We would fight our life's blood out, drop by drop, for our Queen and country, and our own good name and honour, and never flinch, but when England hears that all her brave servants are clamouring to quit the Crimea, in disgust at what they see, outraged by what they cannot help, let her be sure that something disgracefully wrong is up. Look to the list of those who have gone home, beginning with his Royal Highness, with Lord Cardigan, with Sir de Lacy Evans, with Sir George Brown—I need not call over the list, you can go down it for yourself. As brave soldiers, as true-hearted men, as ever went into a battle-field. Does England really believe that it is their "wounds" and their "sickness" that have taken them all back? Oh! if some one of them would but get up in his place in the House, and, remembering those he has left behind to die, speak out the truth! If he would but burst through the trammels of official etiquette and the custom of aristocratic concealment, and fearlessly tell how we are being sacrificed, the people of England, ay, and I believe the Queen with them, would rise, with one voice, and insist that some steps should be taken to save our poor remnant of an army, even at the eleventh hour. If we all lay down in rows on the wet earth to die, and a word from head-quarters here would save us, that word would never be spoken. Nobody, from the moment of our landing, has cared for us, looked to us, or asked after us: a dog-fighter takes more thought for his dogs than has been taken for us: all the officers, still here, know this; those who have gone home know it; and, if they who are in the next world can look down to this, they likewise know that it is but the bitter truth. If treachery has not been at work, what has? It cannot be that *all* are incompetent, the ministers, the Horse Guards, the commander-in-chief, here, and his staff, the acting management in camp, at Bala-klava town and harbour, at Scutari, and at home! If they are all incompetent, it is a condition of things that never was heard of in our kingdom, or in the conduct of any war yet. There's not a grave here, to which its sleeping inmate has been sent in rude neglect, but cries aloud for retribution on this sinful incompetency. "We can but do our duty and die," Gill heard an officer say, since he got up from Scutari, "but

God be thanked for one thing—that it is not we who have the sin and suffering to answer for!"

Be sure don't let anybody see this letter—though I declare to you, Gus, that every word in it is sacred truth. Especially your governor: he is such a fiery man, he would be for taking it, red-hot, in his hand to Lord Hardinge, and I should be court-martialed, as Gum threatens, or perhaps get arraigned for high treason by Aberdeen and his tail, and be beheaded on Tower Hill.

If I live, I'll write again. If I don't, good-by.—Yours, old chum,
TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

P.S.—Smuggle the enclosed to Fanny.

Shot and Shell Trenches, before Sebastopol, Dec., 1854.

MY DEAREST FANNY,—I have thought of you day and night since I left, and have sent you no end of messages and letters, through Sparkinson, and now he swears they have never reached him. Some of us mean to fire the post-office, if it goes on like this; so, my duck, you'll be revenged.

Spark says you want Lord Raglan's name for your album. If you were not the most innocent little dove—as I said to Spark—you would have known better than to ask. Commanders-in-chief are not like other people: they never hold communication with anybody but themselves, and never put themselves in the way of being looked at. A cat may look at a king; but a British army may not look at its commander-in-chief. The general officers don't presume to crave speech with ours, except through the medium of the speaking trumpets. He is a deal too august for the ordinary ways of conversation. We don't know what the Duke of Cambridge may have ventured to do: report says that he did accost the commander, and the consequences were so tremendous, his Royal Highness at once left the Crimea. The staff are equally exclusive, and never condescend to notice the army. Lord Raglan (or an effigy that represents him, and signs the general orders) keeps himself in a crystal case, and that is kept in a snug room, and that in a generally-unapproachable house. Long brass tubes connect the case with the aides-de-camp's congregating room, and all communications Lord Raglan (or the effigy) thinks it necessary to make, are spoken through the brass. That's all we get out of our commander, so you may judge whether there's a possibility of getting his signature out of him for a lady's album. Would you believe, that in this age of enlightenment, the French are a hundred years behind us, in these respects? We actually see their chief (General Canrobert) riding about amongst the men, any hour in the day, examining into things with his own eyes. I could ask for *his* signature for you, or a lock of his hair either, if that would do you any good.

The war's going on with us at a swimming pace. The chief officers have been divided into three divisions: one division's dead, one's sick, and lying in the mud, under damp blankets (the water-cure system is gone upon, here), and the third has hooked it and gone home. A few poor juniors, like Gill, and me, and Tubbs, who have no interest, are left here to go off quietly into the ground and say nothing about it. Our commanders are especially careful of our health; and, to make us hardy,

they divide a whole suit of clothes amongst five. One has the coat; another the trousers, which are docked at the knee, like Jessie's, and finished off with fringe; a third the shirt; a fourth the slippers (boots are out of fashion); and the fifth the garters—if your blushes will pardon my mentioning such a word. The same with the food: they indulge us with one entire meal per diem. To-day we have dinner (raw pork and wet biscuit); yesterday it was supper (raw pork and wet biscuit); the day before, breakfast (raw pork and wet biscuit). Our tents have been ingeniously contrived to let in and retain the rain, so that we have the luxury of a perpetual shower and cold vapour bath: but we cannot, try as we will, get the water to remain more than three inches above ground, so that when we lie down in it at night, we are not quite covered. We are fining down to elegance, under the treatment, and feel cool and very grateful to our commander and the government at home.

We are indulged sometimes with a ride in the air. One morning, on awaking, the wind took our tents up, and took us up after them. Poles, canvas, various items of clothing, gentlemen in drawers and night-shirts, and ensigns without, were soaring away, to each other's admiration. One minute, we were dropped into the pools; the next, were caught up, whirled about, and plumped into a bed of mud. It was novel and pleasant, and lasted all day; but at night we felt a little tired and sore.

We are encamped in a plain of mud several miles square. When we venture out, we go souse in, up to our arm-pits: and the floundering about causes so much diversion, that our authorities kindly permit it to remain, and won't, on any account, have it cleansed. To look at us, when several are out on a foraging expedition, you would think it was a great lake of black water full of swimmers, for little can be seen of us but our heads and necks. We are given to understand that this is the chief reason for our being restricted to a single garment each: to wade about in a sea of mud, fully clothed, would be inconvenient, besides making so much washing, and nothing to do it with, no tubs, or soap, or water. Some of our fellows, finding the tents rather airy, have been burrowing holes in the earth, like the rabbits, stretching over a canvas covering for the roof. But they don't answer. The sides have a propensity for falling in, and several unlucky inmates have, in consequence, been suffocated.

Now, my dear girl, I have an urgent request to make you. I want you to turn nurse (in name, you know), and come out, as such, to Scutari hospital. If your mamma objects, talk her over, about the pious office you will be performing. Lots of young ladies have come out, some of them in white veils, which look very fascinating. If you come, I'll manage a slight wound or sickness, and get sent down to hospital. Think how enchanting it would be, for me to be lying on the floor all day (which is the custom with our sick at Scutari) and you sitting by, to soothe me and reading poetry! There are some dreadful scenes going on, Gill says, but you can call up your nerve, and need not look round at them. You will be at no trouble and no expense: only go to Mr. Sidney Herbert, say you are a young lady-nurse, and he'll send you.

I am just called away to take a twelve hours' cooling in the trenches. So, until we meet at Scutari, believe me, dearest Fanny, to be your ever devoted

TOM.

Miss Fanny Green, Kensington.

THE YOUNG AUTHORESS.

A CANDID AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EDITED BY H. SPICER, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "SIGHTS AND SOUNDS," &c.

NEED I premise that nothing short of an undertaking of the most solemn kind could have induced me to intrude myself—my sorrows and errors—(not to mention my little successes)—upon a thoughtless world?

My grandmother, upon her death-bed—(or, to speak more correctly, upon the couch on which she ultimately died)—summoned me to her side—(I was then just turned four, and was sucking barley-sugar)—and exacted a pledge from me that, at some fitting period of my after-life, I should publish my autobiography. Sobbing and sucking, I yielded to the fatal polysyllable, and now, public—(for why speak to you caressingly?)—what can I do? Self is always a distasteful theme, with the disadvantage that nobody thoroughly *believes*; the consequence of which infidelity is, that one has to write considerably beyond the margin, in order to reduce what is believed to the dimensions of truth.

I give notice that it is my intention to depart from this vicious system—to be cheerfully candid, and savagely sincere. If, therefore, public, you accept the confession of my little foibles, you will have the kindness to receive with equal promptitude such little self-commendings as I may be compelled to bestow.

It is certainly somewhat extraordinary that so many individuals of reputed sense, and generally—like my grandmother—of ripened years—should deem it worth their while to exact these perilous pledges, from the observance of which they themselves can derive no advantage, while they expose the givers to the most unmerited imputations of vanity, egotism, and suppression of truth!

It is, however, too late to cavil. Here is my story. If any struggling sister—But this is flourish. I am not actuated by the slightest motive of philanthropy, or wherefore cite my grandmother? I really could not have done this thing—except for a promise. Thank my grandmother.

I, the interesting little subject of the following memoir, was born on the — of —, in the year —; and it is a source of the most poignant regret to the autobiographer, that, in spite of her indefatigable endeavours to collect materials for filling up the above blanks, she is, after all, unable to do more than record the unquestionable fact of her nativity. A similar uncertainty prevails in regard to my aspect and general appearance at the earliest period of my life, my principal information being derived from the united testimony of a succession of nurses—moist and otherwise—who certainly pronounce me to have been the sweetest and most uncringingest baby as ever was. Still, as this is a form of expression to which nurses are much addicted—and is, in fact, a sort of formal certificate, generally obtainable for half-a-crown—I abandon this point also to the discretion of my readers; and will content myself with asserting that my lineaments, even at this immature period, gave abun-

dant promise of that genius which ultimately manifested itself. I am inclined, in short, to think that they were rather distinguished by an expression of sweetness, good-humour, and intelligence, than by the less desirable characteristics of regular, passionless, beauty. Time and nature have since somewhat modified this arrangement. I am, *now*, excessively pretty. But I anticipate.

Mentioning cursorily that I passed triumphantly through the ordeal of hooping-cough, measles, and all those lesser ills to which childhood is peculiarly heir, I arrive at my fifth year, the epoch at which my remarkable character first began to develop itself. On referring to my diary, I find a curious but authentic little anecdote, which aptly illustrates my extraordinary firmness of character. Mind had thus—(as Count d'Orsay observed when with his slight and elegant wheel he took off that of a huge Brompton 'bus—an anecdote strangely enough omitted in Mr. Patmore's interesting memoir of that distinguished man)—mind, I say, had thus early asserted its dominion over matter. The spark of mental power had dropped upon the tinder of my brain, and gave promise of a future—I am at a loss for a word—conflagration.

One morning—(the date is lost)—it chanced that a portion of the nursery repast consisted of *bread-pudding*. I had already received and disposed of a tolerable plateful of this delicacy, when my nurse—(from whose own lips I afterwards received this anecdote)—addressed her little charge as follows:

"My dear—a little more pudding?"

"No, sank you, nurse," I lisped, in reply.

Nurse started.

"*Why*, my dear?" was the amazed rejoinder. (For I liked bread-pudding.)

"Nurse," I answered, with a gravity beyond my years, "I cannot—*will* not."

"Nonsense, my dear," said nurse, helping herself. "You may, if you like."

"No, nurse," was the firm reply. "*It would not please mamma!*"

Up to the conclusion of my seventh year I evinced but few indications of greatness—still it was tolerably clear that the young intellect was attaining a certain consciousness of power, and lacked only the warmth of the sun of education to put forth its giant strength.

On a gloomy afternoon in December, 18—, nurse and myself happened to be in the back nursery—the former darning a sock, the latter rolling on the floor—and occasionally murmuring to herself something which, at last, awakened nurse's attention. It sounded like rhyme! Was it possible? Could the spirit of poesy be already nascent?

"Go on, my dear," said nurse, quietly pretending to continue her work, though her fingers, trembling with agitation, almost refused their office—"go on, my lambkin!"

"Dock," I murmured—"Dickery dock—the mouse—the mou-ou-ouse ran up the clock."

The rhymed couplet was complete! Nurse threw down her work, and, catching me to her bosom, burst into exulting tears. A poem at seven years old! The completion of this juvenile production—(I am sensible that I may be accused of plagiarism, but can silence my defamers with a

word—If I am not the author, *who is?*)—was for some time deferred, and it was not till the spring of 18— that the sequel of the “Mouse” was added. I now present the piece in its integrity, and with the original title, hitherto suppressed.

THE CURIOUS MOUSE.

Dickery, dickery dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
[*Finished in 18—*]
The clock struck one (pronounced *wown*),
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery dock.

I eschew comparisons. Let it simply be remarked that Shelley was a clever person—that Wordsworth was good enough (in his way)—that Birron—(I prefer spelling this name as I feel sure it ought to be pronounced, though the poet himself thought differently)—threw off a page or two as well as anybody—that Tennyson is not wholly devoid of point or pathos; but, *here*, in *five* lines—one of which is a mere *refrain*—is conveyed as simple and beautiful a domestic tale as can well be conceived! How clear the connexion! How vivid the still life of the picture! How natural the details! The ascent of the mouse—his patient scrutiny of the dial—the striking of the clock—the hurried departure of the mouse (probably to keep some appointment at a neighbouring candle-box)—how rapid the march of events—and how soothingly do we at length sink down upon the original chorus, “Dickery”—yes, “dickery dock.” We are safe—at rest—in “dock.”

Circumstances, trivial in the lives of common individuals, acquire, in the history of genius, a lively importance. Let me record a singular coincidence.

Scarcely had I attained my tenth year, when I was attacked by a disorder, which for some short time the medical attendants were utterly unable to classify; but which ultimately resolved itself into a cold in the head. *At the very same period*, though at a distance of nearly five hundred miles, the celebrated authoress, Lady C. B——, was similarly attacked. The two invalids were confined to their respective chambers *for the same period*; the same remedies were resorted to in *both* cases; both descended to the drawing-room on the same morning; and, as though to complete the extraordinary history, both partook of a sago-pudding on the first day of convalescence. . . .

My readers must draw their own conclusions. On subjects so mysterious, it is not the province of an autobiographer to dilate.

The time had now arrived when I was destined to make my *début* in that society of which I was thereafter to become so distinguished an ornament. I was invited with my mother, who (sensible of the responsibility she owned in the charge of her gifted child) seldom suffered me to leave her sight, to a small, but well-selected party, at the house of Mrs. W——, to which *réunion*, in compliment to me, a few literary persons of the neighbourhood had been invited—among them, the Rev. John D——y, author of several valuable works on Scandinavian Cookery, and Church Architecture of the fifth Renaissance Era. There were to be present, moreover, Mr. Simpson B——, the new spasmodic

dramatist; Bilki Bey (*alias* Peter Jones), ex-major of bashi-bozouks; Mr. J. F——, critic, of the generous heart and bitter pen; and a few others of minor note.

Need I dwell upon the feelings which agitated my bosom as the important hour drew near? My simple white muslin had been donned as early as twelve o'clock (though the party was not to assemble till eight), and a young friend, Miss C——, had obligingly volunteered to call for the young queen of the evening—and her mother.

I have elsewhere remarked that I had grown extremely pretty. My long bright hair curled in a thousand natural tresses, which it took my maid at least two hours a day to arrange in the most unstudied form; while my artless, innocent manner—acquired with considerable care—formed a most engaging contrast with the staid demeanour of most of my associates of equal age.

“I was dressed”—(I copy from my diary)—“at half-past twelve; a single rose stuck in my braided hair—my slender waist bound in its cincture of snowy muslin—my small feet cased in *brodequins* of the softest epidermis of the juvenile cow—gloves, so *petits* as to be scarcely perceptible, were placed ready for my little white hands upon a high shelf, lest I should, in my impatience, sully their pure incandescence ere the arrival of the leaden-footed messenger, whose hour-glass but too slowly emitted its sandy tenants. I was to have been called for at half-past six. That time arrived—no Miss C——. Five minutes elapsed—no Miss C——. Ten minutes more—the same result. Agitation succeeded to impatience, and was in turn overthrown by anxiety, who, like all usurpers, was speedily superseded, and surprise ascended the throne, being almost instantly displaced by anger—which latter succumbed to passion, on discovering that it was now *past seven o'clock*. A quarter of an hour more was suffered to elapse, and my mother then, seeing that I was totally unfit, from the state of mind in which I was, to do justice to myself in that talented circle in which I was to have mixed, insisted upon my undressing and retiring to my couch.”

It afterwards appeared that Miss C——, jealous, probably, of the young *débutante*, had intentionally forgotten her engagements, and proceeded to the party alone!

With a few remarks upon my general demeanour and habits, I shall close the present portion of this work, and proceed to discuss the nature and tendency of my various writings, with their effect upon the public taste and manners generally, giving such extracts, from time to time, as I deem desirable.

I was rather inclined to gaiety than thoughtfulness; and was, from the earliest period of my life, extremely partial to social intercourse. I was, notwithstanding, methodical enough in my habits, and arranged my day pretty much as follows.

Rising between nine and ten, I generally took my frugal breakfast, consisting mainly of tea, coffee, and revalenta; bread and butter, with occasionally a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a slice of ham, marmalade, &c. The meal concluded, I withdrew to my library, where I engaged actively in nothing particular till luncheon; after which I either returned to the occupation I have mentioned, or drove or walked out with my mother.

In the course of the evening I usually partook of dinner; and, the

evening's engagements ended, retired to bed, at periods which varied considerably from ten to half-past three.

The course of reading suggested to me by a literary gentleman who was on intimate terms with our family, was so sedulously pursued, that, before attaining my fifteenth year, I had perused, *and recorded my opinions* of, the following standard works, many of which bear marginal notes in my own handwriting: "Mangnall's Questions;" "The Rules of Cribbage;" "Philip Quarll;" "Poems," by Euphemia Phisgig; "The Pebbles of Parliament-street," by Thomas Cruskin; &c., &c.

Poetry, however, was my chief delight. True, I loved music, in which I was a proficient, and would sit at my piano for hours together, trifling with the chords; but poetry—poetry was my idol! To this may, perhaps, be attributed that tender melancholy which at times overshadowed my young spirit. It is said by one of themselves—who therefore, of course, know all about it—that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Does not the first extract I shall make, from my earlier efforts, fairly illustrate this? I give it wholly uncorrected:

THE MOURNER.

(*A Moist and Melancholy Song.*)

By life's streamlet
Others dream. Let
 Me pursue my watery way—
Mourning, weeping—
Large tears creeping
 Flood my worn cheek night and day.

Sobbing, streaming—
Gushing—seeming
 Past all cure, my fount of woe—
Large tears—small tears—
Any tears—all tears—
 Tears that trickle—tears that flow.

Sometimes showering,
Sometimes pouring,
 Kerchiefs useless—sponges vain!
Nothing stops it—
Neighbours opp'sit'
 Marvel at the ceaseless rain.

Weeping—weeping—
Waking—sleeping—
 Tear-bewildered—thus as I
Mourning pass on,
In compar'son,
 Niobe, herself, was dry.

Turn we from this sad yet musical strain to another of a widely different character. Strange—strange beyond conception—are the varying attributes of genius! Who would believe that the following lyric—so bold, so replete with energy and action—could proceed from the pen of a fair young girl, who (she can take upon herself to affirm) had had no personal experience whatsoever of the manly sport it celebrates? I was on a visit, at the time, at the house of Sir Harry —, whose

kitchen-garden (I believe) was one morning fixed upon as the "throw off" of the Surrey Union F. H. Our lively host, with a glance at me, suggested that the sport should be inaugurated by a song suited to the occasion. I was silent, affecting not to hear; but, before the party rose, produced from under my napkin, where it had been surreptitiously composed, the annexed :

HUNTING SONG.

Hark, follow! Follow, hark!

Follow, follow, follow, hark!

Hark, follow, follow! Follow, hark!

Hark, hark, follow, hark!

Chorus—Hark, follow, &c.

But there is yet another style in which I was said, if possible, to transcend myself—I allude to that mingling of simple pathos with playful trifling, in which I was the first to excel, and which I consequently was the first to render fashionable. A few stanzas will suffice :

TO MY "FRIEND!"

Fie, Fanny, fie! False, faithless Fan!

I thought I knew you better.

Inconstant, fickle, frail as *man*—

Where, Frances, *where's* your letter?

Mine eyes are red, my cheek is pale—

My waistband's not so tight

As 'twas. Since heartstrings are but frail,

Just take that hint, and *write*.

My thoughts grow wild, and spurn control—

I would I were a bandit!

You're trifling, Fanny, with a soul

That doesn't understand it!

But so 'tis, still. My spirit's wings

Soar wild,—then down they flop—

The mouth, that needs ambrosial things,

Dines on a mutton-chop!

Alas—alas—my friend, to think

What fetters thwart us here!—

A spirit—that would nectar quaff—

Bending to bitter beer!

O'er Swiss ravines my fancy flies—

Comrade of Tell and Hofer!

The while mamma, with dreamy eyes,

Sits dozing on the sofa!

Tyrants! we scorn ye!—Death is sweet!

"Avaunt!"—The dream is done—

I find myself in B—— street—

At number twenty-one.

It was, I think, about the year 18— that I commenced the study of German, with the view, let me confess, of supplying that *desideratum* in our literature—a faithful yet poetic rendering of Goethe's "Faust," and restoring that much-injured, cruelly-misunderstood Mephistopheles to

the good opinion of society. Much, but not enough, has been done by Mr. Charles Kean towards making apparent the broad genial humour and cheerful philanthropy of this delightful character!

Before commencing my translations, however, I tried my hand at an imitation or two of the graceful, airy ballad-poetry of the Vaterland. Let one example suffice:

VOGEL-LIED.

(After Schiller.)

The little bird, in the lilac-tree,
Sate, with a comical air—
With nothing to hear—and little to see—
What did that small bird there?
There were low half-songs—and soft pecks around,
As the spring-buds burst in turn—
And, at intervals, the dreamy sound—
The sound of the milkmaid's churn!

He—he!

The lilac-tree!

The little bird in the lilac-tree!

But hours crept on—as pleasant things will—
And westward stole the day—
And still that little bird sate—and still
Twittered nor note nor lay!
Down swooped the night—the little bird placed
His head beneath his wing
Who knows if the day had been to his taste?—
'Tis only for me to sing—

He—he!

The lilac-tree!

The little bird in the lilac-tree!

Not satisfied with the lower walks of literature, I conceived a strong desire to compose an acted tragedy of the highest class!

Accordingly, having prepared my mind for classic impressions by perusing Macaulay's "Romance of English History," Phillips's "Questions and Commands," "The Mysteries of London," by G. W. M. Reynolds, and other standard works, I lost no time in selecting a proper theme, and was quickly in the heart of my subject.

The classical tragedy of "Pompey the Great" was commenced at ten o'clock A.M. on Monday, June 18th, 18—. Although never yet placed upon the stage, there can, I flatter myself, be but one opinion as to its capabilities for representation. The opening scene affords a striking instance of my foresight. Aware that the *first* scene of any play is invariably lost, by the noise created by persons entering the theatre, I have given a short discourse between two principal characters, which, though interesting as an isolated sketch, has no bearing whatever on the real business of the piece:

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

Before GETA's house, in Rome. Enter LUCIUS and PROCULEIUS, eagerly conversing.

Lucius. This is the house.

Proc. By'r lady, no. Beshrew me,
But thou art much mistaken. Body o' me!

This the rich Geta's mansion? *This* the house!
Fiddle de dee!

Luc. (angrily). Fiddle de—what you please—
I know 'tis Geta's—know it by the roof
That's not repaired—the pig I cannot see—
And the two fig-trees that no longer grow
Before the door.

Proc. Negative proofs, man!

Luc. Well!
There's his red nightcap stuck in the broken pane.
(*Sneeringly*) He can't afford a glazier!

Proc. Not afford!
Three hundred talents in the Four per Cent.
Consolidated Bank Annuities,
The dividends whereof are payable
In the June kalends—

Luc. Hush, thou sworn appraiser
Of other men's possessions! . . . There's no doubt
Geta's a rogue—place that in your chibouque;
And if a citizen of queenly Rome
Might be called “snob,”—why, in this house resides
A creature of the species.

Proc. Man, I say
'Tis not the house!

Luc. It is.

Proc. (half-drawing). Tempt not my patience—
Do not!

Luc. What if I do?

Proc. Why then—good morning. [Exit Proc.]

The pacific character of *Proculeius* is carefully supported throughout the entire play. Warm in temper, he is perpetually in a row, but, with that good feeling which cannot be too strongly inculcated, invariably quits the scene in time to avoid a collision.

With the second scene the business of the piece commences in good earnest. I have viewed the character of *Pompey* in an original light, carefully developing the two great points of it—viz., recklessness, and partiality for figs. So great, indeed, is his devotion to that luscious fruit, that, in almost every speech, I have been careful to record it. His language, I may jocosely observe, is figurative to the last degree! *Ex. gr.:*

ACT I.—SCENE 3.

Lucius. The interest
Of Rome demands it, sir.

Pomp. A fig for Rome!

Again, further on, in the same scene:

Luc. Cæsar has passed the Rubicon.

Pomp. A fig
For Cæsar!

Luc. But his legions, sir, already
Threaten the city.

Pomp. (coolly). As I have observed,
A fig for Cæsar, and his legions, &c.

In the second act we have repeated instances of this peculiarity, conveyed in such expressions as the following :

Were all Rome
One mighty fig—I'd eat it !

And again, on returning from the senate, after delivering his celebrated speech on the state of public affairs :

Give me a bunch of figs !

Again :

Psha, sir, a fig ! Don't talk to me !

And (at the banquet at *Lucullus's*),

I'll thank you for
A fig.

I proceed to notice the introduction of a character of which the reader would certainly not dream—no less a person than a dashing, thoroughbred *Irishman* ! Conceive the astonishment of the Conscrip Fathers at his appearance in their grave senate ! So completely is *Pompey* himself taken aback by the apparition, that he absolutely, for the time, forgets his favourite figs.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

Pomp. What have you brought me here ?
A Grecian ? No. A Gaul !
Soldier. Neither, my lord.
One of the tribe Hibernici.
Pomp. His name ?—
Some one said, Caius Paulus !
Sold. No, my lord—
Pathrick O'Dogherty.
Pomp. (*amazed*). Pathrick—*what* ?
P. O'D. Bedad
(Be the gods, I mane !), I'd like yees tell me why
Ye'd nab a thrue-born Irish Britisher
Thravellin' for health ? Jest spake to *that*, ye ould
Chap, wid the curly nose !
Pomp. (*coolly*). Cut off his head . . .
The next !
P. O'D. Och ! blathershins ! &c.

It cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to the reader's feelings to know that the gallant Irishman not only escapes decapitation, but, partaking freely of that peculiarity, so common to his countrymen, of falling on his legs, takes service with *Cæsar*, and at the battle of Pharsalia (with which the play concludes) commands a cohort, under the name of *Caius Patricius Doghertorius*.

Seldom in the whole range of the drama have I perused anything finer (in its way) than my closing scene of *Pompey's* life—embracing, as it does, a remarkable illustration of the ruling passion :

Pomp. What ho ! Erminius ! Slave !
Fly to the nearest fruiterer's, and bring me
A bunch of the freshest figs.
Ern. (*startling*). My lord !

Pomp. I said
A bunch of figs.

Erm. Of figs, my lord!

Pomp. (striking him). Dull slave—
I say, a bunch of F.I.G.S.—figs.
Begone!

[*Exit ERMINIUS.*]

Let me collect my thoughts, O Rome!
Ungrateful Rome! thou very fig o' the world,
I could say much in this our parting hour;
But, in the first place, Rome, thou wouldst not hear,
Nor, in the second, care. Besides, I've said,
At different times, so much, that further speech
Were altogether needless. You've behaved,
Like all your sex, disgustingly. And so,
Good luck to you, I'm off. Oh, here you are,
Erminius!

Enter ERMINIUS.

Erm. Two denarii, my lord,
And half an obolus—(he won't take less)—
And to return the basket.

Pomp. So, begone! (*Takes a fig.*)
Caesar! this work is thine. (*Takes another.*) Posterity
Will soon avenge me. Yes, I feel the spirit
Of prophecy creep o'er me. (*Takes another.*) And I see
Your final doom: how you'll become a thing
Half knave, half tyrant, and the rest made up
Of statesman, ass, and bull-dog. How, at last,
They'll plot. How you'll be humbugged into going
Straight to the Capitol. (*Takes a fig.*)
How you'll there be met
By a mock deputation—(*takes another*)—to repeal
A tax that don't exist. How that choice knot
Of agitators—Brutus, Cassius, Decius,
Casca, Trebonius, and a lot besides—
Will pink your lordship—(*takes another*)—under the short ribs,
And make a jolly shindy. (*Takes another.*) But I feel
My chest oppressed, as though—(*takes another*)—a load of iron
Was being shot there. (*Takes another.*)
How, but three more figs!
Come, then, to work. (*Takes two more.*)
Farewell, Erminius—I—I'm going. (*Takes the last fig.*)
So is this. 'Tis gone. Support me! [*Reels to a sofa.*]
Erm. I'll run for a doctor—sir—my lord—your life—
Pomp. (faintly). A fl-i-i-g—for—life! [*Dies.*]
Erm. O Pompey—Pompey—last
(But three) of all the Romans, fare thee well.
By man unconquered, thou dost yield at last
To fate—and figs.

Passages of poetical beauty are not, as may be supposed, wanting; but the extent to which I have unconsciously carried my former quotations, prevents my gratifying the reader with the greater part of the numerous extracts I had selected. Exceptions must be made, however, in favour of the two following. In the first, *Politia*, a noble Roman lady (a remarkably well-drawn character), confined in a turret by order of *Pompey*, gives utterance to the following beautiful soliloquy. The

gradual awakening to the consciousness of continued existence, through the medium of the five senses, is artistically delineated :

The matutinal morn doth lazily
Unseal her lids, and with a languid leer
Winks at the wakening world. Sounds, not unlike
The busy bumble of a billion bees,
Mount to my airy dungeon. Am I alive ?
I'm confident—no—let me say, *I think*
I am. I feel my blood, like good bank-notes,
In easy circulation. I've a twinge
In either elbow. Odours, more or less
Agreeable, haunt my nostrils. Busy sounds
Bubble and squeak, up to my prison-bars,
With reassuring murmur. On the whole,
I think that I may venture to conclude
I have survived the night.

My last extract bears a rather singular resemblance to a well-known passage.

Does not some one truly write that it is difficult sometimes to distinguish between the real offspring and the "adopted children" of the brain ?

The course of real passion never did
Run altogether smooth ; for either it
Was different in point of blood—or else
Misgraffed, as touching years—or else it stood
Upon the choice of injudicious friends ;
Or, if there were a sort of sympathy
In choice—war, death, or cholera, laid siege to 't.

I come to an event in my life which, whether viewed as an extraordinary impulse of genius, or in the calmer light of a wonderful example of mental industry, must equally claim the admiration of the literary world. I allude, of course, to my (hereafter to be) celebrated novel of "Eleanor Fitzfurnace ; or, The Sighs of Sobbleton Grange." I am aware of but one instance on record in which talent more versatile than my own has manifested itself. I refer to that accomplished person who, in the ring at Astley's, was wont to enact in the short space of ten minutes, and on the back of a wild and savage steed, the parts of English farmer, old woman, sailor, private gentleman, and Circassian bandit. How I acquired that intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human mind so necessary for the undertaking, I really cannot say. Nobody taught me. "'Spose it growed." My life had been tranquil and uneventful, passed in lettered ease and gentle conviviality. My family circle was not extensive, being, in fact, confined to myself and my mother. And though, no doubt, that revered parent furnished the model for more than one of the more estimable characters in the work, I need hardly observe that I did not, from the same honoured source, derive my ideas of highwaymen, ostlers, gay young *roués*, &c., &c.

It was my original intention to write a *sea-story*, for which task my frequent voyages to the distant ports of Hammersmith, Richmond, and Kew, abundantly qualified me ; but, with a self-abnegation rarely (I

fancy) seen in the literary world, I altered my purpose on reflecting that, as an intimate acquaintance of Captain C——r, the celebrated nautical novelist, it would be more becoming in me to select a line less likely to interfere with his profits and his fame.

I went further! On the completion of my work, I took an early opportunity of calling upon Captain C——, and cordially submitting the MS. to his (my fellow-writer's) judgment.

After some trivial remarks:

Myself. Captain C——, I have brought you a—a—a—humph——

Capt. C. A what, my dear young lady?

Myself. A—a—I am, really, half—Oh, good gracious! shall I tell you?

Capt. C. You really raise my curiosity to the utmost. Pray, do not keep me in suspense.

Myself. Oh, dear!—you're very kind. But, really now, it's quite a little thing—I——

Capt. C. Little thing! Is it alive?

Myself (*giggling*). He—he—he!

Capt. C. (*smiling*). *He*, do you say? What—it's of the masculine gender, then?

Myself. Oh, good gracious—no. Quite the rev—I mean to say, it's a harmless sort of thing. I should be so obliged. It won't give you much trouble. It's not long.

Capt. C. Not long! (*Aside*) What the deuce can it be!—a pet snake?

Myself. You will not find it fiery.

Capt. C. Fiery! God forbid.

Myself. And I do hate so much anything that—that stings.

Capt. C. (*anxiously*). By Jove—yes. . . . Won't you put that basket outside the door?

Myself. This basket? If you wish it. But—oh, good gracious!—it's *in* the basket.

Capt. C. So I apprehended. My dear young lady, does your mamma permit you to carry such things about?

Myself. Of course—why not? It's rolled up neatly.

Capt. C. "Coiled"—in speaking of snakes, my dear.

Myself. Snakes, Captain C.! It's not a snake. It's a—a—a—humph!

Capt. C. In the name of goodness, *what*?

Myself. A—oh, good gracious—a—a manuscript—a—a—novel. *There!*

Capt. C. Pray let me see it. (*Takes it.*) Ha—hum—Elconora—Fitz—~~how~~ much? Eh—hum—I see—sentiment, pathos, 'love, jealousy. All the passions worked upon—slight touch of metaphysics—covert humour—good—I take it in at a glance. Now, my dear young friend, listen attentively to me. I give you my free and unbiassed opinion—and it affords me the sincerest pleasure to lend a helping hand to one so young and gifted—on the thorny paths of literature. Put up the MS. again carefully. Cover it up. So. Now, tell nobody (more especially Charles Dickens, or Mrs. Beecher Stowe) anything about it—and—and—I give you my honour—I won't!

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Carnival—The Valley and Fountain of Egeria—Society and the Artist World.

I LOVE the Eternal City, after my fashion, with a devotion as unquestioning and entire as ever animated the bosom of an ancient Roman : 'tis all the same in *degree*, though somewhat different, I confess, in *kind*. Rome is my intellectual home, my spiritual resting-place ; and as the *spirit* is nobler and stronger and more enduring than the fragile *body*, which dies and decays and is buried, so is my spiritual attachment to my soul's home firmer, and nobler, and more intense than the mere instinctive national love of country or of home, as being the first abode of the perishable body when it saw the light, was reared and nourished in the days of my ignorance. No, I would not prefer the happiest memories, the dearest domestic attractions of the fondest, kindest home, either at the merry Christmas-time or amid the leafy joys of sweet July, for the exquisite intellectual raptures, the soul-stirring emotions, the altogether new and untrodden life of past centuries, and daily communion with its heroes, its great deeds, and its immortal artists (ever living in the wondrous breathing marbles time has spared), which I live here !

But there is one period when Rome is most unacceptable—during the Carnival. A perfectly contagious plague of folly, vulgarity, license, noise, and ribaldry is abroad, and I would desire to retire from all possible contact with the incongruous scene. Solemn, grave, meditative Rome, with its dim memories looming through the chasm of bygone ages, its frowning palaces, deeply shadowed cavernous streets, classical population (wanting only the toga to make proper senators with such chiselled features and majestic forms), grand associations, religious displays, pious associations. This city of churches, and popes, and cardinals, and ruins, and relics, princes' palaces, reserve, sculpture and mosaics, given up for ten days to vulgar common-place tomfoolery ! Oh, horrible ! May I never see "the Niobe of nations" so debase herself again ! It was to me the most profoundly melancholy period of my stay, and I only went into the Corso to be able, from actual seeing, the more heartily to abuse the degrading scenes there enacted.

Elsewhere the Carnival may be very amusing in picturesque bright Italy, where the very beggars wear their gaudy rags with a kind of royal dignity, but it is utterly unsuitable to the grandeur of the Eternal City, and ought to be discontinued by general acclamation. If the Carnival and the English and the Red Republicans were banished from Rome, there would remain nothing "to fright it from its propriety." The Carnival of the present century is thoroughly bereft of all mediæval picturesqueness and poetry since masks are forbidden, and the half-barbarous but dramatic scene at the Capitol is suppressed, when the aged Jews used to come in procession from the Ghetto, and kneeling bareheaded before the senator, entreat to be allowed to remain "*one year longer in Rome*," on condition of paying the expenses of the festival, furnishing the banners,

and supplying the prize money, the senator in gracious assent placing his foot on the prostrate Israelite, while the great bell of the Capitol rang out its brazen notes.

During the latter days of the Carnival, from two till six, all the world rush madly to the Corso, now fluttering with flags, and tapestry, and banners, and red and white hangings picturesquely draping the galleries, terraces, cornices, and windows of the stern old palaces "of other days," until their familiar faces become quite irreognisable, for though masks are denied to the people, the houses certainly are allowed to adopt them. People are crushed into carriages and cars by dozens, and the streets overflow, and the windows are crammed, and the galleries and verandahs tremble with the weight, and the dust flies like the sand on the desert, and the sun shines too hot, or the wind blows too chill; and, after all this *chiasso*, "what come they out for to see?"—A few dozen miserable ragamuffins of the lowest grade in dirty costumes hired in miserable slop-shops (for none but the lowest ever dream of a regular costume)—crowds of the refuse of a great city—troops of half-tipsy and much excited soldiers—gentlemen with a charming return to infantine simplicity, dressed in "over-all" pinafores of brown holland—ladies carrying blue wire masks, making them look particularly hideous—to be pelted with flowers so black and dirty that they seem the very corpses of themselves—to be blinded with showers of lime (the "gesso" of the studios put to such unholy abuses!) which every rascal may freely fling in one's face, and which descends also in deluges from above, making one's eyes intolerable for days (mine positively ache to write of it)—to be screamed at, sworn at, stared at by a vast crowd, where one recognises not a soul, so muffled up is every one in the aforesaid wire masks, veils, and great hats of the conspirator cut—all this martyrdom being endured to be occasionally rewarded by a tiny bag of sugar-plums thrown by a compassionating male friend, or a bouquet of decent flowers, which are either lost in the street, or the next instant torn violently from one's grasp by a vile little street urchin, who makes a few *bajocchi* by its speedy sale.

The enormities committed by the ladies and gentlemen placed in the galleries are utterly outrageous and unaccountable; it is a serious, solemn system of folly unrelieved by any excuse of fun or frolic—a so-styled farce, without a laugh or a jest. English, and Germans, and Americans there take their stand with all the grave reserve of the sober nations of the North, and from buckets filled with lime and unpleasant little musty bouquets placed beside them, alternately shovel out bushels of lime, or pelt with faded flowers the crowd generally struggling beneath, or their own particular acquaintance, without a smile or a joke, looking as composed and serious as if fulfilling some religious penance. Sure such a travestie of mirth never was beheld! The Italians *have* some fun about them, and play the harlequin like gentlemen,—but the others!

The Prince of Prussia amused me particularly. With a face of the most rigid composure, every fold and feature made up for court etiquette, he stood in a conspicuous balcony, surrounded by his *état-major*, heaping down lime and flowers with the precision of a military sharpshooter. He is young too, and tolerably well-looking, but not a smile moved his statue-like composure. The vulgar might see something ridiculous in the Carnival, but as for him it devolved into a species of court etiquette—a ceremony to be

performed and nothing more, he being at Rome, and the Carnival prevailing. I cannot say the lime was less irritating, or the faded flowers fresher, coming from his royal hands.

When the glimpse of a pretty woman is caught through her veil or wire mask she is assailed by lime and round sugar-plums as hard and offensive as shot, and pelted with flowers picked from the street, until the arms in the neighbourhood ache from exhaustion, and she sinks back in her carriage loaded and whitened by a plaster statue. People there were inhuman enough to let down little iron hooks to catch the hats and cloaks and chains of ladies and gentlemen, and inflicted serious injury. A ruffian flung a stone at the Russian ambassadress and nearly broke her arm; a French soldier flung a handful of lime into my face, and sent me home to suffer for days. But there is no redress; short of a positive assault, all is fair and allowable, and excused in this most ill-natured saturnalia, where the greatest fun is to try who can hurt his neighbour most.

The ancient Romans marked their season of *Feræ* by universal peace, happiness, and liberty. Slaves were manumitted, and masters waited on their servants at the feast; and doubtless they would thus have handed down the tradition to their descendants, had not the Christian strangers of modern days, called by the Romans "Barbarians," misapplied and abused the once genial and classic games in honour of the god Saturn, who in the golden age ruled with his wife Astrea, or Justice, over the tribes of ancient Latium, and were worshipped in their lofty temple on the Capitoline Mount.

It was cold and disagreeably windy weather, and the clouds of white dust strewing the streets, the houses, the carriages, breathed in the air, clinging to one's clothes, and face, and hair. The roars, the cries, the screams, the rush and roll of a great multitude, made it a scene of perplexity, annoyance, and discomfort not to be described. No one laughed—no one joked amid this Babel; it was noise without mirth, romping without play. I was inexpressibly disappointed and disgusted.

At five o'clock the Corso is cleared; and after the carabinieri have properly persecuted and annoyed the crowd, in order to make room, eight or ten horses, covered with old pots and kettles, and little flags and rockets, rush or dawdle along according to their private feelings at the time, like runaway beasts that no one will take the trouble to catch. These miserable apologies are called the "Barberi," or Arabian horses, because they were so once in the good old times, but retain nothing now of their former race but the name commemorated in a street called the "*Ripresa dei Barbari*," where they are caught after accomplishing their dismal career.

This contemptible wind-up to the day's weariness is wretched beyond description. I thought of Ascot and Epsom, and the noble satin-coated steeds scarcely touching mother earth in their giddy flight across the great heather commons, and I could scarcely believe the scraggy animals which had just passed were of the same race. Each day I returned home from the Corso more weary and fatigued—a moving mass of white dust, sitting knee-deep in dirty bouquets and the *débris* of the nasty confetti—with aching head and watery eyes, from this most flat and unprofitable of modern mysteries.

The only part of the Carnival that moved me with a sensation of enjoyment was the last night of the "*Moccoli*." Dark-winged benignant

night wrapped the flaunting scene in her sable mantle, harmonising the incongruous groups into broad picturesque masses—dark, brooding, mysterious. The hum of the multitude, united and softened in the gloom, rose up like a vast chorus of rejoicing; the ribald jest, the insolent attack, was mitigated, as the lights came out by millions, above, below, around—"whiter than new snow on the raven's back," as *Juliet* says—a universe of bright twinkling stars. On the windows of the palaces, along the roofs, in the balconies, there was light—floods of light; while below, every creature among those moving thousands carried his or her taper—sometimes a whole bunch—dancing and dashing to and fro in the dark streets like planets fallen from their spheres to the abuses of this under world, and fairly gone mad. After a time the vast glittering mass revolved itself into what appeared the deep precipitate sides of a mighty cavern, sparkling with countless glistening lights waving and ebbing to and fro in the evening breeze, like a sea of sparkling gems that rose and rose until they seemed to meet the heavens studded with stars, wan and eclipsed by the garish tapers, while the moon, still paler and subdued, serenely shone over all in a softened atmosphere of blue.

The fun waxed fast and furious during the two hours' duration of this grand and dazzling pageant; but to my mind it was more subdued and chastened to the humanities of life than the charivari of the day. Those who merely looked on like myself, and bore no moccòlo, were let alone and unmolested, or only saluted with now and then a long doleful cry of "*Vergogna, vergogna, senza moccòlo, senza moccòlo-o-o*"—a kind of indignant wail in accents of infinite disgust—or a sharp "*Come, signora! senza moccòlo, par impossibile—è pazza!*" from some pert youth, who, finding his reproaches ineffectual, walked scornfully away, brandishing his light vigorously to assault a more congenial stranger.

The showers of lime almost vanished, and the bouquets, all being intent on the exquisite fun of extinguishing each other's taper. And fun there was—real good living fun, not at all of the drawing-room sort—amid the uproarious tumult and universal deafening noise, where every one was fighting, screaming, laughing, and struggling with might and main—men scuffling over the expiring remnants of a light—women stretching half over the balconies, and struggling out of carriages, madly, after obstinate tapers held securely on high; whilst, lo! from behind—thump!—it is gone; and the cry, "*Senza moccòlo!*" is heard ringing out, and clouds of bouquets fall; and then all separate in chase of new fun, and are instantly re-engaged, fighting hard as ever. "*Moccòli morte a chi non porta moccòli!*" sounds again, and men rush hither and thither, carrying torches, and paper lanterns, and pyramids of light, dancing to and fro on long poles, until the cry become like the watchword of a general conflagration.

There was many a lovely girl, radiant with excitement and pleasure, fighting as stoutly for the frail taper's existence as though it involved a love-charm, in the balconies with favoured beaux. And why not?

Let youth be glad because the moon is bright;
And beauty, that the world is kind.

My beauty-lily was there—the pale American; she carried no light, but her pure intellectual face, such as Raphael alone could paint, was lit

up with a soft smile, shining like a very beacon of beauty among the throng.

On the ground-floor there were windows and doors full of merry Roman girls—jolly, rollicking grisettes, only so handsome—mad with frolic and laughter, holding high above their heads the fated moccoles, which crowds of gallants were endeavouring by indescribable feats to extinguish. Their riotous ringing shouts echo in my ears. How they did laugh!—it was delicious! They were always at the same game whenever we passed, and would be at it now had the bell not sounded at eight o'clock—that fatal horrid knell—and all the world been driven away, and the last moccolo blown out by those disagreeable carabinieri, who seemed to have a wicked spite against the mirth in which they could not join, and to hurry the crowd home to fasting and to Lent and austerities, now gathered thick as a funeral pall around the faithful by the Catholic Church.

And so, it is over, and Rome quiet; and hosts of strangers are gone, travelling in great machines dragged by strings of horses; and the streets are silent, and the carriages no longer lined with white to save them from the showers of confetti; and I am truly glad, and never wish to see Rome desecrated by the Carnival again!

I now resume my account of that portion of ancient Rome in the vicinity of the tomb of Cecilia Metella. On returning a few days afterwards, I passed through the circus of Romulus, out by the ruined Arch of Triumph on the Albano-road, and found myself in a feathering grove of elm-trees, standing singly, fringing the inequalities of the Campagna. The perfume of violets blossoming in the fine herbage around their roots scented the refreshing breezes, sweeping over the verdant expanse, singularly and most picturesquely broken by ruins—here, a temple, there, a nymphaean or ruined portico, near by a wall overmantled by ivy, all serving to mark the rise and fall of the ground undulating around in graceful inequalities, backed by the Claudian aqueducts on one side, while on the other Rome herself, plainly defined, crowned the Caelian and Esquiline Hills. Nature and art combined to form a scene of arcadian beauty and palladian grandeur—the past, the present, and the future were visible to the reflective eye—the broad heavens overshadowing all, and the setting sun, that eye of the universe, giving the last and finest touch to the harmonious unity of this sublime picture, where

The green hills are clothed with leafy blossom;
Through the grass the quick-eyed lizard rustles,
And the bills of summer birds sing welcome as we pass.

I strolled on through the open wood over the undulating plain towards the small ruined church of St. Urbano alla Caffarella, once a temple of classic beauty, dedicated, it is said, to Bacchus, whose picturesque worship was specially suited to these wild idyllic solitudes, where the sighing of the wind across the Campagna might be fancifully interpreted into Pan with his reedy pipes wooing some coy nymph, Syrinx perchance, who obstinately refusing his suit, avails herself of the protection of Diana; where the summer breeze might whisper the voice of Zephyr as he approached the chariot of the light-footed Iris; or the deep shadows in the clustered trees revolve themselves into the forms of the Dryades and

the Hamadryades, softly conversing in the noontide heat through the leaves beside the clear brook, whose bubbling waters sparkle on the flowery turf. It is easy even now to recal the mysterious charms of Mythology in regions specially devoted to its rites ; to transform every ruder sound into the discordant laugh of the satyrs or the mocking faun ; to people the valleys with green-haired Nereides resting beside the streams meandering in their depths, their white feet glancing through the green sedges, and the tall reeds fringing the banks, and to believe that a spirit or a god appears in the grotesque contortions of gnarled trees around. Solitude feeds these fancies. I was alone, and gave free rein to my imagination, which presently became on fire ; built up every ruined altar, each decaying temple erected in honour of the sylvan deities, whose ruins now strew that verdant plain ; filled the portico of Bacchus' ancient temple crowning the hill with glowing Bacchantes, torch in hand, and with dishevelled hair, ready to celebrate the Brumalia with shouts and cries as they bore aloft the golden image of the god crowned with vine-leaves and the purple grapes. I pictured, too, those pure and poetic existences of the "graceful superstition" of old—the nymphs, whose haunts were in the wooded dale or piny mountain, "in forests by slow stream or pebbly spring, in chasms and watery depths," dividing under their gentle sway all the realms of Nature. Could I at that moment have beheld one "in the flesh," I would gladly have risked the delirium which is said was the penalty paid for the curiosity of those bold mortals who dared to gaze on their immortal beauty.

But to resume. I now had reached the temple of Bacchus, barbarously disfigured by being converted into a church, which has in its turn become a ruin. Below the decaying altar a dark door leads down into the catacombs, which extend even to this distance into the Campagna ; but the door has been closed ever since a party of young collegians, attended by their tutors, were lost in their gloomy recesses. I looked with horror on the portal which had led them, young, fresh, and happy, to so dismal a fate. Below the temple, or church, the ground rapidly sinks into a deep and narrow valley, enclosed by soft rounded hills, at whose base runs a stream—the *Almo*, I believe. Immediately opposite is a dark grove of ilex-trees, circular in shape, whose thickly-matted branches form a deep shade under the brightest sun—such a place as the wood nymphs loved. These trees are still called "*Il bosco sacro*"—spots anciently consecrated by the most solemn Pagan ceremonies, where the gods revealed their prophetic secrets to the priest or priestess standing beside the inspired tree, listening with attentive ear to the murmurs of the wind, or the low splashing of the streams and waters at its foot, remarking the gradations of sound, and thence presaging the future.

Descending into the dell, and passing to the left under the hill, I reached a deep, shady grotto, overshadowed by trees ; the fluttering aspen, the feathering ash, with long trailing garlands of fresh May and yellow broom rising from a mound of plants and luxuriant weeds, beautifying and concealing the ruins to which they cling. The sides of the grotto are covered with moss, the slabs along the floor are slippery with the same verdant carpet ; and there was a bubbling of waters, and a fresh earthy smell of spring and flowers, their leaves sprinkled with "*Elysian water-drops*," perfectly delicious. The grotto is entirely uncovered, the sides walled, and at the extremity, under a solid arch, lies the mutilated

statue of a recumbent nymph buried with ivy, once that "Egeria the sweet creation of some heart which found no mutual resting-place," for I stood in her domain; and the "cave-guarded spring" that gushed from beneath the statue and found its way into the valley along little stone-conduits bordering the walls, broken with the now empty niches, is said, by tradition, to be the very rill beside whose running waters Numa met his goddess or his love. Antiquarians assure us it is not so, and that tradition has no right to appropriate this sweet spot consecrated by Nature to the sylvan deities; but I love to go in a believing spirit, and accept the beauty, actual or suggestive, around me. I believe that this is the very grove mentioned by Livy through which flowed a perennial fountain issuing from a shady grotto where Numa resorted, without witnesses, to a conference with a goddess, and that therefore he dedicated it to the Muses, that they might there hold counsel with his wife Egeria.

A tradition so replete with beauty, a spot so exquisitely romantic, are subjects too ideal and delicate to endure the rough handling of antiquarian critics. I do not desire their lore. I will only listen to the bubbling and running of that sparkling little stream as it dances forth through the moss and the weeds into the valley beyond, and I will have ears alone for its suggestive whisperings. Juvenal is said, in classical days, to have angrily lamented that the walls of the grotto were plated with rich marbles and the fountain artificially decorated. His ire might be now appeased, for it has returned to its pristine state of solitude and simplicity—the grassy margin and the naked rock. The marble linings, the pillars, the statues, have disappeared, and Nature alone adorns the monument of the past. Egeria herself has disappeared from this "enchanted cover," and has left but a mutilated Torso!

Of all the legends of infant Rome none is more poetical than the story of Numa and his goddess-wife Egeria, who descended from her place among the gods amid the starry heavens to inspire him with wisdom and counsel. Tradition says, that after living some years with his first wife Tatia, the daughter of Tatius, co-sovereign with Romulus of yet unbuilt Rome, he became a widower, and was chosen to govern the growing state founded on the Seven Hills. It was then that Egeria came to his aid, and dictated those wise and just laws so loved by the Romans in her mysterious meetings under the sacred grove beside the little streamlet, over which Numa erected a temple, now a ruined grotto, to her honour.

But, alas! Numa was not always faithful to his spirit-bride. Egeria had rivals of her own incorporeal and mystic nature, for Numa met also the Muses in these nocturnal interviews, and boasted that he was specially distinguished by one *Tacita*, the Muse of Silence, to whom he erected temples, and taught the Romans to honour by a particular veneration. But his gentle love, Egeria—his tried and constant friend—was not to be disheartened: she loved him to the end, and we shall find her again among the classic shades of Albano proving her love in death.

There is an extraordinary mysticism mixed up in the character of Numa, full of graceful interest and incident—his love for Egeria, her vale, her grotto with its sparkling rill, his meetings with the Muses, and the strange story told by Plutarch of his interview with Jupiter. When the Aventine was neither enclosed nor inhabited—before the Roman plebs resorted there—and abounded with fresh springs and shady groves,

amazement to embrace Volumnia, who, looking reproof and anger, demands "Whether she was to receive an enemy or a son? Whether she stood in his camp a prisoner or a mother? Was it for this," she exclaims, "my life has been lengthened out—that I might behold you an exile, and afterwards an enemy? When you came within the sight of Rome, did it not recur to you, 'Within these walls are my house, my mother, wife, and children?' Had I never been a mother, then Rome would not have been besieged; had I not a son, I might have left my country free!"

I reascended the steep hill to the temple of Bacchus, feeling that I had pondered over a delicious page in the entrancing annals of the magic past (engraven by the hand of antiquity on the face of Nature, and shrouded by her fostering care) far more satisfying than years of study over ponderous tomes in the cold distant North, where the true voice of classic romance and historic tradition can never penetrate. Here, the earth, the sky, the hills, the streams, the woods, and very stones, are pregnant with the great past, all teaching us in chorus, with an eloquence that fires the imagination, while it instructs and enlarges the mind, willing, truthfully, and believingly, to read the pages unfolded in the mighty book of the universe open around. I can but faintly define the ideas, suggestions, and associations naturally rising among these scenes—their *individuality* must constitute the only value of my faint echoes, for the learned have written, and the ignorant have questioned, until words seem vain; yet is luxuriant Nature ever fresh and vivid now as in far-off centuries, and ought to awaken new and sympathetic chords in every mind approaching in a right spirit these her favoured shrines.

There are many cliques and sets at Rome, more varied and antagonistic in character than are found elsewhere in much larger and more populous cities. I have belonged a little to all, entirely to none. There is the ecclesiastical set, composed of cardinals, monsignores, and high dignitaries of the Church—very slow, pompous, and humdrum indeed, dreaming away their lives in the discharge of various local duties, and thousands of years behind the busy, bustling life of the North, where climate and habits perpetually drive people onwards as if the very furies pursued them. They lazily drive about to each other's palazzos in big red coaches, like hearses put upon wheels, drawn by black horses, with a retinue of antiquated retainers in the most singular liveries, hanging down to their heels, and cocked-hats on their heads; within sit the starch, solemn old gentlemen in purple and red, their pale parchment countenances never relaxing into a smile.

Once past the city gates, it is "their custom of an afternoon" to descend and walk slowly along between high walls, which entirely obscure the prospect, on the dusty road, attended by their extraordinary myrmidons, antique enough to have handed Mrs. Noah into the ark itself. Most courteously do these princes of the Church salute all who pass them; and there were two or three whom I well knew by sight, and from my admiration of their holy and benevolent countenances. Now and then "these grave and reverend signiors" give a reception, when some female relation of high degree receives the guests and does the honours, in palaces so vast and magnificent it is a positive sin one solitary man should transmogify those "marble halls" into a hermitage. The Holy Father himself leaves the Vatican nearly every day by one of the gates for his

"trottata," generally dressed in white, and wearing a broad hat of red silk. Then it is etiquette for every one to go on their knees in the dust and receive his blessing, rendered doubly valuable by the benignant grace with which it is bestowed; but since "the evil days" of his flight and the siege, no welcome or applause ever greets his presence.

It is a ridiculous mistake, a complete idle prejudice, for people to talk and write about the immorality of the Roman clergy; such nonsense can only proceed from the pens of ignoramuses, or prejudiced and evil-minded persons—such as the noisy Father Gavazzi, the sanguinary-minded Mazzini, and their fellows; people who, for their criminal license and base personal ambition, hid under the cloak of patriotism, have been exiled from a city on which their factious measures and mal-government brought anarchy, misrule, want, and ruin, the subversion of all law, the annihilation of personal property, murder, rapine, and the horrors of war.

The higher ranks of the Roman clergy are remarkable for their moral conduct, serious demeanour, and blameless lives. It is most rare indeed to hear in any direction of the slightest *lègèreté*, and when it is detected it is remorselessly and unhesitatingly punished. A certain monsignore gave scandal this winter by a too mundane and vain conduct and deportment, without, I believe, much, if any, criminality. He was at once degraded in the face of all Rome. The cardinals are occasionally present in general society where there is no dancing, but their manners are so reserved and distant (except to particular male friends) that they can scarcely be reckoned among the company. The parish priests of Rome are generally a most active and excellent body of men, irreproachable in conduct, and, but for the unhappy political dissensions which divide from them the sympathies of the people, in consequence of their known and proper attachment to the papal government, they would be justly and sincerely beloved. It is extremely rare to hear a whisper of any misconduct among the various and numerous religious houses of both sexes. When discovered, it is uncompromisingly punished; and were such offences committed, they would undoubtedly be known, sooner or later, from the very fact of the political hatred and irritation existing against the priests, because, firm to their vows, they will not side with a senseless and excited populace. The priests were the first and principal victims of the revolution; they were butchered in the streets like dogs, and the brutal Romans dipped their hands and their swords in the blood of those innocent men, whose only crime consisted in warning the masses against the fate in store for them, and refusing to join, or connive at, their senseless rebellion.

But to return to my immediate topic—Society. There is the set of the Roman princesses, grand, haughty dames, proud of their descent from the Cornelias, the Lucretias, and the Portias of other ages. They are, as a body, remarkable for correct conduct (and even when frail, a decided care "*per salvare le apparenze*"), extreme devotion, and a lamentable want of intellectual cultivation. I believe many a raw English school-girl is better acquainted with Roman history than these princesses, born and reared amid the imposing ruins of the city of the Cæsars. They dislike strangers, unless specially introduced—especially Protestants, who are not considered Christians—and clan and club together in "*a noli mi tangere*" spirit very unusual among the Italians—in general an easy, hospitable, polite, and facile people. But the Romans generally, and especially

the princes and princesses, are remarkable for their senseless pride (mitigated certainly now by the immense influx of strangers and foreign grandees into their city); they are unceasingly haunted by the notion of their descent from the Fabiuses, the Maximuses, and Cæsars of old, and endeavour occasionally, very unsuccessfully, to ape the dignified and solemn bearing of these great pillars of the state—a proceeding absolutely ridiculous in the sunken and degenerate state of prostrate Rome in the nineteenth century.

As to the ladies—my special province—one must forgive them their foolish arrogance when one sees the superb palaces, the interminable suites of magnificent and glittering rooms they inhabit—enough to infuse pomp, vainglory, and pride into a very “Griselda”—and see the trains of menials, retainers, and servants crowding their halls, and waiting on their slightest caprice. From infancy their steps are guarded with a care—they are nurtured with a luxury, and looked on by their inferiors with a devoted respect and veneration quite sufficient to turn wiser brains and confuse more expanded intellects. Each lady has her own *entourage* and circle—clients like the followers of the ancient senators; and although their saloons may occasionally be opened for a grand ball to the *profanum vulgus*, the magnificent mistress, her debt to popularity once paid, speedily closes her doors and retires to enjoy her morgue and her nineteen bosom friends, washing her princely hands from all further contamination with the common or unclean. Then there is the diplomatic set, of necessity more hospitable and affable *outwardly*, but in reality excessively exclusive. Each ambassadress (and their names are legion, for even Mexico has its representative at Rome) forms a little court of her own, composed principally of her compatriots, the *état-major* of his excellency, and some distinguished hangers-on. Among these ladies are women of intellect, wit, and beauty, the same correctness of character and conduct (at least outwardly) prevailing in “the religious city;” withal they are more approachable than the indigenous “grandes dames,” and altogether superior, as being women of the world, as contradistinguished to the narrow limits of the *Roman* world.

As the Papal court is of necessity entirely confined to the masculine gender, the French ambassadress, the Comtesse de Raynaval, since the military occupation of Rome, reigns supreme—with rather a haughty and iron sway. The American set, headed by its courteous representative, keeps very much to itself, scarcely mingling at all with the English, and but little with the Italians. Being a numerous body, they are extremely sociable among themselves, and remarkable for general intelligence, bustle, and go-ahead propensities, and for the fragile and delicate beauty of the younger ladies—those pale daughters of the New World, whose alabaster skins, melting blue eyes, and flaxen hair, are nowhere more conspicuous than among the olive-complexioned, black-eyed, luscious beauties of the South.

There is a learned set at Rome, necessarily cosmopolite, but decidedly Catholic; and there is also a rabidly Protestant set, who consider the Pope the abomination of desolation, and have been heard to stigmatise his blessing as a curse. It is wonderful they ever trust themselves within the walls of Babylon, and are to be found lingering even in the courts of the Vatican, for the spirit of the place can never visit them. Then there

is that awful amalgamation of dissipation, riches, scandal, and exclusiveness, the English set, who have appropriated to themselves an entire quarter of the city, comprising the beautiful Pincian, where they have their English shops, English prices, books, papers, servants, and *cuisine*, live much together, sharing only in the grand festivities of the Roman nobles and the diplomatic corps. They are a very awful and terrible set the English at Rome, having apparently left all their John Bull heartiness and good-humour on the further side of the Alps; and their club is a mysterious social inquisition, where, like the denunciations of the lion's mouth in the ducal palazzo at Venice, to be spoken of is *death*—moral, absolute death—there being no appeal, no justification. "To be talked about at the club" is a sentence of eternal banishment from their *insular* and *isolated* society—(the English can never forget the conformation of their native land, and draw imaginary channels and oceans around them wherever they go)—"to be talked about" at that fatal club is morally tantamount to being imprisoned for life in a mediæval oubliette! They are a powerful faction, and are constantly endeavouring to anglicise Rome by dint of money and overbearing impudence. They pic-nic in the solemn temples, and underground in the dim dreary baths; drink champagne among the moss-grown ivy-crowned tombs, ride donkeys to Hannibal's camp, horse and hurdle race over the consecrated soil of the dreary classic Campagna, broken with immemorial ruins; light up the Colosseum with blue and red lights, sit on camp stools at St. Peter's, and eat their luncheons, talk loudly beside the altars, and invade every gallery, palace, or monument with the Saxon tongue, and with Saxon ill-breeding. But that fallen, though still glorious city, that has grandly repulsed the assaults of northern barbarians in all ages, shall not be overcome by moneyed Cockneys in the nineteenth century. The old walls are stout and strong, as the French found to their cost, and it is written that the English shall not prevail against them! That they have succeeded in vulgarising the Eternal City is but too evident: the Rhine, Switzerland, and many other parts of Europe have also undergone this deteriorating process. Those who wish fairly to judge of Rome proper should stay and see the English all out, in order to understand how much they have spoilt it. They give no end of balls and suppers, dance in Lent when they dare, turn their backs on the Pope, abuse the Catholics, talk shocking scandal—which the Italians *never* do, left to themselves—and spend oceans of money, causing Rome, at this moment, to be the dearest residence on the Continent.

Last of all, there is the artist world at Rome—a merry, genial, cosmopolite throng, such as we have seen at the artists' festa—compounded of French, Italians, Germans, Swiss, English, and Americans—a jovial, happy, many-hued company, boasting many a name that makes one's soul thrill at the remembrance of the immortal works they are handing down to posterity. Yes, I love the artist world at Rome, and am proud to reckon some of its world-wide names among my friends—Gibson, who has studied and identified himself with Greek art and Greek sculpture until he has acquired the calm repose, the dignity, and the wisdom of an ancient philosopher. Who that ever really knew Gibson did not admire his simple, amiable nature, and honour that high-minded rectitude, unflinching moral courage, and firm determination to abide by the sacred canon of classic art handed down by the immortal sculptors of Old

Greece, that distinguishes him? He is at once the most modest and the most unflinching of men, pleased with the simplest meed of sincere praise, and yet regardless of the opinion of the whole world if to obtain its applause he were obliged to compromise his artistic creed, dear as the religion of his soul. A mind of this temper would have been great in any walk of life, and his knowledge of the arts generally is quite astonishing, for, having begun life as a painter, he is a universal connoisseur—a worshipper of either Muse. His genius is of that uncommon quality that steadfastly looks to immortal fame, not present emolument; but, thanks to the good taste and feeling of the age, he enjoys both the present, and is confident of the future. Not a society, not a circle is complete without him; all the world goes to Rome, and all the world visits his studio. He is adulated, courted, and admired by the great, the wise, the beautiful, yet his childlike nature remains unsullied, and his calm, philosophic mind untouched by the inebriating incense of flattery unceasingly rising around him.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Gibson. It was in a portion of his studio devoted to his pupil, a young American lady of independent fortune and great talent, enthusiastically devoted to the arts, who left America when almost a child to place herself near him whose works she so much admired. On her first arrival, Gibson refused to have anything to do with the romantic creature; but at last her importunities overcame him, and she is now regularly established in his studio, happy as a queen, her bright eyes beaming with content under her jaunty little working-cap, creating around her forms and faces of real classical beauty. This enthusiastic devotion to art and the artist (for, after all, every abstraction has its living representative, and woman often passes from the type to the reality) reminded me strongly of "Bettine's" admiration of Goethe, learned from his mother, with whom she lived, and her charming description, in "Letters from a Child," of her sufferings on the journey before reaching Weimar. She declared to her family she would rather ride on the wheel than be left at home; and on arriving flew to Goethe, whom she had never seen, recognised him in a moment, and, full of girlish confidence and innocence, told him her tale of admiration, love, veneration and devotion, and ended by throwing herself into his arms!

But to return. Gibson then showed me over his studio, and uncovered work after work of quite Grecian perfection, till the dingy walls seemed radiant with immortal life and beauty. Specially did he hang over his favourite work, the coloured Venus, like a second Pigmalion, enamoured of his deity; and the sweet statue did look just bursting into life—but a life of pure, unsullied ideality, spotless as the ocean's foam that gave the goddess birth!

Crawford, the great American sculptor, is a genial, large-souled man, full of life, energy, and power—the condensation of the finest national qualities. To his fiery, active spirit nothing is impossible, and he is now working *con furore* at a colossal monument to be erected in America, sixty feet in height, with the fevered impetuosity of a beginner. His works are the emblem of his mind—forcible, free, full of movement and action, yet with thrilling touches of true pathos, delicious remembrances of human passion, and domestic sympathies. The world goes well with Crawford; he lives in a grand villa, hard by the baths of Dioclesian, overshadowed by orange groves and ilex woods, and labours within the

sound of gushing fountains and refreshing streams. He has a handsome wife and charming family, and an open, hospitable board and ample means, and hosts of friends. Long may this son of generous-hearted America live to enjoy his blessings!

Penry Williams, the greatest of English painters at Rome (or anywhere else, in his own style, to my mind)—combining the dewy softness of Constable, the clear, brilliant tone of Caldcott, with a purity of style and absolute perfection of colouring all his own—is a quiet, secluded man, living much at home. He, too, might take his place “on high among the nations;” but he prefers a select few, where his kind heart and quaint drollery are well appreciated by those who enjoy his friendship.

That modern Paris, Buckner, the most elegant of living portrait-painters, also passes his winters at Rome, entering largely into its pleasures, distributing the apple “to the most fair” who crowd his studio, anxious to be perpetuated by his flattering pencil.

Tenerani, the head of the modern Italian school, to be judged of in his noble works—uniting the force and grandeur of Thorwaldsen to the grace of Canova—and not in the feeble and emascuate imitations of inferior artists.

There is life and vitality yet in the modern Italian school—spite of much feebleness and affectation—as must be allowed when contemplating Tenerani’s immortal work, “The Angel of the Resurrection”—perhaps the most sublime effort of modern sculpture. Then there is Overbeck, a monastic, grim old man, who lives shut up in the dreary old Cenci Palace in the filthy Ghetto—transformed into a species of monastery—a man so silent, and of an aspect so uninviting, and with manners so austere, one never could believe him capable of creating those soft visions of celestial beauty—forms more akin to heaven than earth—virgins, angels, and glorified spirits of ideal purity, breathing the very air of Paradise. Cornelius also, that great father of modern German painting, who is now living on the summit of the Pincian, in the very house where, thirty years ago, he, in conjunction with Schadow and Overbeck, young aspiring geniuses determined to break through the miserable bonds of custom, and first dreamt the revival of fresco painting, now spread over all Europe, penetrating even to our (in matters of art) prejudiced, unideal, and benighted land. Here he lives in the house whose walls are decorated by their first efforts, which with some crudeness and inexperience in the use of the novel material, indicate uncommon and unusual power, especially the works of Cornelius. He is now engaged on an immense fresco painting for the mortuary chapel of the King of Prussia at Berlin, representing the “Universe expecting the Moment of the general Judgment,”—a most solemn, imposing composition. Riedel too, that wonderful master of the German school, who lights up his nymphs with beams as it were snatched from the living sunshine, great as a colourist beyond compare, and fantastic and wild as only Germans can be, yet chastened by the most perfect purity and correctness of style; and Mayer; and Coleman, the Paul Potter of our century; and Dessoulavy, the meekest of men and most charming of landscape painters, and so many other rising geniuses among the younger artists, for I have but named the *dictators* in this republic of art. But I must stop, for in these recollections of the artist world of Rome my pen runs riot with pleasant memories.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXVIII.—MRS. JAMESON'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.*

MRS. JAMESON has long ago secured to herself the certainty of a constant, hearty, and respectful welcome. Her presence is ever felt to be refreshing, elevating, bettering. She humanises and refines the mind—makes us feel the world is too much with us, and allures to a brighter if not always another. Especially in this latest work of hers do we recognise such a spiritualising influence; it is rich in words of wisdom, deeply felt, calmly pondered, and often exquisitely expressed; the beautiful book of a beautiful writer. Within and without, in the spirit and in the letter, by the value of the text and the adornments of letter-press and illustrative designs, it is such a gift-book as may be well called pleasant to the sight, and to be desired to make one wise. Commend us to that sire, as of approved taste and feeling, who should select it, before a host of glittering "annuals," as the gift-book for his heart's darling; and to that bridegroom, as an intelligent man and a deserving, who should put it into the hands and press it on the interest of his betrothed. The external grace and the inward excellence of the volume remind us of what is said of the "virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies," in the words of King Lemuel, the creed that his mother taught him: that she maketh herself clothing of silk and purple,—which is good; and, that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness,—which is far better. Wisdom, and the law of kindness, are eminently, pre-eminently characteristic of the ethical and critical writings of Mrs. Jameson.

Not that this present volume contains nothing, or indeed little, that will be accepted by thinking people, without demur or gainsaying. On the contrary, it is, in page after page, provocative of hesitation and question—frequently of very qualified assent, and sometimes of absolute dissent. Mrs. Jameson is a reader of Emerson, and the *Westminster* and *Prospective* Reviews, and quotes them with zest, and is a gentle free-thinker on her own account, and quotes her own free-thinkings too. Hers is the common-place book of no common-place woman, but of one naturally and habitually meditative; given to speculate in her quest of wisdom, addicted to guesses at truth, and frank in the expression of the conclusions she has arrived at, or the suggestive queries which are all she can throw out. With this cast of mind, and independence of spirit, it cannot be but that from time to time she should produce results too debatable for her readers to acquiesce in—indeed indolent acquiescence is the last thing she would ask or be grateful for, on the part of those she confers with; and the very fact of suggestiveness implies difference of view in minds differently constituted, or at different stages of progress on the same general route. Mrs. Jameson avers that never, in any one of the many works she has given to the public, has she aspired to *teach*—"being myself," she says, "a learner in all things;"—and in sending forth this selection of thoughts, memories, and fancies, she professes

* A Common-place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected. By Mrs. Jameson. With Illustrations and Etchings. Longman. 1854.

herself guided by the wishes of others, who deemed it not wholly uninteresting or profitless to trace the path, sometimes devious enough, of an "inquiring spirit," even by the little pebbles dropped as vestiges by the way-side. She recognises one way only of doing good in a book "so supremely egotistical and subjective;" namely, that it may, like conversation with a friend, open up sources of sympathy and reflection; may excite to argument, agreement, or disagreement; and, like every spontaneous utterance of thought out of an earnest mind—which hers emphatically is—may suggest far higher and better thoughts to higher and more productive minds. "If I had not the humble hope," she adds, "of such a possible result, instead of sending these memoranda to the printer, I should have thrown them into the fire; for I lack that creative faculty which can work up the teachings of heart-sorrow and world-experience into attractive forms of fiction or of art; and having no intention of leaving any such memorials to be published after my death, they must have gone into the fire as the only alternative left." Such is her modest apology, or explanation, in publishing what she seems, sensitive in her respect for her public, to apprehend liable to suspicion, *in limine*, of book-making "presumptuous or careless." For many years she has been accustomed, we learn, to make a memorandum of any thought which may have come across her—if pen and paper were at hand; and to mark, and *remark*, any passage in a book which may have excited either a sympathetic or antipathetic feeling. This collection of notes accumulated insensibly from day to day. The volumes on Shakespeare's Women, on Sacred and Legendary Art, &c., "sprung from seed thus lightly and casually sown," which, the author hardly knew how, grew up and expanded into a regular, readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. What was she to do, however, with the fragments that remained—*περισσεύματα κλασμάτων*—without beginning, and without end—*μητε ἄρχην μητε τέλος ἔχοντα*—links of a hidden or a broken chain? Unwilling to decide for herself, she resolved to abide by advice of friends; and *hinc illæ delicæ*; hence this charming "Common-place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies"—by a woman of pure and aspiring thoughts, and tender memories, and graceful fancies.

The thirty pages devoted to what she calls "A Revelation of Childhood," will, by many, be considered the most interesting passage in the book. It is a delightful piece of autobiography, valuable from its psychological character, and the pervading philosophical tone of its brief narrative. It is the seriously indited remonstrance against educational fallacies, abuses, and anomalies, of one who pleads for childhood and reverences its possibilities, of one who deeply feels that we do not sufficiently consider that our life is "not made up of separate parts, but is *one*—is a progressive whole. When we talk of leaving our childhood behind us, we might as well say that the river flowing onward to the sea had left the fountain behind." Mrs. Jameson here puts together some recollections of her own child-life, not, she says, because it was in any respect an exceptional or remarkable existence, but for a reason exactly the reverse, because it was like that of many children; many children having at least come under her notice as thriving or suffering from the same or similar unseen causes, even under external conditions and management every way dissimilar. She describes herself as not being "particularly"

anything, as a child, unless "particularly naughty;" and *that* she gives on the authority of elders who assured her of it twenty times a day, rather than from any conviction of her own: looking back, she is not conscious of having perpetrated more than the usual amount of so-called "mischief" which every lively active child perpetrates between five and ten years old. She had the usual desire to know, and the usual dislike to learn; like her coevals she loved fairy tales, and hated French exercises. But, she goes on to say, "but not of what I learned, but of what I did *not* learn; not of what they taught me, but of what they could *not* teach me; not of what was open, apparent, manageable, but of the under current, the hidden, the unmanaged or unmanageable, I have to speak." Very early memories she thus brings before us, with a sacred freshness and vivid reality; for she can testify, as so many have testified already, that as we grow old the experiences of infancy come back upon us with a strange vividness; a period indeed there is when the overflowing, tumultuous life of our youth rises up between us and those first years—"but as the torrent subsides in its bed we can look across the impassable gulf to that haunted fairy land which we shall never more approach, and never more forget!" She can remember in infancy being sung to sleep, and even the tune which was sung to her, and she begs "blessings on the voice that sang it!" She recalls the affliction she endured at six years old from the fear of not being loved where she had attached herself, and from the idea that another was preferred before her—such anguish it was, she says, "as had nearly killed me,"—and which left a deeper impression than childish passions usually do; and one so far salutary, that in after-life she guarded herself against the approaches of "that hateful, deformed, agonising thing which men call "jealousy," as she would from "an attack of cramp or cholera." With a good temper she was endued with the capacity of "strong, deep, silent resentment, and a vindictive spirit of rather a peculiar kind"—the latter a source, for several years, of intense, untold suffering, of which no one but the sufferer was aware: "I was left to settle it; and my mind righted itself I hardly know how: not certainly by religious influences—they passed over my mind, and did not at the time sink into it,—and as for earthly counsel or comfort, I never had either when most wanted." She further represents herself as having had, "like most children," confused ideas about truth, more distinct and absolute ones about honour—to tell a lie was wicked, and, by her infant code of morals, worse than wicked—dishonourable. But she had no compunction about telling *fictions*, in which practice she disdains "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, that liar of the first magnitude," as nothing in comparison to herself. Not naturally obstinate, she records how she was punished as such—whereby hangs a tale, well worth noting for the sake of the moral. An especial cause of childish suffering, again, was fear,—*"fear of darkness and supernatural influences"*—at first experienced in vague terrors, "haunting, thrilling, stifling"—afterwards in varied form, the most permanent being the ghost in Hamlet, derived from an old engraving: "O that spectre! for three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed: only the blessed light had power to exorcise it." Another grim presence not to be put by, was the figure of Bunyan's Apollyon looming over Christian, also due to an old engraving. And worst of all were "certain phantasms without shape," like the spirit that

passed before the seer, which stood still, but he could not discern the form thereof,—and inarticulate voices, whose burden was the more oppressive because so unintelligible—voices as emphatic in sound as indistinct in utterance. These were the dread accessories of darkness to the imaginative child; the thoughtful woman's account of which will excite sympathetic recollections in many a woman, and man too, and may avail to ward off increase of suffering from many a child. Mr. Leigh Hunt has wisely said that such things are no petty ones to a sensitive child, when relating how himself was the victim of an elder brother's delight to "aggravate"—the big boy taking advantage of the little one's horror of the dark, and (like Mrs. Jameson in this also) of dreadful faces gathered from illustrated books—which brotherly attentions helped largely, he says in his Autobiography, "to morbidise all that was weak in my temperament, and cost me many a bitter night." By day, Mrs. Jameson describes her little self as having been "not only fearless, but audacious, inclined to defy all power and brave all danger," provided always the danger could be seen. She remembers volunteering to lead the way through a herd of cattle (among which was a dangerous bull, the terror of the neighbourhood) armed only with a little stick; but first she said the Lord's Prayer fervently. "In the ghastly night," she adds, "I never prayed; terror stifled prayer. These visionary sufferings, in some form or other, pursued me till I was nearly twelve years old. If I had not possessed a strong constitution and a strong understanding, which rejected and contemned my own fears, even while they shook me, I had been destroyed. How much weaker children suffer in this way I have since known; and have known how to bring them help and strength, through sympathy and knowledge,—the sympathy that soothes and does not encourage—the knowledge that dispels, and does not suggest, the evil." In her own case, the power of these midnight terrors vanished gradually before what she calls a more dangerous infatuation—the propensity to reverie: from ten years old to fifteen, she lived a double existence: like Hartley Coleridge with his dreamland Ejuxria, like Thomas de Quincey with his dreamland Gombroon, she imagined new worlds, and peopled them with life, and crowded them with air-castles, and constructed for the denizens a concatenated series of duly developed action and carefully evolved adventures; and this habit of reverie, so systematical, so methodical, grew upon her with such strength, that at times she scarcely took cognisance of outward things and real persons, and, when punished for idleness by solitary confinement, exulted in the sentence as giving thrice-welcome scope for uninterrupted day-dreams. She was always a princess-heroine in the disguise of a knight, a sort of Clorinda or Britomart, going about to redress the wrongs of the poor, fight giants, and kill dragons; or founding a society in some far-off solitude or desolate island, innocent of tears, of tasks, and of laws,—of caged birds and of tormented kittens. From her earliest days she can remember her delight in the beauties of nature—foiled but not dulled by a much-regretted change of abode from country to town—which intense sense of beauty gave the first zest to poetry—making Thomson's "Seasons" a favourite book before she could yet understand one-half of it—and St. Pierre's "Indian Cottage," and the "Oriental intoxication" of the "Arabian Nights." Shakspeare she had read all through ere she was ten years old, having begun him at seven: the Tem-

pest and Cymbeline were the plays she liked, and knew the best. Shakspeare was, indeed, on the forbidden shelf; but the most genial and eloquent of his female commentators—not to throw in, as some will think we might, the worse half of creation—protests once and again, with an emphatic “bless him!” that Shakspeare did her no harm. But of some religious tracts and stories by Hannah More, the loan of a parish clerk, she asserts: “It is most certain that more moral mischief was done to me by some of these than by all Shakspeare’s plays together. Those so-called pious tracts first introduced me to a knowledge of the vices of vulgar life, and the excitements of a vulgar religion—the fear of being hanged and the fear of hell became coexistent in my mind.” She adds her conviction, that she read the Bible too early, too indiscriminately, and too irreverently; the “letter” of the Scriptures being familiarised to her by sermonising and dogmatising, long before she could enter into the “spirit.” But the histories out of the Bible (the Parables especially) were enchanting to her, though her interpretation of them was, in some instances, the very reverse of correct or orthodox. A tendency to become pert and satirical which showed itself about this age (ten), was happily checked by a good clergyman’s seasonable narration of a fine old Eastern fable, which gave wholesome pain to the conscience of the young satirist, and taught her so impressively how easy and vulgar is the habit of sarcasm, and how much nobler it is to be benign and merciful, that she was, by the recoil, “in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.” “Pity,” she continues, “a large element in my composition, might have easily degenerated into weakness, threatening to subvert hatred of evil in trying to find excuses for it; and whether my mind has ever completely righted itself, I am not sure.” Nor must we forget to add, as characteristic of the quality of her child-life, her sensibility to music; and how Mrs. Arkwright used to entrance her with her singing, so that the songster’s very footfall made the tiny listener tremble with expectant rapture. “But her voice!—it has charmed hundreds since; whom has it ever moved to a more genuine passion of delight than the little child that crept silent and tremulous to her side? And she was fond of me—fond of singing to me, and, it must be confessed, fond also of playing these experiments on me. The music of ‘Paul and Virginia’ was then in vogue, and there was one air—a very simple air—in that opera, which, after the first few bars, always made me stop my ears and rush out of the room.” With her wonted candour, and didactic intent, Mrs. Jameson owns, that she became at last aware that this musical flight was sometimes done to please her parents, or amuse or interest others by the display of such vehement emotion; her infant conscience became perplexed between the reality of the feeling and the exhibition of it: people are not always aware, she remarks—and if a truism, it will stand another reading—of the injury done to children by repeating before them the things they say, or describing the things they do: words and actions, spontaneous and unconscious, become thenceforth artificial and conscious. “I can speak of the injury [thus] done to myself between five and eight years old. There was some danger of my becoming a precocious actress—danger of permanent mischief such as I have seen done to other children—but I was saved by the recoil of resistance and resentment excited in my mind.” From beginning to (too

speedy) end, this "Revelation of Childhood," however uneventful in outward circumstance, is so gracefully and genially told, with such engaging frankness, and fresh-hearted earnestness, and sagacious self-analysis, that we hope some day to read other and fuller autobiographic sketches in the same fair autograph.

There are one or two isolated scraps of the same personal and subjective interest occurring in the varied pages of the Common-place Book. For this interest, as part "revelations" of inner life, as shadows of idiosyncrasy, we quote the following: "'Those are the killing griefs that do not speak,' is true of some, not all characters. There are natures in which the killing grief finds utterance while it kills; moods in which we cry aloud, 'as the beast crieth, expansive not appealing.' That is my own nature: so in grief or in joy, I say as the birds sing:

'Und wenn der Mensch in seiner Qual verstummt,
Gab mir ein Got zu sagen was ich leide!'

Again: "As to the future, my soul, like Cato's, 'shrinks back upon herself and startles at destruction;' but I do not think of my own destruction, rather of that which I love. That I should cease to be is not very intolerable; but that what I love, and do now in my soul possess, should cease to be—there is the pang, the terror! I desire that which I love to be immortal, whether I be so myself or not." And in another place we read: "I wish I could realise what you call my '*grand* idea of being independent of the absent.' I have not a friend worthy of the name, whose absence is not pain and dread to me;—death itself is terrible only as it is absence. At some moments, if I could, I would cease to love those who are absent from me, or to speak more correctly, those whose path in life diverges from mine—whose dwelling-place is far off;—with whom I am united in the strongest bonds of sympathy while separated by duties and interests, by space and time. The presence of those whom we love is as a double life; absence, in its anxious longing, and sense of vacancy, is as a foretaste of death." True; and yet, as Wordsworth says, and as every heart echoes that has once pined for the absent and afterwards mourned for the dead,

Absence and death, how differ they!

The nature of this Common-place Book implies frequent reference to literary people and literary topics. Mr. Carlyle is frequently alluded to, with a respect sometimes verging on awe, such as *his* detractors and the lady's admirers will think quite gratuitous. He once told her his scorn of sending a man to study what the Greeks and Romans did, and said, and wrote; asking, "Do ye think the Greeks and Romans would have been what they were, if they had just only studied what the Phœnicians did before them?" To which Mrs. Jameson in her modesty adds: "I should have answered, *had I dared*: 'Yet perhaps the Greeks and Romans would not have been what they were if the Egyptians and Phœnicians had not been before them.'" If she cannot muster courage to demur to his theses *vivâ voce*, at least she essays to tackle them, and turn them inside out, in her book of common-places, as in this instance, and in the case of her exception to his theory of happiness,* which she

* Of which, however, she diffidently says: "I have had arguments, if it be not presumption to call them so, with Carlyle on this point."

believes him to confound with pleasure and self-indulgence; and if she does not mean the same author, many readers will think she does, when she speaks of a certain "profound intellect weakened and narrowed in general power and influence by a limited range of sympathies"—of one "excellent, honest, gifted," but who "wants gentleness," and whom she depicts as a man carrying his bright intellect as a light in a dark lantern; "he sees only the objects on which he chooses to throw that blaze of light: those he sees vividly, but, as it were, exclusively. All other things, though lying near, are dark, because perversely he will not throw the light of his mind upon them." Elsewhere she notes it as very curious to see two such men as Arnold and Carlyle both overwhelmed with a terror of the magnitude of the mischiefs they see impending over us. "Something alike, perhaps, in the temperaments of these two extraordinary men;—large conscientiousness, large destructiveness, and small hope." Coleridge too is a familiar name, as might be expected; and we have a passage of Tieck's table-talk on the occasion of that illustrious man's decease, and a true and beautiful saying of John Kenyon in relation to the gifted daughter, Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, that "like her father she had the controversial *intellect* without the controversial *spirit*." There is an interesting parallel instituted between Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith as dinner-table wits—the wit of the cleric being emphatically preferred (notwithstanding Mrs. Jameson's personal uncongeniality with him, as a nature so deficient in the artistic and imaginative),—preferred because always involving a thought worth remembering for its own sake, as well as worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle: "the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond." If Mrs. Jameson could not "take to" the man, certainly she gives good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, of laudation to the wit. Of other literary names mentioned *passim* are Landor, "rich in wise sayings," a few of which are quoted; Balzac, of whom a certain oft-quoted O. G. said once, with a shudder, to Mrs. Jameson, "His laurels are steeped in the tears of women,—every truth he tells has been wrung in tortures from some woman's heart;" Robert Browning, whose "Paracelsus" is pronounced incomparable since Goethe and Wordsworth for profound far-seeing philosophy, luxuriance of illustration, and wealth of glorious eloquence; Southey, whose Life and Letters the authoress admires, but with whom as a man she disclaims all sympathy, and the material of whose character she tells us repels her—(more's the pity, *subauditur*); Goethe, of whose Italian travels she says (following Niebuhr) what so many have felt—nor need the *Italianische Reise* exhaust the remark—that a strong perception of the heartless and the superficial in point of feeling, mars the reader's enjoyment of so much that is fine and valuable in criticism. "It is well," she says, deep and reverent as her appreciation of the Weimar baron is—"it is well to be artistic in art, but not to walk about the world *en artiste*, studying humanity, and the deepest human interests, as if they were art."

In her own hints and observations on Art in these pages, there is that will repay perusal, else were they not Mrs. Jameson's. Music and musicians come under her notice—especially Mozart and Chopin—but Painting and Sculpture she more happily deals withal. There is a very fine piece of criticism on the acting of Mdlle. Rachel, too long for the reader

to read here, but too good for him to miss in the original. Some of our English actresses, again, have been interrogated by Mrs. Jameson as to the parts they preferred to play. Results: Mrs. Siddons replied after a moment's consideration, and in "her rich deliberate emphatic tones," "Lady Macbeth is the character I have most *studied*;"—Mrs. Henry Siddons replied *without* a moment's consideration, "Imogen, in Cymbeline, was the character I played with most ease to myself, and most success as regarded the public; it cost no effort;"—Mrs. Fanny Kemble said the part she played with most pleasure to herself was Camiola, in Massinger's "Maid of Honour;"—and Mrs. Charles Kean's "preferential share" was Ginevra, in Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence," a play and a part which the gratified dramatist himself saw the actress shed tears over, at the green-room readings.

Her own sex will be grateful to Mrs. Jameson, as the eloquent and earnest spokeswoman of their general feeling, felt often but ne'er so well expressed, for her protest against Mr. Thackeray's Women. No woman, she allows, will resent his Rebecca Sharp, "no woman but feels and acknowledges with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation;" but all resent the "selfish and inane Amelia," and "the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait" of Laura ("in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis, and marrying *him*!"), and the entire history and character of Lady Castlewood, which elicit from Mrs. Jameson an honestly passionate "O Mr. Thackeray! this will never do!" The social position of her sex, its anomalies and abuses, she discusses as she has done before, with energy of head and heart—going over the old ground, but strewing flowers by the way, and not flowers of eloquence only, but good seed, which may take root, as she hopes, and spring up where the brambles and weeds are now, and show first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and so bear fruit an hundred-fold. Assuredly, these "common-places" of hers, on the education, and the conventional *status* of women, whether to be assented to or dissented from, are not to be skipped.

Of the apophthegmatic and sententious passages in which the Common-place Book abounds, we have given few or no samples. They are often weighty in matter, and felicitous in manner; in substance full of meaning, and in form at once graceful and impressive. Some of them have the balanced antithesis dear to maxim-makers. Thus: "In what regards policy—government—the interest of the many is sacrificed to the few; in what regards society, the morals and happiness of individuals are sacrificed to the many." Again: "We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love." "I observe, that in our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they *do*, which they *can* help, than for what they *are*, which they *cannot* help." "Men, it is generally allowed, *teach* better than women because they have been better taught the things they teach. Women *train* better than men because of their quick, instinctive perceptions and sympathies, and greater tenderness and patience." With one or two other ethical fragments, quoted almost at hazard, we must draw to a close:

"The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith."

"In the same moment that we begin to speculate on the possibility of

ation or change in any strong affection that we feel, even from that
 ment we may date its death:—it has become the *fetch* of the living
 ”

If the deepest and best affections which God has given us sometimes
 d over the heart like doves of peace,—they sometimes suck out our
 blood like vampires.”

Why will teachers suppose that in confessing their own ignorance or
 itting uncertainties they must diminish the respect of their pupils, or
 faith in truth? I should say from my own experience that the effect
 at the reverse. I remember when a child, hearing a very celebrated
 profess his ignorance on some particular subject, and I felt awe-
 k—it gave me a perception of the infinite,—as when looking up at
 starry sky. What we unadvisedly cram into a child's mind in the
 form it has taken in our own, does not always healthily or imme-
 ly assimilate; it dissolves away in doubts, or it hardens into pre-
 se, instead of mingling with the life as truth ought to do.”

like fragments might be added without stint, but for a conspiracy
 een Editor and compositor to hamper our notions of space. So we
 e under cover of a Ciceronian phrase: *Multa ejusmodi preferre pos-
 : sed genus ipsum videtis.*

SONGS OF THE WAR.

By J. E. CARPENTER.

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR SOLDIERS ABROAD.

COME fill, fill the goblet, and then let us give
 Three cheers for our Soldiers abroad;
 The deeds they have done will in memory live,
 While the arm of the brave wields a sword.
 Should they live to come back to their dear native land,
 We'll cheer them again and again,
 For we know ev'ry one in that patriot band,
 For his land his last life-blood would drain.

Chorus—Then fill high the goblet and toast them again,
 May each gallant brave meet his reward;
 Here's "The Heroes of Britain who're o'er the wide main—
 Three cheers for our Soldiers abroad!"

By danger surrounded, 'mid storm and in rain,
 Through the cold and the pitiless snow,
 They've fought and they've conquer'd again and again,
 Three to one though the desperate foe;
 For the bold and the brave who in death calmly sleep,
 There's the tribute of many a tear;
 While for those who untarnished our glory still keep,
 Ev'ry true English heart has a cheer!

Chorus—Then fill high, &c.

WHAT SHALL THE SOLDIER'S WATCHWORD BE?

What shall the Soldier's watchword be,
 Fighting afar o'er the distant sea?
 What are his thoughts when he's forced to roam—
 Are they not all of his own dear home?
 Yes, but his courage fails not there,
 Hard tho' the lot that he's fated to bear;
 "The grave of a Hero—or Victory!"
 This shall the Soldier's watchword be!

What shall the Soldier's watchword be,
 Facing the trenches with tired knee?
 Weary and footsore, while still he keeps
 Watch while each gallant comrade sleeps?
 Does he not think that those starry skies
 Shine o'er the cot where his loved one lies?
 Yes! but he told her how brave was he!
 Her name shall the Soldier's watchword be.

What shall the Soldier's watchword be?
 Worthy the land whose sons are free!
 When the shrill trumpet calls to arms,
 Duty! for doubt ne'er his breast alarms;
 Charging the foe o'er the rugged ground,
 With heart like a lion's that chain ne'er bound,
 "Onward! to Death or to Victory!"
 This shall the Soldier's watchword be!

THE SOLDIERS' BATTLE.

In bygone days—what thoughts they raise—

When you and I were young,
 About brave Hood and Collingwood
 How many a stave we sang.
 Each hero's name then dear to fame
 We cheer'd with all our might,
 Because they cared for those who shared
 The dangers of the fight.
 I don't mean now to disallow
 That chieftains brave have we,
 When I sing the Soldiers' battle,
 The Soldiers' victory!

'Twas from the heights of Inkerman,
 All hid by mist and rain,
 The Russian pour'd a countless horde
 Of troops across the plain.
 There was not light to see to fight,
 But they their way could feel,
 And soon the foe was made to know
 The force of British steel.
 Won inch by inch they did not flinch,
 At last they made them flee;
 That was the Soldiers' battle,
 The Soldiers' victory!

'Twas Wellington, at Waterloo,
 The Frenchman's valour tried;
 Now, strange to see what things may be,
 We're fighting side by side.

Well! we forget and they forgive,
 For both have bravely done,
 And friends again must so remain,
 Since Inkerman was won.
 'Tis hard to say, on that proud day,
 Which fought most gallantly,
 But 'twas the Soldiers' battle,
 The Soldiers' victory!
 How well and bravely Raglan fought,
 How gallant Cathcart fell,
 How Cambridge then led on his men,
 Let Fame's loud trumpet tell;
 How Evans struggled to the last,
 What brave Sir Colin did—
 On History's page, each future age,
 Ne'er let their deeds be hid.
 But when they tell of Inkerman,
 Let *this* the record be—
 That was *the Soldiers'* battle,
 The Soldiers' victory!

MOTHER, CAN THIS THE GLORY BE?

DUET.

1st Voice.

Mother, can this the glory be, of which men proudly tell,
 When speaking of the fearless ones who in the battle fell?
 Where is the light that cheer'd our home, its sunshine and its joy;
 Ours was, they say, the victory—but mother, where's thy boy?

2nd Voice.

My boy! I see him in my dreams—I hear his battle-cry,
 I know his brave and loyal heart—he does not fear to die.
 E'en now methinks I see him still his country's banner wave:
 On—on! and win a deathless fame, my beautiful, my brave.

Both.

God of the Battle shield him still, and yet Thy will be done,
 A sister for a brother prays, a mother for her son;
 We seek to share no glory now—we ask Thee but to save
 The noble hearts of England, our beautiful and brave.;

1st Voice.

Mother! I know thy courage well—thine is an ancient race,
 Yet while thy heart so proudly swells, a tear steals down thy face;
 E'en now you guess the fearful truth—still, still our banners wave,
 But on that dreadful battle-field where sleeps thy young and brave?

2nd Voice.

Yes—yes, I knew it must be so—I told not all my dream,
 I saw my gallant boy ride forth where crimson flowed the stream;
 I hear the shouts of victory—cease, cease those sounds of joy,
 They cannot glad a mother's heart, nor give me back my boy!

Both.

God of the Battle hear us now, and yet Thy will be done,
 A sister for a brother mourns, a mother for her son;
 We cannot share the glory now—but ask Thee still to save
 The noble hearts of England, the beautiful and brave!

AHASUERUS, THE EVER-LIVING JEW.

FROM THE DANISH OF F. PALUDAN-MÜLLER.

By MRS. BUSHBY.

It is no wonder that the subject of the Wandering Jew should be so much liked by that class of authors who devote themselves to works of the imagination, for it is perhaps the most sublime fiction that the mind of man ever created. In the graceful fables of antiquity we read of eternal youth being bestowed by the gods on mortals as a precious boon, and in the fantastic legends of fairy lore, as the brightest of magic gifts; but in this solitary tradition, to live on for ages was not accorded as a blessing or a reward, but imposed as a punishment and a curse. Bending under the weight of centuries, not renewing his youth, and revelling over and over again amidst the passions and pleasures of that period of life, the Wandering Jew was doomed to outlive his family, his friends, his race; to see generation after generation sink into the tomb, empires rise and fall, mankind pass from transition to transition, yet ever to remain a lonely wanderer over the face of the earth.

This extraordinary legend is supposed to have been first disseminated about the beginning of the fourth century; it may possibly have owed its origin to the gloomy fancy of monkish superstition, but with whomsoever it originated, it was a grand and striking idea. According to the story, as it prevails in the East, the Jew is called Joseph—is said to have become a Christian about the time that St. Paul was baptised—and to reside principally in Armenia. The tradition of the West gives him the name of Ahasuerus; describes him as having been met with in various countries of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; as speaking the language of every nation he visits, and as never having been seen to laugh.

It is said that the celebrated Goethe had intended writing an epic poem on the subject of this wonderful Jew, but he did not accomplish his design. "*Le Juif Errant*," by Eugène Sue, is well known; and so, to many readers, may also be "*Ahasverus*," by Edgar Quinet; but the Danish dramatic poem of "*Ahasverus, den Evige Jøde*," has not yet, probably, found its way into England.

In Eugène Sue's voluminous work, the mysterious Jew is only occasionally introduced as a spectral apparition might be—now on the snow-laden steppes of Siberia, now amidst the twilight darkness of some thick wood on the brow of some rocky height. This strange being, who, for eighteen hundred years had walked the earth, is yet described by the French author as having ties still existing among the creatures who people it; and these were the descendants of his sister. He makes his Jew exclaim:

"Passing through so many generations, by the veins of the poor and of the rich, of the sovereign and of the bandit, of the sage and of the madman, of the coward and of the brave, of the saint and of the atheist, the blood of my sister has been perpetuated even until this hour."

He then had *some* interest in life, *some* worldly objects to engross his mind; he had traced the descendants of his family through ages, and

ph his remote kindred knew him not, he watched over them, in at least, as the invisible agency which ever compelled him to move could admit of his protecting them.

Another French author—Edgar Quinet—imbues his Ahasuerus with a longing for human sympathy, and bestows it upon him also, in the devoted love of a female called Rachel, whose affectionate companionship is a great solace to the pilgrim of ages.

But Frederik Paludan-Müller, the Danish writer, with a finer conception of the gloomy grandeur of the character, makes his Ahasuerus to have his thoughts fixed only on the earnest longing for repose, and to come from the weary world, mingled with horror at the remembrance of some daring crime in ages long gone by, when he insulted his Saviour, and turned him from his door. He describes him as living without sympathy, without affection for anything beneath the sun; a waif on the edge of life—a wanderer from ancient times—bearing always about him the principle of vitality, yet longing to close his eyes in death, and among the myriads whom he had seen descend into the quiet grave; but not one who had been

Too long and deeply wrecked
On the lone rock of desolate despair.

Ahasuerus, den Evige Jøde," forms a portion of a volume published in Copenhagen last year by Frederik Paludan-Müller, a writer much respected in Denmark. This volume is modestly entitled "*Tre Digte*"—three Poems." One of these, the "Death of Abel," was originally published in a periodical work; the other two are dramas in verse—*Palanus*," which the author calls an historical poem—and "*Ahasuerus, the Ever-living Jew*," a dramatic poem. It is with the latter that we are at present to do.

Paludan-Müller's Wandering Jew is introduced by a "Prologue," consisting of a conversation, in blank verse, between the author and "his Muse," which is supposed to have taken place in an apartment at Rosensborg Castle, in the North of Zealand, during the summer of 1853. The Muse urges the poet to select the last day—or Doomsday—for his subject, and is answered thus:

What! Should my lay be formed of thoughts and words
So gloomy in their import, and obscure?
And were this possible—wert thou thyself
To lend my Fancy wings to reach that age
So far remote, and midst the flight of Time
To grasp the outline of the world's last days,
How lifeless would my picture be without
One human form? For who will live till then?

The Muse. One of mankind will live.

The Poet. Oh! who is doomed

To be that lonely man?

The Muse. One who of old

Dwelt in Jerusalem.

The Poet. Ahasuerus?

The Muse. The ever-living Jew, who o'er this world,

While it exists, must wander, and who thus

Will be the witness of its latest day.

His history thou surely knowest well?

Though of terrific length, 'tis quickly told.
 'Twas on Good Friday morn, his evil fate
 Led him to leave his workshop for the street,
 Whence rose loud cries from a tumultuous throng;
 There, Jesus Christ was passing from the Hall,
 Where Pontius Pilate had his doom pronounced,
 To Golgotha—followed by friends and foes.
 Beneath the burden of the Cross he bore
 He almost sank, and sought a moment's rest
 Upon a bench that by the Jew's door stood.
 Ahasuerus drove him thence with scorn,
 And striking in contempt the fatal tree,
 He heaped harsh maledictions on the Lord.
 Then—as the legend tells—the Saviour turned,
 And sternly thus addressed the guilty man:
 "Thou thrustest forth the weary—rest denying
 To him who for a moment sought it here.
 No more shalt thou find rest upon this globe—
 And as thou dost reject the dying now,
 Death shall spurn thee! Tarry thou here on earth
 Until—when the world ends—I call for thee!"

The Muse having thus fixed upon a subject, presents the scene to the poet. It is described as an ancient and deserted churchyard in ruins, situated at the foot of a hill, and close to the sea. Ahasuerus enters, and seating himself on an old tombstone, soliloquises for a time about the misery and wickedness of the world, on the horrors that are being enacted—riot, rapine, and murder apparently let loose—and how small is the band of true believers who are awaiting in faith and prayer the hour of dissolution. He then exclaims, as he casts a searching glance around :

Shak'st thou at length, thou fast-poised world!
 To thy foundations tremblest thou—
 Comes the last awful earthquake now,
 And shall the sun be forthwith hurled
 From the vast firmament on high?
 At mid-day shall the starry sky
 Be visible and fiery red;
 Whilst, motionless as the cold dead,
 Hangs in the west the fading moon
 Casting its shadows wan at noon?
 And shall a thick sulphureous steam
 The atmosphere's pure air soon taint;
 Whilst 'midst the sound of thunders faint,
 O'er earth's dark shores blue vapours gleam,
 So that each object far and near
 Shall in death's pallid hues appear;
 And mankind in that solemn gloom
 Behold the sign of Nature's doom?

I can conceive that man will smite
 Upon his breast, and in affright
 Utter loud shrieks of agony.
 For what of miracles knows he—
 Whose life is but like summer snow?
 While I—the wayfarer, alas!
 Of years more than a thousand—lo!
 What horrors have not I seen pass,

As, wand'ring on from race to race—
And age to age—the earth I pace!
What if the world's last day were near?
For there *must* be some ending here.
What if yon thunder's distant roar
Were to proclaim—that time is o'er.
If truly that last hour were come
Which shall earth's latest sons strike dumb,
When on the ear of man shall break
The trump of doom—and the dead wake,
And, starting from their graves, arise
Amidst the crash of earth and skies!

Oh hour—to others—awful, strange,
To me how glad, how blessed a change!
When these tired, shrivelled feet may rest—
This wearied frame, worn out, oppressed—
Which longs but for the quiet grave,
May find that peace *it* never gave;
And as a wandering shade—its woes
In yonder land of shadows close!

The ancient man is then addressing a prayer for release from his misery to the Lord of Heaven, whom he had derided and ill-used, when he is interrupted by two men with drawn swords rushing into the funereal asylum. Gold, the cause of so much evil, is the occasion of their quarrel, which ends in one murdering the other. Ahasuerus, of course, reproves him, and tries to awaken him to a proper sense of the crime he has committed, but is scoffed at as the "mad old Jew." The wife and child of the murdered man next enter on the scene; and the all-pervading love of gold is still shown forth in the more vehement lamentations of the newly-made widow for the loss of her husband's money, which had been carried off by his murderer, than of his life.

After a long and, in the original, beautiful monologue, in which the aged wanderer complains of his weariness, his loneliness, and his desolation, two young lovers stray into the old churchyard, and the female exclaims in terror:

Oh, save me! See—the stars are falling!

To which the youth, with a mixture of gallantry and levity, replies:

. Well—let them fall—
And let them be extinguished all!
So long as these dear stars are bright
Which now I gaze on with delight—
And in thy lovely glances shine
The heaven which I hail as divine—
So long as I possess thy love,
I care not for yon orbs above!

But the damsel's terrors are not pacified by his complimentary speeches; and after a time she asks him why he had brought her there—

Amidst a churchyard's moss-grown stones.

He tells her that *there* they would be sure to be alone, that the sleeping dead around could be no tell-tale witnesses of their love, and that no living being would intrude on them amidst these forgotten tombs. Just

then, however, Ahasuerus is discovered; he speaks to them of a better world, and assists them to escape from the churchyard when a crowd of people are heard approaching, headed by "the Antichrist." Who this Antichrist may be is not explicitly defined; but this personage and the Wandering Jew enter into a long theological discussion, which is at length broken in upon by some unearthly sound.

The Antichrist, gazing wildly round, exclaims:

Whence come these tones?

Ahasuerus.

Hark! From the sky—

Seek grace in time—ere Time shall die!

Antichrist. The trumpet's blast?

Ahasuerus.

Yes! 'Tis the trumpet's call,

That to the judgment-seat doth summon all!

The Antichrist, muttering in deep dismay "The trumpet's call!" takes to flight, and Ahasuerus sinks on his knees. Then a voice is heard along with the trumpet in the air, and it says:

Kneel—kneel, oh earth! Thy glory and thy pride
In dust and ashes clad—oh, cast aside!
See—angel-hosts who on the Judge attend,
'Midst clouds from heaven descend!

It calls on the ambitious and haughty in spirit to give up their plans for the acquisition of worldly honour, and to awaken from their vain dreams. It cites the guilty to come forth from their dark concealment, and from the hidden haunts of vice; and commands that the passions, and feelings, and most secret thoughts of all should be made manifest in the clear and blazing light of eternity. It calls on the pale spectral forms of the dead to arise from the grave, and gathering their mouldering or mouldered bones, to stand before the Almighty. It bids the world to pause in its course, the fountain of life to cease to flow, and time to arrest its flight; and it decrees the cessation of every sound except

That trumpet's tones
Which peal from yonder everlasting zones.

This celestial summons is a fine portion of the drama, and is not far inferior to Campbell's celebrated poem, "The Last Man."

Our author, however, notwithstanding the Archangel's command, does not permit all sounds to be immediately silenced by the overpowering blast of the fatal trumpet, for a dark shadow is seen to arise from a grave of apparently very ancient date, and it is recognised as Pontius Pilate by his contemporary, the ever-living Jew. A conversation, filling eighteen or nineteen pages, ensues, in the course of which Pilate demands from his mundane friend the fate of Judæa and of Rome; and is surprised to find that he has been wrapt in the oblivion of death for more than a thousand years. Still more amazed is he to hear of the long life that the shoemaker of Jerusalem had endured, not enjoyed; and he is astounded when informed that Jesus of Nazareth—whom he had condemned to be put to death on the cross—he who had borne the crown of thorns—was indeed *the Christ*. Pilate hears with intense terror that He is coming to judge the world; and again, as of old, asks, "What is truth?"

To this the aged Jew—or Christian, as he would be more correctly

termed—replies, “Christ is truth!” Ahasuerus then inquires of Pontius Pilate with eager curiosity about death and the grave. Pilate at length vanishes, and presently after a spirit appears, to whom Ahasuerus addresses the same anxious question, “What is death?” And the spirit tells him :

It is a sleep which knows no dream—
A deep, unbroken, calm repose—
Where neither thought nor image glows,
But in the mind ideas seem
Extinguished; and no visions sweep
Before the rayless eye—the ear
Catches no sound. No joy—no fear
Can break on that mysterious sleep
Whose continuity no time
Can e’er exhaust. Yet it is rife
With the blest germ of future life
Which God will perfect in yon worlds sublime.

The spirit assures Ahasuerus that they shall meet in the invisible world, and, disappearing, leaves him much comforted. He then wanders on farther among the graves, and comes suddenly on one that is open, as it were, ready to receive him. Not appalled by its depth and gloom, he looks wistfully into it; and after again praying for pardon, and to be released from the burden of life, he is about to descend into the grave, when he hears a chorus of angels singing :

Close at length thy weary eyes,
To ope them far above yon skies.
Thy long probation now is over,
Winged cherubs round thee hover
Thy parting spirit to convey
Upwards, on its Heaven-bound way.
Angels from that heaven are nigh
To receive thy latest sigh.
Thy life, at length, is at an end,
Death waits thee like a welcome friend.
Thou mayst at length sink into rest—
Till in the regions of the blest,
From earth, the grave, and death set free—
Thou enterest Eternity!

The angel choir still sing; but the voices seem more remote, and become fainter and fainter. The old man steps into the grave, and chanting a hymn to the Redeemer who had mercifully withdrawn the curse from him—who had opened the grave for him—and permitted him at length, through the silent gates of death, to pass to eternal repose—he dies—with these last words on his lips.

The Danish poet has done wisely in not presuming to follow “den Evige Jøde” beyond the termination of his fearful mortal career. He has done well in not attempting, like M. Edgar Quinet, to portray *the last judgment*, and to put the words of a finite being into the mouth of the Almighty. The most elevated sentiments—the most lofty diction, of which the human mind and human language are capable, would not be equal to this flight of the imagination; and Paludan-Müller does not the less evince the power of his genius by showing his knowledge that in this world it must be—**THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO, AND NO FARTHER.**

TROPICAL SCENERY—BRITISH GUIANA.*

It is surprising how little is known of British Guiana. A distinguished statesman actually spoke, not a very long time back, of this important continental colony as an island! Sir Robert Schomburgk (who if he did not discover, at least was the first to bring home, that pride of its waters, the Victoria Regia) has done most in modern times towards making us acquainted with the interior of the country; but his valuable papers are chiefly consigned to the pages of the journal of a learned society. Take up any modern work on geography and you will find something to the following effect:—"The whole coast is so flat, that it is scarcely visible till the shore has been touched; the tops of the trees only are seen, and even seem to be growing out of the sea,—nothing of varied scenery is presented to the eye,—little is beheld but water and woods, which seem to conceal every appearance of land. The same sombre and monotonous appearance is presented in the interior to those few curious individuals who have endeavoured to penetrate into those recesses of the forest, by the numerous openings which nature has made by the streams which successively augment the Corentin, the Berbice, the Demerara, and the Essequibo."

Such a picture of Guiana is perhaps the least correct that could be possibly given. True it is that this extensive territory is largely encircled and intersected by rivers, which present the almost unparalleled hydrographic phenomenon of flowing in almost uninterrupted communication throughout the land. The South American Indian, seated in his buoyant boat—the stripped bark of some forest tree—might have entered the broad mouth of the Amazon, and wending his solitary way along the southern boundary, have navigated the broad tributary stream of the river Negro, and ascending its waters along the western outline of this tract of country, persevered through the natural canal of Cassiquiare and the southern branches of the Orinoco until he reached that river; and here his course would be unbroken to the wide waters of the Atlantic, a few degrees higher to the north than where he commenced his voyage.

But, notwithstanding this peculiarity, the interior of Guiana presents a very diversified surface, and much and various contrasted configuration. Such ignorance of the country as would describe it either as an island or a mud-flat is now no longer tolerable. It was only so in times long gone by.

"Before the arrival of the European," says Dr. Dalton, "the lofty mountain heights of the interior, the fertile and undulating valleys of the hilly region, and the borders of the illimitable forests and savannahs, were alone tenanted by the various tribes of Indians who were scattered throughout this vast domain. Their fragile canoes were occasionally seen gliding along the large rivers and the numerous tributary streams which intersect the country; a dense mass of unrivalled foliage, comprising

* The History of British Guiana; comprising a General Description of the Colony; a Narrative of some of the Principal Events from the Earliest Period of its Discovery to the Present Time; together with an Account of its Climate, Geology, Staple Products, and Natural History. By Henry G. Dalton, M.D., &c., &c. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

palms, mangroves, couridas and ferns, fringed the banks of the rivers and the margins of the coasts; while a thicker bush of an infinite variety of trees extended inland over an uncleared territory, where the prowling beast, the dreaded reptile, the wild bird, and the noxious insect roamed at large. But when colonisation commenced and civilisation progressed, the flat lands bordering on the coasts and rivers were cleared and cultivated, the savage forests and their occupants retreated before the encroaching step of civilisation and the march of industry, plantations were laid out, canals and trenches dug, roads formed, and houses raised over the level plain of alluvial soil, which, without a hill or elevation of any kind, stretches for many miles between the sand-hill regions and the Atlantic Ocean."

The land on the banks of the rivers and along the sea-coasts between the mouths of the rivers being entirely alluvial, the whole line of coast is skirted by mud-flats and sand-banks, soon to form themselves part of the great continent of South America. The alluvial soil thus deposited is covered with perennial foliage, nourished by the frequent rains and balmy atmosphere of the tropics. Hence the first indication of land is characterised by a long irregular outline of thick bush, on approaching which, groups of elevated trees, chiefly palms, with occasionally an isolated silk-cotton, or the tall chimneys of the sugar plantations, with the smoke curling upwards, begin rapidly to be recognised, and indicate to the experienced trader almost the very spot he has made. On nearing the land the range of plantations may be easily marked by the line of chimneys; the dense foliage of the coast partly intercepts the view of any buildings, the low ground being covered with mangroves and courida bushes, ferns, and other plants; but behind this wooded barrier numerous dwelling-houses, extensive villages, and the sugar manufactories, extend along the belt of land which, in an unbroken level, constitutes the cultivated districts of the colony.

"Once in sight of the land the scene rapidly changes in appearance—from a long, low outline of bush to the different objects which characterise the attractive scenery of the tropics. The bright green palm-trees, with their huge leaves fanned briskly by the sea breeze, and the lofty silk-cotton-tree are plainly visible; while a confused, but picturesque group of trees and plants of tropical growth, with white and shining houses interspersed among them, present to the stranger rather the appearance of a large garden than the site of an extensive and busy city."

This low wooded alluvial tract extends inland to variable distances, from ten to forty miles, and is almost level throughout its whole extent. It is succeeded by a range of unproductive sand-hills and sand-ridges, which attain an elevation varying from 30 to 120 feet. These sand-hills repose upon rock, and beyond them the land is covered with trees and shrubs, constituting what is called "The Bush."

The mountains of British Guiana are so far removed from the coasts, and are so difficult of access, as to be rarely seen by the inhabitants. Yet are there many different ranges and groups, for the most part granitic, more or less wooded, and varying in elevation from one to four and even five thousand feet. Among them is the famous Roraima, or "red rock," a remarkable sandstone group which rises 7500 feet above the level of the sea, the upper 1500 feet presenting a mural precipice. These stupendous walls are as perpendicular as if erected with the plumb-

line; nevertheless, in some parts they are overhung with low shrubs, while down their face rush numerous cascades, which, falling from this enormous height, flow in different directions to form the tributaries of three of the largest rivers in South America; namely, the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequibo.

Romantic and poetical as are the sublimities of nature, they are duly appreciated by the Indians. Their traditions and songs bear constant allusion to this magnificent scenery. In their dances they sing of "Roraima, the red-rocked, wrapped in clouds, the ever fertile source of streams;" and in consequence of the darkness which frequently prevails when thick clouds hover about its summit, it is likewise called the Night Mountain; "of Roraima, the red-rocked, I sing, where with daybreak the night still prevails."

These mountain ranges are inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who live chiefly by hunting; and enclosed between the same rocky regions, the rest of the face of the country is marked by a few, but grand features—such as wide-spread savannahs, illimitable forests, undulating plains, and gigantic rivers.

There are several kinds of savannahs. Some are merely large tracts of swampy land, covered with tall rank grasses, the abode of reptiles and aquatic birds; but some of them are also well adapted for grazing. A second variety are more inland, of greater extent—extending to about 14,400 square miles—mountains surrounded, but also marshy, covered with grasses and a few stunted trees, traversed by tortuous streams whose course may often be traced afar off by an irregular row of trees, and with here and there tufts of trees like verdant isles in the plain.

Upon these savannahs is the celebrated lake Arnuch, whose waters during the season of inundation are said to flow eastward and westward, and which, according to Schomburgk, was once the bed of an inland lake, which, by one of those catastrophes of which even later times give us examples, broke its barrier, forcing for its waters a path to the Atlantic. "May we not," inquires the same learned and enlightened explorer, "connect with the former existence of this inland sea the fable of the Lake Parima and the El Dorado? Thousands of years may have elapsed; generations may have been buried and returned to dust; nations who once wandered on its banks may be extinct, and even no more in name: still the tradition of the Lake Parima and the El Dorado survived these changes of time; transmitted from father to son, its fame was carried across the Atlantic, and kindled the romantic fire of the chivalrous Raleigh."

A third description of savannahs are of varying extent, but are marked by an entire absence of hills or irregularities of any kind; hence the term llanos, or plains, which have been applied to them by some. According to Humboldt, these savannahs, improperly called by some, prairies, are true steppes (llanos and pampas of South America). They present a rich covering of verdure during the rainy season, but in the months of drought the earth assumes the appearance of a desert. The turf becomes reduced to powder, the earth gapes in huge cracks. The crocodiles and great serpents lie in a dormant state in the dried mud, until the return of rains and the rise of the waters in the great rivers, which flooding the vast expanse of level surface, awake them from their slumbers. These sterile savannahs are the deserts of the American continent.

"Far different to the barren savannahs," Dr. Dalton remarks, "are

the magnificent forests which present to the eye an unfading garment of green, varying in tint from the darkest to the lightest hue. Here are to be seen majestic trees, larger and statelier than the oak; here entwine in voluptuous negligence numerous pliant vines, interlacing and encircling the larger trees, and named by the colonists bush-ropes (lianes). Here flourish the varieties of the broad-leaved palms, the numerous native fruit trees, and a host of others possessing medicinal and other valuable properties, whilst minute mosses, innumerable lichens, and a variety of ferns and parasitic plants crowd together in social luxuriance; orchideous plants in amazing numbers, perched on the gigantic and forked branches of trees, seeking only for a resting-place, appear to inhale from the air alone (though so densely crowded by inhabitants) the pabulum which supports their capricious and singular existence."

The whole earth is life, the very air is life, and the foot of man can scarcely tread upon an inch of ground in this magazine of Nature's wonders without crushing some graceful plant or beauteous flower, so densely is it inhabited, so united, peaceful, and thriving are its denizens. The very beams of the bright sun are excluded from these secret haunts. Its rays glance only on the fanciful and glistening leaves, which form a veil or mantle to the treasures they conceal. How true and beautiful again is the language of Humboldt; not alone are trees, and shrubs, and plants glorying in existence, but the forest, still and silent as the grave, is yet a city for the reception of all things living, save man: "Yet amid this apparent silence, should one listen attentively, he hears a stifled sound, a continued murmur, a hum of insects that fill the lower strata of the air. Nothing is more adapted to excite in man a sentiment of the extent and power of organic life.

"Myriads of insects crawl on the ground, and flutter round the plants scorched by the sun's heat. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, the fissures of the rocks, and from the ground, which is undermined by lizards, millepedes, and blind worms. It is a voice proclaiming to us that all nature breathes, that, under a thousand different forms, life is diffused in the cracked and dusty soil as in the bosom of its waters, and in the air that circulates around us."

Timber trees in every variety, fruit trees in astonishing profusion, medicinal plants of singular efficacy, shrubs and flower plants in inexhaustible numbers, are found within these fruitful forests, in whose branches nestle a world of birds. The shrill scream of the parrot at morning and evening rends the air, while plaintive and slow strains may be heard at times from the maam and the powie. The rich plumage of the numerous bird tribes, and their peculiar and varied notes, form a marked contrast to the mute but grand assemblage of living plants. The magnitude and grandeur of these vast forests are almost incredible, save to eye-witnesses. The Indian, the melancholy lord of the soil, alone appreciates their gorgeous beauty and soothing solitudes.

Next to the boundless forests come the magnificent rivers of Guiana; with their noble expanse of waters, their beautiful wooded islands, their picturesque cataracts, their lonely but romantic scenery, and their secluded creeks, the resort of savage barbarism.

But it is not in the neighbourhood of the coasts, nor near the banks of the rivers, although even there the luxuriance of the foliage and breadth of water are very striking, that the most remarkable scenes and objects

which are met with in the interior of British Guiana present themselves to notice. The traveller must pass by the maritime portion, and leave behind him the interminable forests; he must ascend the rivers, and surmount the numerous rapids and cataracts; he must quit the equable but enervating temperature of the low lands, and ascend the granite mountains and sandstone heights, in order to appreciate all the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; and to trace with awe, wonder, and admiration, the picturesque objects which stud the wooded plains and wandering streams.

According to Sir Robert Schomburgk, the greatest geological wonder of Guiana is the Ataraipu, or Devil's Rock. This singular rock is wooded for about 350 feet, above which rises a mass of granite devoid of all vegetation, in a pyramidal form, for about 550 feet more. At another spot, a remarkable basaltic column, fashioned by Nature, and called by the Indians Puré-Piapa, or the Felled Tree, occupies the summit of a small hillock, about 50 feet high. A portion of another group of columnar basalt, which also terminates on the summit in one abrupt pillar, about 50 feet in height, has been assimilated by the Indians to the Maroca—a large rattle made of the fruit of the calabash-tree, filled with pebbles, feathers, and snake-teeth, and which is the indispensable instrument of the Piatry, Piai-man, or Indian sorcerer, during his conjurations. Another group of columnar trap-rocks has been called the guava-tree stump. The Indians have a very primitive tradition of a good spirit turning everything to stone which he touched; hence every rock which is of more than ordinary size, or fantastically shaped by nature, is compared to some bird, animal, or tree, petrified by the powerful Makunaima.

Granite rocks, well known for the fantastic shapes which they assume in various countries, and for their peculiar decomposition into globular masses and rocking stones, present the same peculiarities here as elsewhere, and to a rather remarkable extent. Piles of granite are met with on the Essequibo rising to a height of 140 to 160 feet. One pile consists of three huge blocks, resting one above the other. Another of a pyramidal shape attains nearly to the height of 200 feet. These "giants of the hill," as Mr. Waterton has termed them in his "Wanderings," are both of them inaccessible.

It is in this neighbourhood that the rude and fanciful hieroglyphics, called "picture-writing" by the Indians, are met with. The figures represented are of the most varied and singular description—rude outlines of birds, animals, men and women, and even large vessels with masts. Characters have also been met with which have been supposed to bear a remote resemblance to the Hebrew.

Sir R. Schomburgk remarks, in his "Illustrated Views of British Guiana," in reference to those rude sculptures:

"A mystery, not yet solved, hangs over these sculptured rocks; whatever may be their origin, the subject is one of high interest, and demands the full investigation of the antiquarian and historian. I have myself traced these inscriptions through seven hundred miles of longitude, and five hundred of latitude, or scattered here and there over an extent of three hundred and fifty thousand square miles. I have copied many of them, and although they do not denote an advanced state of civilisation, in my opinion they have a higher origin and signification than that gene-

rally ascribed to them; namely, the idle tracings of hunting nations. It is remarkable that the situation of those which I have seen was generally near cataracts and rapids. The Indian races of the present day can give no account of their origin; some ascribe them to the good spirit, others to their forefathers; and the Taruma Indians, on the river Cuyuwine, a tributary of the Upper Essequibo, gave me, in answer to the question, Who had made the figures which I saw sculptured on some of the blocks of greenstone in that river? 'that women had made them long time ago!'

It might be remarked upon this that cataracts are just the places where hard rocks, such as granite and greenstone, are met with, adapted for lasting sculptures; the natural beauties of the spot, to which the Indian is never insensible, and the neighbourhood of water, would have constituted further temptations to the lingering hunter to practise there his rude and elementary art.

The Indians of Guiana are of a reddish-brown colour, and somewhat glossy, not unlike new and clean copper. They are as grave and austere as Arabs, exhibiting much dignity in their walk and bearing, and an imperturbable calmness and self-possession. Strange that such noble attributes should most distinguish man in his savage state! They are divided into tribes, having different names, habits, language, and even moral and physical qualities, although apparently descending from the same parent stock, which is Mongolian in its character. After an intercourse of three hundred years with the white man, the modes and habits of the native have undergone little or no change. With the exception of the efforts made by a few zealous missionaries, no attempt has been made to civilise and improve him; while the intrusion of Europeans into the territories which once belonged to his forefathers rapidly threatens to extinguish the last remnants of his race.

The tribe called Macusi has the credit, if any, of preparing the famous wourali or urari poison, the various ingredients of which he obtains from the depths of the forests. The principal, according to Dr. Dalton, is the wourali vine, which grows wild. Having procured a sufficient quantity of this, he next seeks a bitter root, and one or two bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. These being all tied together, he searches for two species of venomous ants: one large and black, the "muneeery," about an inch long, and found in nests near to aromatic shrubs; the other a small red one, found under the leaves of several kinds of shrubs. Providing himself now with some strong Indian pepper, and the pounded fangs of the "cabarri" and conna-couchi snakes, the manufacturer of poison proceeds to his deadly task in a manner which reminds us of the proceedings of witches, as chronicled by poets and romancers:

"He scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander, made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snakes' fangs, ants, and pepper are bruised, and thrown into it. It is placed then on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf; it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrup, of a deep brown colour. As soon as it

has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength."

The manner in which the strength of the poison is tested is said to be by wounding trees, and if the leaves fall off or die within three days, they consider the poison sufficiently virulent, but not otherwise!

When a man is to be killed, his enemy follows his path for days, and even weeks, till a favourable opportunity presents itself of shooting him in the back. He then drags the corpse aside and buries it in a shallow grave. The third night he goes to the grave, and presses a pointed stick through the corpse. If on withdrawing the stick he finds blood on the end of it, he tastes the blood, in order to ward off any evil effects that might follow from the murder. Hence also, if the wounded man is able to reach his home, he charges his relations to bury him in some place where his body cannot be found, and leaves it to them to avenge his death.

Humboldt relates, in his "Views of Nature" (p. 20 of Bohn's Edition), that while in the steppe tigers and crocodiles contend with horses and cattle, so on the forest borders, and in the wilds of Guiana, the hand of man is ever raised against his fellow-man. With revolting eagerness some tribes drink the flowing blood of their foes, whilst others seemingly unarmed, yet prepared for murder, deal certain death with a *poisoned thumb-nail*. This, we are informed in the notes to the same work, is done by the Otomacs, who poison their thumb-nails with curare, as it was called by Raleigh. The mere impress of the nail proves fatal, should the poison become mixed with the blood. Humboldt judged the creeping plant, described above by Dr. Dalton and Waterton, as a vine, to be from its physiognomy allied to strychnos. Sir R. Schomburgk has since found the plant in flower, and described it under the name of strychnos-toxifera. It however contains, according to Boussingault, no trace of strychnine. If this is the case, it contains a vegetable poison of a different nature, as yet undescribed. The experiments of Virchow and Münter show that the curare, urari or wourali poison, does not destroy by absorption from without but when it is absorbed by the animal substance after the separation of continuity of the latter, which explains how an Indian can taste his victim's blood with impunity. It does not belong to tetanic poisons, but produces paralysis, that is to say, a cessation of voluntary muscular movement, while the function of the involuntary muscles (as the heart and intestines) continues unimpaired. It would appear that a plant endowed with such virtues might be applied to valuable purposes both in surgery and medicine.

If a woman or a child is to be murdered, their death is ensured in a still more barbarous manner. The miserable creature is thrown down on the ground, the mouth is forced open, and the fangs of a venomous serpent are driven through the tongue. Before the poor wretch can reach home, the tongue becomes so inflamed and swollen that she is unable to tell who did the deed, and death soon relieves her of her sufferings.

Parturition is attended with few inconveniences to the female Indian; as soon as the child is born, it is not an uncommon thing to see the mother proceed to a neighbouring stream, where she performs the necessary ablutions for herself and infant. There is little in the way of dress to give her much trouble; nor does the occurrence occasion any inter-

ruption to her usual duties. The husband, however, is not let off so easily; the etiquette of savage life requires that he should take to his hammock for several days, where, with solemn countenance, and an appearance of suffering, he receives the visits of his acquaintances, who either condole or rejoice with him, as the case may be.

The History of Guiana comprises the first discovery by the Spanish navigators at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, followed by the numerous adventurous and romantic expeditions made in search of the El Dorado of the West—a rich city abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones, situated on the borders of the Lake Parima, and of whose fabulous wealth the Spaniards had obtained reports as early as in A.D. 1500—a story which in after times kindled the romantic spirit of the chivalric Raleigh.

The settlements of the Dutch succeeded in 1580 to these dreams of wondrous wealth—the age of chivalry and romance in British Guiana, as Dr. Dalton calls it; methodical and unimaginative, the Dutchman left to more credulous and speculative individuals the task of exploring the interior of a country enveloped in mystery and marvels. The adventurers from Spain, Portugal, England, and France left little behind them but the history of their misfortunes and disappointment—and a curious one it is. The Dutch, who settled down in contentment upon the undrained banks of rivers and sea-coasts, constructed canals, upon whose placid waters they trafficked in their barges, and which have been totally neglected by their successors; they introduced the cotton-plant, the coffee-plant, and the sugar-cane; they laid out beautiful gardens, where groves of orange and lime-trees mingled their shade and perfume with plantains and other indigenous tropical fruit trees. They also introduced slaves: the shores of Guiana were perhaps the first territories to which the miserable steps of the captured Africans were directed by their Dutch masters.

The epoch of Dutch colonisation of Guiana is diversified by several invasions by the English and French, till Demerara and Essequibo were finally surrendered to the former in 1803, an occupation which was followed subsequently by the introduction of European women. The population had till that time been kept up by mulattoes, tercerones, quadroons, quarterones, and quinterones, or mustees, as they were called, according to the amount of white and black admixture of blood, all difference vanishing in the last.

The history of English tenure presents the usual colonial varieties of a long succession of governors of various tempers and abilities; of disputes between the new governors and the old-established order of things in the shape of a Dutch fiscal; of disputes about the administration of justice and the monopoly of offices; of insurrections fanned by missionary interference and the negro apprentice act; of the emancipation of slaves, the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, and the encouragement of free immigration of Portuguese and Coolies. This portion of the work does great credit to Dr. Dalton's industry and ability, as do also those which embrace the statistics of the country, its government, public institutions, population, actual condition, and future prospects.

British Guiana has acquired an unenviable notoriety both in Europe and the West Indies for the insalubrity of its climate, and for the mortality which has occurred among Europeans and others who have visited

its malarious shores. Dr. Dalton does not deny to it some pre-eminence in these respects; but he argues at length, that the temperature is very equable, and even advantageous for a certain class of complaints, and the greater amount of fatality is induced by the recklessness of the colonists. In fact, if the natural law is carefully observed, a person may live as long in Guiana, with very little more sickness, than elsewhere.

In a country constituted as Guiana is, animal life naturally abounds. Noxious insects intrude into dwelling-houses, the rivers teem with fish, birds and reptiles people the savannahs, wild beasts roam undisturbed in the forest—receding, however, before the advancing step of civilisation. The monkeys are lords of the forests—the snake alone disputing with them the dominion of the wooded world. They live on high branches of lofty trees, where they consider themselves to be tolerably safe, except from the hunter's gun or Indian's arrow, and the ever-dreaded wiles and stratagems of their greatest enemy, the snake. There are howling monkeys, weeping monkeys, and preaching monkeys, spider monkeys, fox-tailed monkeys, squirrel monkeys, and monkeys with all kinds of faces and beards. The forest in some respects resembles a large community of men. There are vampire bats that suck the blood of persons asleep. There are wild dogs that live on crabs (*Procyon Cancrivorus*), in reality a small description of bear. There are skunks, which bid defiance to all enemies, driving back dogs and men by their intolerably fetid odour.

Domestic cats and dogs removed to Guiana do not thrive; they have fits and die; but wild dogs and cats abound, and commit great depredations. Tiger-cats may be seen climbing the trees in the suburbs of the cities, and the favourite food of the jaguar are the pigs and cows of the colonist. The most impudent thieves are the opossums. They require sometimes to be beaten and kicked out of the houses, and considering that they are very offensive, as well as predatory, their presence must be anything but desirable. The sportsman's great resources are the labba or paca, the water-hog, and the acourys—the American hare. There are also deer, wild boar, tapirs, sloths, armadillos, ant-eaters, and a variety of other strange creatures. Nature in such regions appears positively to luxuriate in the most fanciful and curious creations. That great unwieldy-looking animal, the sea-cow, is met with at the outlet of the larger streams.

The variety and number of birds found in Guiana, the richness and beauty of their plumage, the surprising, and in many cases melodious, tones of their voices, and the curious and singular habits of most of them, offer a large field of inquiry. Large collections are made annually by naturalists, bird-stuffers, and travellers, and the specimens are distributed among museums in Europe and America. Possibly there are few persons who have not at times felt the wish to have their curiosity satisfied regarding the habits of those humming-birds, parrots, macaws, shrikes, tanagers, manakins, troupiales, jacamars, and other birds of brilliant plumage, which attract the eye in almost every collection. Guiana has also its useful birds—its turkeys, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, plovers, snipe, ducks, &c. Dr. Dalton tells us, however, that the European gets little sport in the forests, although game birds abound there. The crash of dried branches warn the bird, he flies away, and the density of the forest prevents his getting a shot. The stealthy Indian alone can get a shot on a branch or on the ground.

Needless to say that tortoises, crocodiles, snakes, and other reptiles abound in a country so favourable to the development of animal life. There are many kinds of turtle and tortoises, from the edible to the ferocious, and which themselves prey on other reptiles. Alligators are even to be seen in the canals and trenches about Georgetown. The largest species is the black alligator of the Essequibo, the same that Waterton encountered in so courageous and entertaining a manner. Among snakes, there are the boas, the largest of which, the boa-constrictor, is called the bushmaster. They have sometimes terrible conflicts with the alligators. There are great numbers of venomous snakes, and others that are not so, and which latter are chiefly arboreal or water snakes. Frogs are among the most noisy denizens of the colony. The number of fishes in the waters of the coasts and the rivers and canals is described as being truly astonishing. How favourable the climate is for ichthyological growth and development may be judged of from the fact that one fresh-water fish—the *sudis gigas*—attains a length of from eight to fourteen feet, and weighs from 200 to 300 lbs., and is excellent food. A species of silurus, called lau-lau, is also often captured ten or twelve feet long, and weighing 200 lbs. Common eels are three or four feet in length.

The insect nuisances of the tropics are in force in Guiana. Every house has its centipedes; but fleas and mosquitoes are the great bane to comfort. Guiana is also much infested by the chigoe, or jigger, which burrows in the flesh, especially of the toe-nail. Dr. Dalton says he has seen them on the hands, body, face, and feet; and has known people unable to walk on account of the accumulation of them in the soles of the feet. They sometimes cause mortification. A Capuchin friar is related to have been anxious to carry home some specimens of these irritating insects to his friends, so he took away with him a complete colony, which he foolishly permitted to inhabit one of his feet; but, unfortunately for himself and for science, the foot entrusted with the precious cargo mortified, was obliged to be amputated, and, with all its inhabitants and his blighted hopes, committed to the waves. Scarcely does the sun go down than thousands of beetles crowd into the drawing-rooms of the dwelling-houses. Others of the insect tribe get into all descriptions of food. The common black beetle here, as in China, nibbles the toes of persons. In rainy weather large crickets alight on the head or hands, irritating the skin with their rough legs. Ants not only abound, but are also venomous. The sand-fly pesters human beings, as well as the mosquito, and is so small as to defy detection. Common flies also, by their numbers, add to the insect nuisances.

In a land of unsurpassed vigour in the production of both animal and vegetable life, where the air, the ground, and the waters alike teem with living things, it is naturally to be expected that magnificent and curious flowers should also abound, ornamenting the plains, decorating the woods, and enlivening the dark expanse of waters. On the lofty mountains and in the quiet valleys, in the fertile plains and grassy marshes, an immense garden, stored with infinite variety, is presented to the observer. Raised and cultivated alone by Nature, thousands of plants, the most rich and rare, spring up, blossom, and die. Many of them, however, have been reclaimed by enterprising naturalists, and have been transplanted to delight the senses of a refined community. The time may yet come when

the foot of civilisation shall tread a path to these gorgeous regions, and the hand of man shall pluck these lovely plants from the obscurity in which they are now buried.

From these outlines some estimate may be formed of the natural wonders of Guiana. The little that has been seen has struck all beholders with astonishment and admiration. There may be monotony and sameness in the wonderful extent of its perpetual forests, where the jaguar, the deer, and troops of monkeys dwell ; but to the lover of nature and of science there is rich reward. There may be difficulty and danger to encounter in its far-stretching savannahs and granite mountains, but to an enterprising spirit there are both interest and honour to be derived by gathering and recording his triumph over the cayman and the serpent. Patience and endurance may be required to trace its numerous streams, and their verdant banks hung with garlands of flowers to the water's edge, but to the poet and the naturalist they are inspiring themes. Industry and perseverance are, no doubt, required by the man who desires to avail himself of the singularly fertile tract of alluvial land which has passed through so varied a course of agriculture and cultivation, but ample treasures await the individual who possesses such qualities.

ON SOME OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF PAYING ONE'S DEBTS.

This is a serious business.

All's Well that Ends Well.

It is much to be regretted that virtue should have its penalties as well as its pleasures. I have myself been a martyr to one of its lowest forms ; a martyr without any of the honours of martyrdom. Paul Pry's exclamation that "he would never do a good-natured thing again as long as he lived," was an expressive phrase of unrequited kindness ; but mine were not even acts of good-nature.

As long as I moved ambiguously upon the surface of society I was comparatively happy. It was only when I had taken a good house and adopted the habit of regularly paying my debts that I began to be miserable.

In no other way could I have been reputed wealthy. No one knew my income. *Secretiveness* was one of my largest phrenological developments, and my affairs had always been studiously kept to myself. It was solely, therefore, because I was in the habit of paying my debts that I brought upon myself all the penalties of reputed wealth.

The "world" argued that any one might take a good house ; but that to live in it, and continue to pay one's debts, was proof that there must be what is called a handsome property.

Of this one of the first painful consequences was an universal desire to make my acquaintance. I became suddenly appreciated :

Others could see, although myself could not,
I was indeed "a marvellous proper man."

But all this was incompatible with my habits. I preferred making my own selection: and dire was the offence. Mothers had sought me for their daughters' sakes. In vain I honourably refused attentions for which I could not make the expected return. In vain I assured them that I was really not a marrying man. Every one whose overture was rejected became an enemy. "That so wealthy a man should remain unmarried—it was a shame! Depend upon it there must be something wrong." Fortunately there was no tangible spot upon my character; but the usual machinery of "we would an if we could," and "such ambiguous givings out" were put into requisition; and although nothing was said, it was taken for granted that a great deal *might* have been said, "or Mr. Blank would not have looked so serious, or have avoided the subject so pointedly as he *had* done." I had formed an innumerable speaking acquaintance at clubs, and libraries, and public places; and one of the great pleasures of my morning walk was to have a talk with them all; but now I was either coldly bowed to, or passed without notice. I was also designated as a shabby fellow, who had the means but not the inclination to be hospitable; and this was assumed merely because I had adopted the practice of paying my debts.

The next evil consequence was, that I became the prey of every designing philanthropist. If I attended a religious or charitable gathering, to amuse myself by listening to some celebrated speaker, I was sure to be waited upon the next morning by one of the gentlemen who had done "the heavy business" of the previous day—usually a clerical young man in black, with a long neck carefully done up in hot-pressed white—who, referring to "our very interesting meeting," had called for "the favour of a donation or subscription." Every Mrs. Jellaby who had concocted a pet scheme of piety or charity, after inflicting upon me the reading of a long prospectus and correspondence, "had no doubt she should have my countenance and support." The common-places to which I was doomed to listen, while they were read to me with all the aggravations of exaggerated emphasis, would of themselves have been a grievous affliction. "*It is our duty to do all in our power to promote the welfare of others;*"—and then the reader would fix a pair of fiery grey eyes upon me, and wait for my assent to this obvious truism. But the attempt was not only upon my patience, but my money. Excellent in themselves, but endless in their number—Baths, Washhouses, Ragged Schools, Mendicity Societies, Hospitals, Female Refuges, Reformatory Establishments, Sailors' Homes, Protestant Alliances, Irish Missions, Home Missions, the Conversion of the Jews, and a long *et cætera*—all had their claims upon one who was accounted wealthy, merely because he was in the habit of paying his debts.

The only thing to which I contributed with unmixed satisfaction was the poor-box of a police-office; for in that case I saw nothing of the recipients, and had not been asked to give.

What I had done, or what it was hoped I would do, led on to another infliction. My committee and board meetings were so numerous that I was induced to take into my service, as amanuensis, an ingenious and sharp-witted juvenile delinquent, whose principal employment was to keep a record of my engagements and appointments. How *that* ended it would be premature to say.

My servants complained that their time was wholly occupied in admitting applicants for my name—which they assured me would be of special service—as a subscriber to *Encyclopædias*, *Dictionaries*, *Gazetteers*, *Illustrated Scenery*, *Tables* chronological, historical, biographical, or genealogical; *Cathedral Antiquities*, *Lodge's Portraits*, *Cast*s from *Shakespeare's Monument* or the *Elgin Marbles*, and every form, in short, in which the ingenious make war upon the wealthy. The agents of every wine-merchant upon the Continent waited upon me for orders. Whenever any real property, or an eligible investment was offered for sale, I was specially invited to be present; and estates were strongly recommended to me which would have been cheaply purchased at fifty thousand pounds. I felt that I was occupying a false position; but it was no fault of mine. I had never pretended to be wealthy. I had merely been in the habit of paying my debts.

The whole world seemed to have conspired against my peace. The exhibitors of circuses, plays, panoramas, dwarfs, wonders, objects of art, and assaults of arms, all came for my patronage and my money. If a musical professor had made his expenditure harmonise so badly with his means as to have incurred the threats of his creditors, he hoped I would lend him fifty pounds. If an actor had become "the unhappy victim of unforeseen circumstances," he threw himself upon what he was pleased to term "my well-known kindness and generosity." If a shopkeeper had eaten up his capital in the shape of hot suppers and champagne, he trusted that I would not refuse to assist him with a small sum to meet his Christmas engagements, which I might depend upon his repaying in three months: and in less than one he was in the *Gazette*. If some fellow, through ill-usage or neglect, had lost his horse or cow, he seemed to think it nothing more than reasonable that I should give him the means of replacing it. If a bankrupt porter-dealer had obtained the situation of tax-collector, I was asked to be his security for five hundred pounds; and in six months he had absconded. Useless wives who (muddling away their husbands' gains)

Spent little—yet had nothing left

—daughters, as they assured me, of parents who had been in affluent circumstances;—the idle, the helpless, and the profligate, all found their way to the wretched being whose purse was believed to be the poor man's California, merely because he had been in the habit of paying his debts.

Shut, shut the door, good John!

was unavailing. It did not succeed even when Pope himself was the appellant.

Life became intolerable; and I could see no remedy for its evils but to break up my establishment, and fly for refuge to the Continent.

Furniture, wine, horses, pictures, articles of "*bigotry and virtue*," were all brought to the hammer, with an effect that was instantaneous. The opinion of the "world" was changed as by the pantomimic wand of a magician. It now held that I could never have had "much of an income," and must have been living upon my principal; but it admitted that, at any rate, I had been in the habit of paying my debts.

Of this, the last and most grievous consequence was a long and unwished-for exile.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WHILST the House of Commons struggled for its trumpety privilege through the greater part of the century, the law courts held over the press their law of libel, with pillories, fines, imprisonments, and other punishments in case of an infringement of it. The distracted publishers were then compelled to allude to the king only as "a certain illustrious personage," or "a great person of state;" and, on the 26th June, 1790, the printer of the *Dublin Morning Post* stood in the pillory on College-green for copying a paragraph from the London papers which stated that "The — was formerly a very domestic woman, but now gives up too much of her time to politics." Nay, even the lists of bankrupts are simply headed "B—pts," lest the full expression of the term might give offence.

It is curious to observe the love of scandal struggling with the fear of prosecution. Here is an extract from the *Political Register* of May, 1758, reflecting on the Duke of Grafton's connexion with Nancy Parsons, which will convey an idea of the appearance of the newspapers while under these restrictions:

"Towards the close of the last session, the F—t L—d of the T—y was *missing*. In a day or two, it came out that his G—e was gone down to the sea-coast with Miss N—y P—s, to attend her on board a vessel for France. About the end of March an express arrived at Dover, ordering one of the packets to be got ready for the *confidential* S—y of the T—y. He came in the evening, and embarked for Calais. Various were the speculations of the people of Dover on the purport of this embassy at such a busy time. Lo! the S—y returned with his errand, Miss N—y P—s in his hand. On Wednesday, the 14th of April, his G—e attended Mrs. H—n, *commonly* called Miss N—y P—s, to Ranelagh, and the Saturday following he introduced her to the Opera, and sat behind her in waiting. . . . It is only the prerogative of a F—t M—r to appear with his mistress in public, and to show her more respect than he ever showed his wife."

In the November number of the same publication is a dialogue between the duke and an imaginary admirer, which exhibits the same features:

"Q. Who made you P—e M—r?"

"A. Some little assurance, and a great deal of b—gh interest." And so on.

Having shown *why* the newspapers of the last century ought not in fairness to be compared with those of the present, we will point out *in what respects* they were deficient. In the first place, in point of size, they were not more than an eighth of that of the double *Times* in the

early part of the century; and even in 1777, *Lloyd's Evening Post* was no larger, but most of the other papers of that period had grown to about a quarter of the usual size of the present daily papers. The paper was of a coarser texture, and the type larger; but it is of the contents we now propose giving a specimen or two. In the news department we might frequently find paragraphs worded similarly to the following, or of as much import:

"Last Tuesday night, as two old foolish watchmen, in Sugarloaf-court, Leadenhall-street, were sporting with each other, one unluckily struck the other a blow in the eye with his staff, which occasioned it to bleed in a shocking manner! No fools like the old fools."—*Westminster Journal*, April 22, 1775.

"We hear there is likely to be the greatest opposition ever known in the memory of man for the choice of churchwardens for the parish of St. Peter in Cornhill."—*Ibid.*

The tone in which discussions were sometimes carried on between papers in rival interests, may be fairly illustrated by an extract from the controversy on the Bank Contract for circulating the South-Sea Company's bonds. We must premise that Caleb D'Anvers, of the *Craftsman*, was opposed to the contract, and that Francis Walsingham, of the *Daily Gazetteer*, and "Mr. Osborn" (an assumed name), who formerly wrote the *London Journal*, but had incorporated his paper with the *Gazetteer*, were its advocates. We must also add that the editorial style was generally the singular number, and that rival editors addressed each other personally and by name, which would now be considered a breach of etiquette. The *Craftsman*, then, of August the 23rd, 1735, heads its article thus:

"Remarks upon Mother Osborn's account of the Bank Contract."*

And commences in this strain:

"About two years ago this feminine dotard, through the promptings of her ignorance, with the assistance of her venality, was led into an avowal of doctrines that were perfectly infamous."

And on the 6th of September the same paper—not a scurrilous publication, but the organ of a respectable party—alludes to the editor of the *Gazetteer* as "that low tool, Walsingham"—"a contemptible fellow, who is retained on purpose to assert falsehoods, and will either disavow or persist in them just as you"—(Sir Robert Walpole)—"are pleased to direct and pay him for it." On September the 10th, the editors of the *Daily Gazetteer* reply on the part of Walpole, denouncing "the authors of the *Craftsman*" as "grovelling, abandoned, and despicable implements of slander;" and in the same paper of the 30th of August, Osborn had replied to the *Craftsman's* attacks upon him in the following elegant and dignified manner:

"Whereas a certain tall, impudent A——y (eminently distinguished by his villanies in all parts of life), who suborned evidences to hang his benefactor that gave him bread when he was not able to purchase it, and was told in open court by Lord Chief Justice Raymond, in my hearing,

* Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits Mother Osborn, stupified to stone.

Pope's "*Dunciad*," added to Canto II., after 1738.

that he and his confederates would have been hanged in any other country, is again admitted to be one of the writers of the *Craftsman*, and has last week thrown together a parcel of Billingsgate words about Mr. Osborn."

This intemperate language was not confined to the two journals in question, for *Fog's Journal* of July the 19th, in the same year, in a parody on an address of Walsingham's, makes him to say, "We never had any regard to truth," that he "was hired," "trimmed in laced livery," and so on. And all this storm was about a simple question of the privileges of the Bank! But it will serve to show how high party feeling ran at the time, and how it washed before it all considerations of propriety, delicacy, or gentlemanly feeling. Well might Pulteney write (1731), "There has been more Billingsgate stuff uttered from the press within these two months than ever was known before." But even then it had not arrived at its height.

We question whether any papers of the present day would venture, or condescend to allow themselves such latitude as the journalists of the eighteenth century sometimes allowed themselves in speaking of the ministers of the day. We select a few choice specimens:

"A correspondent observes that the trading part of this nation have great reason to be alarmed at the dismal prospect of the approaching ruin of this once flourishing nation. We who once gave laws to all other kingdoms and powers are now become the scorn of all the world, and it must be so while such men—such wretches as Jemmy Twitcher,* a despicable but arbitrary junto, preside over us! A change of men and a change of measures—oh, how devoutly to be wished for by every lover of religion, trade, and liberty!"—*Old British Spy*, May 22nd, 1779.

"A constant reader asks if that kingdom must not become very despicable where land admirals are employed to conduct the navy? where trade and commerce are neglected? where religion and virtue are despised? where a prince, obstinate and self-conceited, spends his hours in looking into watches, making of buttons, and playing with ivory toys; whilst the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war strikes every thinking man with astonishment and dismay, none knowing where, when destruction and infatuation begin, they will end."—*Ibid*.

"A lover of morality recommends it to all sorts of people to be righteously, soberly, and godly during the approaching holidays, commonly called Whitsuntide. As our adorable Creator causes his rain to descend and his sun to shine upon us, filling our hearts with food and gladness, let not the blasphemous oath, the obscene jest, nor drunkenness and fornication, which ought not to be known among Christians, be heard or seen amongst us. So shall righteousness exalt our nation, which now groans under the decay of trade, the load of taxes, the prospect of a bloody, tedious, and expensive war, with our Protestant brethren in America and our Popish enemies in France and Spain."—*Ibid*.

"A correspondent asks, if parliament should pass a vote for distributing the widows' and orphans' money entrusted to the Lord Chancellor, towards the support of Britons, to embrue their hands and swords in American blood, good God! what will become of our stocks and funds? Do not men of genius and calculation already fear that our Three per

* The Earl of Sandwich, Secretary of State.

Cents. will be worth no more than fifty pounds for an hundred? Forbid it, good Lord! that ever England should be so reduced that the widows' and orphans' money, like their tears, should be expended and applied to serve the vile purposes of such men as Jemmy Twitcher, Sir Hugh Paleface, drunken Rigdum, &c., &c. On the contrary, God grant we may see such golden days as when Cumberland, Richmond, Rockingham, and Keppel may have the guide and lead of our Treasury, our army, and navy!"—*Old British Spy*, Feb. 20, 1779.

"A correspondent observes that, since the days of the great Sir Walter Rawley, perhaps no man has received so much deserved applause as the magnanimous Admiral Keppel: an ornament to society, a real friend to his king and country. May those venal ministers,* who have long made the hungry curse their birth, be driven from before the throne, and may England once more see a virtuous ministry restored, that our king may reign the happy ruler of a free, loyal, and trading nation."—*Ibid.*

Enough of this ribaldry! We have quoted sufficient to show that argument was a weapon unknown to our newspaper controversialists—mere vituperation: the foul vapour from their venomous mouths was all they had to make an attack with.

Now for a specimen of a political article, *not* communicated, at a time when "leading articles" were unknown. It is perfectly terrific in its display of italics and capitals:

"The French, it seems, despairing of carrying their Point by *Insinuations*, have resorted to their old Method of *Threatening*, and, by their proper Herald, the Amsterdam Gazette, menace us with *Fishing Barks*, *flat-bottom'd Boats*, *Troops on the Coast*, or, in their own Phrase, nothing less than a *Descent upon England*. In this Situation, the first Thing to be done is to enquire into the State of our MILITIA, more especially in the *Maritime Counties*, and, if there be *any* in which the MILITIA is not *raised* pursuant to the *Laws* for that *Purpose*, to *enquire* strictly into the *Cause*; in which we presume that we point at nothing but what is *just*, and that Statutes are made to be *obeyed*, as the *Excise* and *Customs* are levied in *one County* as well as in *another*."—*London Evening Post*, February 6th, 1759.

Here is emphasis—here are irony and sarcasm, lurking, like daggers, behind an Italian cloak! But all these italics might have been spared, and a scrap of rhyme, with very little trouble, would have expressed as much—in fact, the words almost resolve themselves into it:

If the militia's not rais'd pursuant to the laws,
The first thing to be done is to inquire the cause:
It is nothing but just, for statutes are made
For the purpose we think—to be duly obey'd.

In the advertisement department, we have all sorts of extraordinary announcements, from the chandler's, who (in one of the Norwich papers in 1723) wants a journeyman "that has had the small-pox," to the notice of a horse being stolen (in the same paper), with a coarse representation of the thief riding the horse to the gallows with the devil in pursuit. The proprietors seem to have had no idea of making this department a large

* The Grenville administration.

source of revenue; for, during the general election of 1774, some of the papers actually announce that they must decline inserting the separate addresses of the candidates, and merely give a list of their names, as, if they published all the advertisements in full, they would encroach too much upon the news department due to their readers! They had no idea then of colossal supplements, double numbers, or of realising a large revenue from advertisements alone. Varily, they were the men who would not make hay when the sun shone!

Such, at this time, was the difficulty in procuring news, even sufficient to fill these diminutive sheets, that, as late as 1752, the editor of the *Leicester Journal* was compelled to fill up his columns with a reprint of the Bible, which he continued weekly—the said *Leicester Journal* being, by the way, then printed in London, and sent down (as were others of the same period, in the absence of local printing-presses) to the place of which it purported to be the chronicle for publication!

Another “curiosity” in newspaper antiquities was the *News Letter*, which was introduced by Ichabod Dawks in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and which consisted of the news of the week, with a blank fly-sheet attached, “so that any gentleman may write his own private business.” The *News Letters* of Mr. Dawks and of Mr. Dyer are playfully alluded to by the *Spectator*.

Some singular announcements of the prices of newspapers claim our attention before closing this subject. In 1706, the price of the *Norwich Postman*, then “printed for S. Sheffield, by T. Goddard, bookseller, Norwich,” in a small quarto sheet, was stated as “charge, one halfpenny—but a penny not refused;” and in 1723, the proprietor of the *Norwich Gazette*, or *Henry Crossgrove’s News*, thus announced a rise in the price of his journal: “This is to inform my friends, that on Saturday next this newspaper will be sold at a penny, and continue at that price. The reason of my raising to a penny is, because I cannot afford to sell it under any longer, and I hope none of my customers will think it dear at a penny, since they shall always have the first intelligence, besides other diversions.” This amusing notice is sufficiently candid, but we opine that the public of the present day would require a more detailed explanation.

We have, perhaps, extended this chapter to an undue length by devoting too much space to one particular branch of the subject, but newspaper history at this period is full of curiosities, and we will close it with one of the most unique of them all—the opening prospectus of the *Salisbury Postman*, in 1715:

“The *Salisbury Postman*, or *Pacquet of Intelligence* from France, Spaine, Portugal, &c., Saturday, September 27th, 1715. No. 1.

“* * * This paper contains an abstract of the most material occurrences of the whole week, foreign and domestick, and will be continued every post, provided a sufficient number will subscribe for its encouragement.

“If two hundred subscribe, it shall be delivered to any private or public-house in town every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday morning by eight of the clock during the winter season, and by six in the summer, for three halfpence each.

“Any person in the countrie may order it by the post-coach, carriers, or market people, to whom they shall be carefully delivered.

“It shall be always printed in a sheet and a half, and on as good paper;

but this, containing 'the whole week's news, can't be afforded under two-pence.

"NOTE.—For encouragement of all those that may have occasion to enter advertisements, this paper will be made publick in every market town, forty miles distant from this city, and several will be sent as far as Exeter.

"Besides the news, we perform all other matters belonging to our art and mystery, whether in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, algebra, mathematicks, &c.

"Printed by Samuel Farley, at his office, adjoining to Mr. Robert Silcock's, on the ditch in Sarum, anno 1715."

This voluminous title occupied two pages out of the two sheets of small folio of which this first number of the paper was composed. Part of the intelligence appears to be taken from the London papers, but one portion is declared to be "all from the written letter." An ingenious correspondent of one of the London magazines has made the following calculation of the income of a paper of this description :

"The entire income of the paper, to meet every expense, including its delivery to subscribers—no trifling matter, we may infer, in the then imperfect state of the post-office deliveries, and which must have rendered special messengers indispensable to its circulation—the entire income amounted to no more than twenty-five shillings each number, or three pounds fifteen shillings per week."

How insignificant a figure must the provincial press have made in those days, taking it at this estimate ! How humble must have been its workers—how cramped its means of gaining or of giving information !

THE DRAMA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE satire of Hogarth upon the taste of the age in which we find the world of fashion crowding to masquerades and conjurors' exhibitions while the works of Shakspeare, Jonson, and the standard dramatists are being vended as waste paper, was, no doubt, to a great extent, provoked; but it must be admitted that the legitimate drama had its palmy days in the eighteenth century. Never had it had such an interpreter as Garrick. Betterton, Foote, Quin, Rich, Kemble—how do names of various eminence and degrees of talent, but all of note, crowd upon us when we speak of the stage of which our grandfathers speak so highly, and with so much disparagement of that of our own day ! Truly they must be admitted to have some degree of truth on their side, if they have a good deal of prejudice.

But we *are* enabled to find one fault from which our stage now-a-days is pretty well free. The managers, perhaps thinking the talent of their actors must excuse every negligence on their part, bestowed very little care in several details upon the manner in which their pieces were put upon the stage. This was more particularly observable in the inconsistency of costume which was displayed : national distinctions were disregarded, and all kinds of discrepancies, incongruities, and anomalies perpetrated, the heroes of previous centuries appearing in the discarded court-dresses of the nobility of the eighteenth. *Cato*, for instance, was represented "in a long wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair"—*Mac-*

both was dressed in the style of the reigning monarch—and *Hamlet* was just such a prince as might be seen in St. James's. *Jane Shore* and *Alicia* came forth in laced stays and hooped petticoats; and, in *Zara*, Miss Young practised the same anachronism, and the representative of *Nerestan*, the Crusader, was dressed in the white uniform of the French Guards; while, at another time, *Cleopatra* appeared in "hooped petticoats, stomacher, and powdered commode, with a richly-ornamented fan in her hand!" Although the stage appointments, generally speaking, were at this time conceived in good taste and on an extravagant scale, little attention appears to have been paid to this point, so essential in aiding the illusion, and carrying the audience back to the time intended to be represented.

Another evil of mischievous tendency, and which must have been an impediment to the working out of the plot, and an obstruction and intrusion in its progress, was the system of allowing "people of quality" to occupy stage-seats, or chairs ranged upon the stage; and in this light it appears at length to have been viewed, for, in 1729, the public resisted it so vigorously that it was thenceforward discontinued. But it was succeeded by another practice almost as destructive to the effect which the actors sought to produce—the stationing of sentinels at each end of the stage at the theatres royal; a custom which was continued as late as 1763.

The announcements of the performances at the several theatres were only given to the public through one chosen organ of the press, as the following notices at two different periods will show:

"The manager of Drury Lane thinks it proper to give notice that advertisements of their plays by their authority are published only in his paper and the *Daily Courant*, and that the publishers of all other papers who presume to insert advertisements of the same plays can do it only by some surreptitious intelligence or hearsay, which frequently leads them to commit gross errors, as mentioning one play for another, falsely representing the parts, &c., to the misinformation of the town, and the great detriment of the said theatre."—*Daily Post*, 1721.

"To prevent any mistake in future, in advertising the plays and entertainments of Drury Lane Theatre, the managers think it proper to declare that the playbills are inserted by their direction in this paper only."—*Public Advertiser*, January 1st, 1765.

A similar notice from the Covent Garden managers appears in the same paper.

If the curse of political feeling, in its strongest and most fanatical shape, could not be excluded from the coffee-house, the rout, the domestic fireside, or even from the lady's toilet, we cannot expect to find it excluded from the theatre; but our readers will hardly be prepared to hear in what way, and to what extent, partisanship exhibited itself within the playhouse walls. No arrangement of the contending factions in the House of Commons was ever preserved more strictly than the audience of the theatre observed in dividing themselves into the two great parties, the Tory ladies sitting on one side of the house, while the Whig ladies were drawn up on the other side; and we may imagine with what expression each party would cast a side-glance at the other on the delivery of some passage or sentiment which would appear to affect its opinions.

The most innocent sentences were tortured into political meaning, and applauded or condemned as they accorded with, or were distasteful to, the respective parties' views. Perhaps no piece was interpreted so satisfactorily to both sides as Addison's "Cato," for, while the Whigs admired it on account of the Whiggish principles of its author, the Tories, on one occasion, actually presented a purse of fifty guineas to Barton Booth, who played the part of *Cato*, as "a slight acknowledgment of his honest opposition to a perpetual dictator, and in dying so bravely in the cause of liberty." No doubt this was in part a tribute to the talent of the actor; but the fanciful terms in which it was presented were designed as a "fling" at the opposite party.

The extent to which political sentiments and party clap-traps were introduced upon the stage, furnished Sir Robert Walpole with an excuse for that absurd act for the regulation of theatres, in 1737, which, by requiring the manuscript of a play to be submitted to the Lord Chamberlain previously to its representation, virtually established, as we have seen it in our own days, an arbitrary censorship over the drama.

Barring these abuses and venial errors, these were sunny days for the English drama. The distaste for native authors and native actors, and the passion for foreign mountebanks, so angrily ridiculed by Hogarth, were only intermittent, and the royal theatres, "the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn-fields," and, latterly, Colman's and Foote's "little summer theatre in the Haymarket," flourished in spite of them. But then, if we had Garricks, Bettertons, Macklins, Riches, Quins, Footes, Booths, and a host of clever delineators to act the English drama, what splendid geniuses wrote it! There were Addison, Steele, Smollett, Fielding, Gay, Goldsmith, Johnson, Hawkesworth, Thompson, Young, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Inchbald, the Cibbers, the Colmans, the Sheridans, Aaron Hill, Lillo, O'Keefe, Macklin, Hannah More, Charles Shadwell, Motteux, Cumberland, Rowe, D'Urfey, Vanbrugh, Whitehead, Theobald, the later productions of Congreve, Cowley, Charles Dibdin, William Shirley, George Alexander Stevens, Home, Holcroft, the Careys, Chatterton, Mrs. Clive, Dodsley, Cobb, Murphy, Allan Ramsay, Kelly—all men of more or less note, writing for the theatres—most of them good in their respective walks—and many of whose dramas are even now brought forward occasionally, but too sparingly, as a choice treat whereon to feast our minds after a surfeit of the modern French trumpery which is hashed up for the stage; Pope, Johnson, Garrick, and Horace Walpole at the same time concocting the prologues and epilogues, down even to Captain Topham; and, notwithstanding the opinion of a critic in the *Weekly Magazine* of 1770, that, instead of the prologue being an outline, and the epilogue a moral application of the drama, they had become "pointed satires of men and manners," these productions, now rapidly becoming obsolete, display a considerable amount of sparkling wit and sometimes eloquent pathos, and are invaluable to historians of our own modest pretensions, who search no musty record, nor dive into black-letter lore, but skim the lighter literature in which only is to be found the folly, fashion, or rage of which we may want a specimen for our museum.

THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ELOPEMENT."

I.

"Don't bother here about your privileges and advantages!" exclaimed Rose Darling, wrathfully, as Madame de Nino's pupils were gathered round the schoolroom-stove on Christmas morning, "France and its customs are a hundred years behind England in civilisation, as the French girls are behind us."

"Well done, Rose!"

"Adeline excepted, of course," continued Miss Darling. "Here's Christmas-day, and if we had gone to school in England, we should be at home to eat our joyous dîner, in the midst of the mistletoe and the other Christmas fun! Whilst in this pernicious country we have no holidays, except a month in autumn, and take that, or not, as parents like! It is a most unnatural state of things, and the British Government ought to interfere."

"Do the French keep Christmas as we do?" asked Grace Lucas, a new girl, and a very stupid one, who could not understand a word of French.

"Bah!" grumbled Rose, "what do they care for Christmas? The *Jour de l'An* is their fête."

"The what?" inquired Grace.

"*Qu'elle est bête!*" ejaculated Rose, in her careless manner.

"Have some consideration, Rose," interposed Adeline de Castella, in French.

"Why she has heard it fifty times," retorted Rose, in English.

"Every one is not so apt as you."

"Apt at what?" asked Rose, fiercely, a glowing colour rushing to her cheeks, for since the advent of George Marlborough, Rose's conscience was prone to conjure up hidden sarcasm.

"I meant at learning French," laughed Adeline. "What else should I mean?"

"Oh, thank you," chafed Rose. "I understand."

"Do we pass Christmas in this prison of a schoolroom?" questioned Grace.

"No, no," said Mary Carr. "Madame de Nino gives us a grand dinner in her state dining-room, roast beef, turkeys, plum-puddings, mince-pies; in short, everything we could have in England."

"And champagne in plenty," added Rose; "with music and dancing afterwards, forfeits, and any games we like. Only," she continued, turning to Grace Lucas, "we are not allowed to utter one word in English: there's a double punishment if they hear only half a one."

"A pretty Christmas it will be for me then!" groaned Grace.

"Don't believe her, Grace," said Adeline. "It is the only day in the year that we are allowed to speak English. We are speaking it now, and you see the teachers are within hearing."

"How we must all envy you, Mademoiselle Adeline!" resumed Miss

Lucas. "You leave, for good, in a week, the last night of the old year. If we could but change places with you!"

"Speak for yourself, if you please," interposed Rose, haughtily; "who wants to change places with Mademoiselle de Castella? But, Adeline, I do envy you the balls and gaiety between now and Carême."

Adeline de Castella was about to leave school, and be introduced to the world. New Year's-day was her birthday; it is also one of the greatest fêtes the French keep; and Madame de Castella had issued cards for an assembly for the evening. They called it Adeline's inauguration ball.

Don't class the Castella family amongst the general run of Boulogne residents, if you please. Monsieur de Castella was descended from a noble Spanish family, and his usual place of residence was Paris. But three years previous to this time, Maria de Castella, Adeline's elder sister, died, and symptoms of delicacy began to show themselves in Adeline. The medical men ordered her the sea-side, and she was sent to Boulogne-sur-Mer. The place agreed with her so well, so fully re-established her health and strength, that Monsieur de Castella took, on lease, one of the town's most handsome and commodious residences. Sometimes he visited Paris, with his wife, and, more than once, family affairs caused them to go to Spain and Italy. During these absences, Adeline was usually left at Madame de Nino's. This winter they intended should be their last at Boulogne, the following one they would resume their residence in Paris, and the intervening summer would be spent at the château of Madame de Castella's mother, who was an English lady.

School-girls often do things to outrage a governess's code of propriety, and amongst other little hidden secrets, Madame de Nino's pupils possessed a pack of fortune-telling cards. There was in the school, at this time, a young lady named Janet Duff, who had entered it the previous October. She was fresh from Scotland, full of all its superstitions, and made the girls' flesh creep at night, in the dortoir, with her marvellous whispers of ghost stories and second-sight. It was she who brought these cards, and she introduced them with a manner of awe and mystery which, whether it was assumed or real, called up a similar feeling amongst her companions. They had no right to be called cards, for they were but thin, transparent squares, made out of the leaf of the sensitive plant. On each square was a highly-finished, beautifully painted flower, purporting to be some emblem. Rose, happy love; cross-of-Jerusalem, sorrow; snowdrop, cold purity; bachelor's-button, vanity; hyacinth, death; and so on. The manner was to place three or four of these squares on the palms of the hands, the flowers downwards, so that one square could not be told from another. They would soon curl up and leap from the hand, but should any one rest on it, it was deemed a proof of affinity with the holder. For instance, if it were the cross-of-Jerusalem, the holder was instantly pronounced to be destined to sorrow. Of course it was but an unmeaning pastime, fit only for school-girls, but Mary Carr believes to this day that those cards *had* some mysterious affinity with the inward feelings—the destiny. She was asked to explain how. That was beyond her, she said, but let those who laughed explain why it was that one particular card clung always to Adeline de Castella—and was fulfilled in her destiny. The first evening the girls tried their fortunes

(it was in bed, and Rose had lighted one of her wax tapers, after Mam'selle Fifine went down, and the door was shut) Adeline had her two hands stretched out, three squares on each. Five of the squares rolled off quickly, more quickly than usual, but the sixth slightly fluttered, and then settled down, passive, on the palm of her hand. Janet Duff took it up and looked at the flower.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, dropping it again, "it is very bad!"

Mary Carr picked the square up, and turned it. It was the French marigold.

"Unhappy love; its end death," read Janet Duff, from the Explanations. "It's the worst in the pack."

Some of the girls shivered, but Adeline laughed merrily, saying and thinking that it was only nonsense.

And, singular to relate, whenever they afterwards tried their luck at the cards, the French marigold, and no other, would cling to Adeline de Castella. The girls had so much dread of the hyacinth, though it never rested on one of them, that Janet Duff took it out of the pack.

The 31st of December came. Adeline was not to leave till eight o'clock, for she wished to remain with them the last evening: and in consideration that it was her final day at school, Madame de Nino gave orders for an afternoon's holiday. But it is often the case that when we think we have more to say we find less, and the elder girls sat round the closed stove, all heat and blackness, in sadness and silence. Now that they were about to lose her, they found out how very dear to them Adeline was.

"Let us do something," yawned Rose. "Don't go on moping in this way."

"Shall we have some music?"

"Bother music, to-night!"

"Kiss-in-the-ring?"

"Green!" ejaculated Rose, "where's the fun of that, with only girls? Suppose Adeline has a farewell draw at the cards?"

"Ah, do," echoed Bessie Clark. "Let's all have a draw. Get them out, Duff."

Janet Duff rose, and returned with the cards.

"A moment yet," cried Mary Carr. "Mademoiselle Clarisse is prying her eyes this way."

"Let her pry," returned Rose. "It's no business of hers, what we do on a holiday."

"But if she catches sight of the cards, she'll want to know their meaning. A pretty game, that!"

"There she goes, back to her stupid work-table. Now for it! Adeline first."

Adeline held out her hands, and the folded squares, drawn indiscriminately, were placed on them. All curled up and fell off, but one.

"Now I'll lay you what you like that it is the French marigold!" called out Miss Carr.

"Don't touch it yet," said Adeline. "Give it a chance to follow the rest."

But it would not move, and they turned it. It was the French marigold. Several screamed, and Janet Duff positively turned pale.

"It certainly is singular," mused Adeline.

II.

It was the evening of New Year's-day, and a clash of many carriages, impatient horses, quarrelsome coachmen, filled the streets, as the gay world of Boulogne flocked to the house of Signor de Castella.

It was a brilliant scene, those reception-rooms, brilliant with their blaze of light and their many exotics. Adeline de Castella stood by her mother. The guests had known and thought of her but as a plainly-attired, simple school-girl, and were not prepared to recognise her as she stood before them in her costly attire and her wondrous beauty. Her robes of white lace, flowing and elegant, sparkled with emeralds; single chains of emeralds encircled her neck, her arms, and confined in their place the curls of her flowing hair; lustrous emeralds, heirlooms of the ancient family of De Castella. Her hair, of a dark-brown shade, and very luxuriant, had hitherto been worn in bands, but the present style of dressing it, in falling curls, suited best the Grecian cast of her features, which were pure and regular as if chiselled from marble. The crimson flush of excitement was on her cheeks, rendering more conspicuous her excessive loveliness.

"Oh, Adeline," whispered Mary Carr, when she could steal a few words with her, "how beautiful you are!"

"What! have you turned flatterer too!"

"Flattery—to you! How mistaken they were to-night, when they prophesied Rose would outshine all! If they could but see you now!"

Miss Carr brought her words and her breath to a stand-still, for, coming in at the door were Mr. and Mrs. George Marlborough.

"Yes," said Adeline, answering her exclamation of astonishment, "mamma fell over them to-day, just as they arrived from Paris, and made them promise to look in to-night. They are on their road to England. Lord John Seymour is with them."

"What in the world will Rose say?" ejaculated Mary Carr.

"The thought crossed my mind to send word to Rose," returned Adeline, "and if mamma had had any suspicion of what we know, I suppose she would not have asked them, as Rose was coming. But then I remembered how touchy Rose is at any allusion to the subject, and I concluded it better left alone. Rose is not one to make, or dread, a scene."

Mr. and Mrs. George Marlborough advanced to Adeline, and the latter clasped her hands. It was the first time they had met since the previous autumn. The marriage had taken place in Paris. Eleanor was turning to address Miss Carr, when Rose Darling came up.

Rose was not aware in whose presence she was, till she stood face to face with George Marlborough. The random remark she had been about to utter to Adeline and Mary died upon her lips, and her face turned of a ghastly whiteness. Eleanor was crimson; and there would have been an awkward pause, but for the readiness of Mr. George Marlborough.

"How do you do, Miss Darling?" he said, with a pleasant smile. "Nearly frozen up with this winter cold? It has been very severe in Paris."

Rose recalled her scattered senses, and began to talk with him at random: but she barely exchanged courtesies with Eleanor.

"Ellen," whispered George Marlborough to his wife, later in the evening, "may I dance a quadrille with her?"

"How silly!—to ask me that! I think it is the best thing you can do." But there was a shy, conscious blush on Mrs. George Marlborough's cheek, as she answered. Her husband saw it, and went off laughing, and the next minute Rose was dancing with him.

"Which of my presents do you admire most?" asked Adeline of Mary Carr, directing her attention to an extensive display of ornamental articles ranged together in the card-room: all offerings to her that day from friends and relatives, according to French custom on New Year's-day.

"What a lovely little clock in miniature!" exclaimed Rose, looking over Mary's shoulder.

"It is a real clock," said Adeline, "and plays the chimes at the hours. My grandmamma always said she should give me something worth keeping on my eighteenth birthday, and she sent me this. Stay, I will touch the spring."

As Adeline raised her right hand hastily, anxious that Rose and Mary Carr should hear the melodious chimes of this ingenious ornament, the pendant chains of her emerald bracelet caught in the sleeve-button of a gentleman's coat, who made one of the group, pressing round her. With a sudden jerk she disentangled the chain, but it brought away with it a flower he had held in his hand. *It was a French marigold.*

The brilliant hue deepened upon Adeline's cheek as she looked at the flower. She turned and held it out to the owner.

He was a stranger, a young and most distinguished looking man, possessing in no common degree that air of true nobility which can neither be concealed nor assumed. His countenance was one of rare beauty, and his eyes were bent with a pleasant, earnest expression of admiration upon Adeline.

She addressed an apology to him, as she restored the flower, speaking intuitively in English: it required not an introduction to know that that tall, high-bred man was no Frenchman. He was answering a few words of gallantry, as he took it—that the fair hand it had been in, invested the flower with an extrinsic interest—when M. de Castella came into the circle, an aged man by his side.

"Adeline," he said to his daughter, "have you forgotten your old friend, the Baron de la Chasse?"

With an exclamation of pleasure, Adeline held out her hand. She had been so much with the English, that she had fully acquired their habit of hand-shaking. The old baron did not seem to understand her, but he took her hand and placed it within his arm. They moved away, and there was a general breaking up of the group.

"I say, Charlotte Singleton," began Rose, "do you know who that handsome fellow is?"

"Handsome! Everybody's handsome with you. I call him old and ugly."

"I don't mean the French baron. That distinguished Englishman with the marigold."

"He! I know nothing of him. He came in with the Maxwells. I saw Sir Sandy introduce him to Madame de Castella."

"Where in the world could he have found that French marigold at this season of the year?" went on Rose.

"Oh, Miss Maxwell has all sorts of odd flowers in that box of hers, four feet square, which she calls her conservatory," returned the archdeacon's daughter. "He must have found it there."

"Lord John," cried Rose, summarily arresting Lord John Seymour, who was passing, and whom she had never seen but once in her life, and that months before, "who is that handsome man I saw you talking with just now?"

"It is my cousin's husband, Miss Darling," lisped Lord John, who had an impediment in his speech. "Young Marlborough."

"Not *him*," cried Rose, impatiently, an association dyeing her cheeks.

"A tall, pale man, features very refined."

"You must mean St. John."

"Who?" repeated Rose.

"Mr. St. John. Brother to St. John of Castle-Wafer."

"Indeed!" cried Rose, the name being familiar to her. "Don't you think him very handsome?"

"Handsome? yes. And more pleasing than handsome," was the reply of Lord John Seymour.

"Is he staying here? Are you intimate with him?"

"Passing through only, I believe. And as to intimacy, I have scarcely seen him since we left Christchurch. He travels a good deal."

"I wish you would introduce him to me," was the young lady's next observation.

"Well done, Rose!" thought Mary Carr.

"With pleasure," answered Lord John. And offering his arm to Miss Darling, they moved away in search of the stranger.

But when they at length found him, he was dancing with Adeline, and none were more attentive to her than he, during the rest of the evening.

"Adeline," whispered Rose, when she and Miss Carr were leaving, "the play has begun."

"What play?"

"You are already taken with this new stranger, and he with you. What did you think of the episode of the French marigold?"

"What wild fancies now?" asked Adeline. "*Taken!* What are you talking of?"

"Rely upon it, that man will exercise some powerful influence over your future life."

"Oh, Rose, Rose!" remonstrated Adeline. "We are not all so susceptible to 'influence' as you."

"We must all be subject to it, at least once in our lives," rejoined Rose, unheeding the reproof. "Adeline, beware of this stranger: *the French marigold is an emblem of unhappy love.*"

Adeline de Castella laughed, a slighting, disbelieving laugh, laughed aloud in her pride and power as she left Rose Darling's side, to play her brilliant part in the crowd around her. It was spring-time with her then.

There was a singular fascination about her, this child of many lands. It is no fable to call her such. Of her father's parents, the one was Spanish, the other Italian, and the father of Madame de Castella was French and her mother an Englishwoman. But Adeline seemed, in all

things, to partake more of the English nation than of any other. Her rare beauty of form and feature is seldom found united with brilliancy of complexion, as it was in her, save in the patrician daughters of our own land; and the retiring, modest sweetness of her manners, so graceful and self-possessed, was essentially English. A stranger would have taken her to belong to no other country, and her perfect knowledge of the language, and absence of any foreign accent, would contribute to the delusion. It had been the desire of Madame de Castella, who herself spoke English fluently, that her children should be proficient in the language. English nurses had attended them in their infancy, and an English governess, a lady of fallen fortunes, but good birth and breeding, had afterwards held charge of them, till Maria de Castella's death. It was from this lady that Adeline especially learnt to appreciate and love the English character, and it is probable that, insensibly to herself, her own was formed to imitate the model. In short, Adeline de Castella, in spite of her name and her mixed birth, was essentially English.

III.

A MONTH or two rolled away. Adeline de Castella paid an occasional visit to her old schoolfellows at Madame de Nino's; but not often, for her time was taken up with a continuous scene of gaiety and visiting. Balls, theatre, *soirées*—never was she in bed before two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes it was later than that. Madame de Castella was still a young woman, in every sense of the word, and lived but in the world. The school-girls noticed that Adeline wore a pale, wearied look, and one afternoon that she came in, she coughed frightfully.

"That's like a consumptive cough!" exclaimed Rose, with her usual want of consideration.

"I have coughed a good deal lately," observed Adeline, "and coming in from the cold air to the atmosphere of your stifling stove, has set me on now."

Nobody, however, thought anything serious of the cough, or the weariness: but that time was to come.

It was Ash-Wednesday: and Mary Carr was invited to spend the day at Signor de Castella's. Madame de Castella had given a fancy-dress ball, *not masked*, the previous Monday night. Rose and Mary were invited to it, but Madame de Nino refused the invitation for them, point blank, which nearly drove Rose wild with exasperation. After church, one of the servants attended Miss Carr to Madame de Castella's—for I suppose you know that in France a young lady, that is, an unmarried one, never goes out alone.

The house seemed to be in some extraordinary commotion. Servants ran hither and thither with a look of consternation on their faces, and Madame de Castella, when Mary reached her presence, was walking about in her dressing-gown, sobbing hysterically, her breakfast cold and untouched at her side, and her maid standing by her.

"What is the matter?" cried Mary, in terror.

"Oh, it is dreadful!" ejaculated Susanne, by way of answer. "Unhappy Mademoiselle Adeline!"

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R

Involuntarily the thoughts of Mary Carr flew back to a night in the previous autumn, when the disappearance of Rose Darling caused a scene of similar confusion and excitement to the one she was witnessing now. "Could the like—Oh, shame upon her!" she mentally exclaimed, "for associating such ideas with Adeline de Castella!" She spoke up, and conjured them to tell her what was amiss with Adeline.

"She is dying," shrieked Madame de Castella. "My darling child! my only child! she is dying, and I am the cause. God forgive me!"

"Oh Susanne!" exclaimed Miss Carr, turning to the maid, "what is it all?"

Susanne and Madame explained between them. Both weeping; the latter violently.

They were engaged, on the previous night, to "assist" at the crowning ball of the carnival, but when it became time to dress, Adeline felt so ill and weary that she gave up the task in despair. Madame de Castella urged her to exert herself and shake the illness off, but the Signor interfered, and said Adeline had better go to bed. And to bed she went, at nine o'clock. Madame departed at ten for the ball, but came home before twelve, anxious probably about Adeline. She went into the latter's bedroom, and found her coughing violently: worse still, she found her in a profuse perspiration, wringing wet with it, from head to foot. Terror-stricken, the unhappy lady asked the cause, but Adeline could say nothing, knew nothing, beyond the fact that that killing cough and those profuse perspirations were a nightly occurrence. No wonder her waking hours were characterised by depression and lassitude: no wonder she was pale and weary.

"But this cough—this cough"—hesitated the unhappy mother, not daring to give vent to her fears, "you do not cough much, Adeline, in the day."

"But incessantly at night, mother, as you hear me now."

Panic-stricken, *conscience*-stricken, the careless parent rushed from the chamber. The household was alarmed, and the medical attendant sent for. He came at once, aroused out of his slumbers.

He thought consumption had set its seal upon Adeline. The seeds of it were, no doubt, inherent in her constitution, though hitherto unsuspected, and the gaiety she had indulged in that winter had brought them forth; the exposures to the night air, to heat and cold, the thin dresses, the fatigue, and the broken rest. He did not say she would not be restored to health; but he wished for a consultation.

So, when the early hours gave place to day, the faculty were called together, both French and English. They said just what the family doctor had said, and no more.

"I suppose I may not ask to see Adeline," said Mary Carr, when she had learnt these particulars.

"Not for the world," interposed the lady's maid. "Perfect quiet is ordered. Mademoiselle has now got a blister to her chest, and a sick-nurse is with her."

But, just then, Louise, Adeline's maid, came into the room, with her young lady's love to Miss Carr, and an inquiry why she was so long going up to see her.

"There!" sobbed Madame de Castella, "they have told her you are

here. Just go to her for five minutes. I rely upon you not to stay longer."

"And pray don't let her talk, mademoiselle," added Susanne.

So Mary Carr followed Louise into Adeline's room, and went on tip-toe to her bedside. The tears came into her eyes when she saw her lying there, so pale and wan.

"So their fears have infected you, Mary!" was her salutation, as she looked up from the pillow and smiled. "Is it not a ridiculous piece of business altogether? As if no one ever had a cough before! Do you know we have had at least half a dozen doctors here to-day."

"Susanne said there had been a consultation."

"Yes, I could scarcely help laughing. I told them all it was very ridiculous: that beyond the cough, which is nothing, and a little fatigue from the pain in my side, I was no more ill than they were. Young Dr. T—— said it was his opinion also, and that I should outlive them all yet."

"I hope and trust you will, Adeline! Is that the nurse?"

"A sick-nurse they have sent in. She is English, and accustomed to the disease. You know consumption is common enough in your island."

Mary Carr thought then, thinks still, that it was a grievous error, their suffering Adeline to know what was the nature of the disease they dreaded. It was Madame de Castella who betrayed it, in her grief and excitement.

"There is so much more fuss being made than is necessary," resumed Adeline. "They have put on a blister, and I am to lie in bed, and live upon slops. I hate slops."

"Is your appetite good?" asked Mary.

"I have not any appetite," was Adeline's reply. "But in illness we fancy many things, and Louise would have brought me up anything I asked for. There's no chance of it, with this nurse here. She seems tiresomely particular, and determined to obey orders to the letter. I asked her, just before you came in, for some wine-and-water. I almost prayed to her for it, I was so painfully thirsty. I could have coveted that three-sous beer some of the English girls at school are so fond of."

"Did she let you have it?"

"No. She told me she would not give me a drop of wine if I paid her for it in gold. I cried over it: I was so disappointed and thirsty: and, what with the flurry and excitement there has been all the morning, and papa and mamma's anxiety, my spirits were low, and I actually cried. But she would not give it me. She brought me some toast-and-water, and said she was going to make me something nice, better than wine. There she is, coddling at it over the fire—very nice I dare say it is!"

"Never mind, dearest Adeline," interrupted Miss Carr. "Do all they wish, and take what they order you, so as to get well again."

"Yes, I mean to do so. Nurse will not find me a rebellious patient. Mary!" she broke off, bursting into a flood of most distressing tears, "do you think I am indeed in danger? do you see such a change in me?"

"No, no; no, Adeline!" was the impressive answer. "You are fatigued with late hours, and have taken cold. Nothing more."

"I should not grieve for myself; not so much; though it would be a

trial to part thus early with life, when all seems so bright," she sobbed. "But the distress of my dear father and mother—you do not know how great it is. Papa has been shut up ever since in his cabinet, and mamma is like one bereft of reason."

The nurse came forward, and whispered Miss Carr to take her leave. This excitement was bad for Mademoiselle de Castella.

"Farewell, dearest Adeline. I shall soon come to see you again. I know I shall find you better."

She was half-way across the room when Adeline called to her. The nurse, who was again leaning over her saucepan, looked up, a remonstrance in her eye if not on her tongue, but Miss Carr returned.

"Mary," she whispered, "go in to mamma, assure her, *convince* her, that I am not so ill as she fears: that it is her love for me which has magnified the danger."

"Oh, it's nothing," cried Rose Darling, slightly, when Miss Carr carried the tale of Adeline's illness back to school. "She will soon be well."

"Or die," said Mary Carr.

"Die! You are as absurd as the French doctors, Mary. As if people died of a little night visiting! I wish they would let *me* run the risk."

"If you had seen the house to-day, and Madame de Castella——"

"I am glad I did not," interrupted Rose; "such scenes are not to my taste. And nothing at all to judge by. The French are always in the extreme—ecstasies or despair. So much the better for them. They feel the less."

"That is a harsh remark, if intended to apply to Madame de Castella," observed Miss Carr. "More bitter grief I never care to witness."

"No doubt. As bitter as it is in her nature to feel: and shown as the French always do show it, in ravings and hysterics. But I can tell you one thing, Mary Carr, that the only grief to be feared, that which eats into the heart, and tells upon it, is borne in silence."

What a remark from Rose Darling!

IV.

ADELINE DE CASTELLA grew gradually better; nay, apparently quite well. But the cold winds and frosts of winter continued that year very late, even to the end of April, and for all that period she was kept a close prisoner to the house. The medical men recommended that she should spend the following winter in a warmer climate. It was therefore decided that the summer should be passed at the Château de Beaufoy, as had been previously agreed upon, and, with the autumn, they would go south.

A new rumour reached the school-girls—that Adeline was about to be married. It was brought by Madéleine de Gassicourt, and her friends were intimate with the Castellans.

That was a singular year, so far as weather went. Frost and snow, drizzly rain, bleak and biting winds alternated with each other to the beginning of May: there had been no spring; but, with that month, May, there came in summer. It was hotter than it often is in July. And this hot weather lasted for several months.

It was the second day of this premature summer, and the usual Thurs-

day holiday at Madame de Nino's. The girls were in the inner court, scarcely knowing whether to be pleased with the heat, on the score of its novelty, or to grumble at its inconvenience, for they were, most of them, still in winter attire, and Rose was in a furious state of indignation and ready to quarrel with everybody, because she had not been fetched out, when the roll of carriage-wheels was heard, and the girls peeped through a slit in the great wooden door so as to get a glimpse of the gate of the outer court-yard.

"Who is it?" cried those behind.

"What's the use of asking yet?" retorted Rose. "There's part of the panel of a carriage to be seen, and that's all."

"What's the colour, Madéleine de Gassicourt?"

"I—I can't distinguish," answered Madéleine. "Something dark."

"You never can distinguish, colours or carriages either. If Rose had not said, you could not have seen whether it was a carriage or a wheelbarrow. Very considerate of you, to take up the place of those who *can* see."

"The colour's dark blue," said Rose. "Stop a bit. There goes Squire Daw with the key of the gate."

"Dark blue," mused Madéleine, who had drawn silently away, for she was most sensitive to any remark on her defective sight, "the Castella carriage is dark blue. Can you see the livery?"

"Now stupid!" retorted Rose, "what should bring that carriage here? I question if it has been so much as looked at since *she* was ill. The Singletons' carriage is blue, and Charlotte said she should fetch me if the archdeacon——"

Rose stopped short. Julie had opened the gate, and, springing down the steps of the carriage, came Adeline de Castella, followed by her mother. A shout of delight rose from the girls, and, braving the astonished indignation of mesdemoiselles the teachers, excited fingers pushed back the great lock, and a group burst into the outer court-yard. Adeline ran towards them, as delighted as they were. Madame de Castella, with an amused laugh and a pleasant word, passed on to the apartments of Madame de Nino, and Mademoiselle Henriette ordered forth Julie, and had the door double-locked.

Adeline looked infinitely beautiful: for though the face had little more colour in it than there is in Parian marble, the features retained all their exquisite contour, the flowing hair its silky curls, the dark-brown, lustrous eyes their sweet and sad expression. In the midst of Adeline de Castella's brilliant loveliness, there was, and always had been, a peculiar expression of sadness pervading her countenance. It never failed to strike on the notice of the beholder, investing such a face as hers with a singular interest, but it was more than usually observable since her illness. Was it that the unearthly part of her, the spirit, conscious of and mourning what was in store for her, cast its shadow upon her features? The girls crowded round silently to look at Adeline's teeth, for one day, during the time she lay ill, Charlotte Singleton had said that the transparent teeth of Adeline de Castella were an indication of a consumptive tendency, and the girls could not agree amongst themselves whether they were so very transparent.

"So I have come to see you at last," began Adeline, as she sat down

with Rose Darling and Miss Carr, on the bench outside the schoolroom windows. "What hot weather has come all at once!"

"Adeline, how long your illness has been! We heard you were going to Nice."

"Not till autumn. And I don't know whether it will be Nice."

"There's Julie!" burst out Rose. "Julie, who's fetched?"

"Pas vous, mademoiselle," answered the servant, laughing at Rose's anxiety.

"Ah bah! Adeline, we have heard something else."

"What?"

"Why news, about you. Shall I tell it?"

"At a seasonable opportunity," replied Adeline. "Look at these children round us, all listening."

"Va-t-en! va-t-en!" cried Rose, rising, and buffeting the little ones about so sharply that some of them began to cry.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" called out Mam'selle Fifine.

"Ces enfans, petites diables qu'elles sont!" responded Rose, never very particular in what she said to the teachers. "Mademoiselle de Castella ne peut pas dire un mot. Qu'elles s'en aillent d'ici!"

Mam'selle Fifine called off the children, and Rose dashed at once into her subject.

"Adeline, we hear you are going to be married. Is it true?"

"I believe it is," she answered, a faint blush upon her face, and a careless smile.

"Is he handsome?" questioned Rose. Of course the first thought that would arise to her.

"I have never seen him."

"Oh, Adeline!" uttered Mary Carr, involuntarily, whilst Rose stared with unqualified amazement.

"Not yet. He comes from Paris this week to pay us a visit."

"Who is he?"

"The Baron de la Chasse. Do you recollect seeing, on my ball night, an old gentleman who remained most of the evening by the side of papa?"

"Yes. Well?" answered Rose, impatiently.

"It seems he made overtures then to papa for my hand, though I did not know it, and——"

"It is a sin, an unholy thing," interrupted Mary Carr, starting up, in her sharp disappointment, "to sacrifice you to an old man! Why his sands of life must be well-nigh run!"

"A moment, Mary," rejoined Adeline, calmly laying her hand upon Miss Carr's arm, "who is hasty now? That old man's sands are run. He died soon after he had played his part in that festal night, which he had come down from Paris purposely to join in. He and papa were old and very dear friends, closer friends it would not be possible to conceive, though there was a difference of twenty years in their ages. His nephew inherits his fortune and title, and it is for him they destine me."

"How old is he?" inquired Rose.

"I never asked," said Adeline. "Mamma says he is good-looking. It appears that this scheme of uniting the families has been a project of

years, though they never told me. Had my sister lived, the honour was to have fallen to her."

"I hope you will be happy," observed Miss Carr.

"Thank you, Mary; but you speak hesitatingly."

"Not as to the *wish*. The hope might be more assured if you already knew, and loved, him who is to be your husband. It is a hazardous matter to promise to marry one whom we have never seen."

"It is the way these things are managed in France," said Adeline.

"And the cause that such doubtful felicity condescends to alight on a French *ménage*," broke forth Rose. "The wives make it out in their intrigues though. It is a dangerous game, Adeline. Take care."

"I hope you do not consider it necessary to warn *me* against such danger," exclaimed Adeline, the crimson flying to her cheeks.

"No; for you have not a particle of the French nature about you," fearlessly returned Rose. "To you, strong in rectitude of principle and refined feelings, it can bring only suffering—a yearning after what must never be."

"Englishwomen do not always marry where they love," mused Adeline.

"Seldom or never," answered Rose. "With them the passion is generally over. They go more into society, have opportunities of mixing freely with the other sex, which you have not; and so the years pass by, and by the time their marriage comes, the heart is at rest, its life has left it."

"Then their marriage, even by your own showing, seems to be much on a par with what mine will be."

"Their marriage is, Adeline, but their love is over, *yours has to come*. There lies the difficulty, and the danger."

"Where did you get all these wise ideas from?" inquired Adeline, much amused.

Rose proceeded, leaving the question unanswered.

"I thought you would be sure to marry an Englishman. You have often said so, and you admire the English so much more than you do the French. You remember that handsome Englishman, of French marigold memory? I set it down in my mind that, in some way, your destiny and his were to be linked together."

"You have set many things down in your mind, Rose, that never had place out of it," retorted Adeline, with a merry laugh. "I have not seen him since that night, and probably never shall see him again."

"Mademoiselle Rose Darling," exclaimed Clotilde, putting her head out at the schoolroom window.

"Oh the joy!" cried Rose, as she flew away. "I know it's the Singletons."

"Has Rose had a flirtation lately?" asked Adeline of Mary Carr.

"Nothing approaching to it, since the affair of George Marlborough. And it strikes me, Adeline, that, for her heart, that was something more than a flirtation. She is wonderfully sobered down."

"How does Grace Lucas get on with her French? I see her there, in the garden, with Janet Duff."

"Backwards, if at all. I never met with so stupid a girl. Fancy her

parents sending her here for twelve months to acquire the language! We might as well send Rose out, for the same period, on a mission to convert all the Turks."

"Perhaps better, as to success," laughed Adeline. "Here she comes."

Rose came out with her things on, looking glum. It was only old Miss Maxwell who had come for her.

"You must promise one thing, Adeline," she said: "that you will give us an opportunity of seeing your future husband."

"Very well," acquiesced Adeline. "A pleasant evening to you, Rose."

"A dull one, you mean, with deaf Sir Sandy and his sister. I counted upon going to the Singletons."

The Baron de la Chasse arrived from Paris, and was betrothed to Adeline de Castella. A small circle of friends were invited to meet him on the evening of the betrothment, including Miss Darling and Mary Carr.

A man of thirty years, of middle height, and fine, well-made figure; pleasing features, regular in their contour; auburn hair, curly and luxuriant by nature, but sheared off to bristles; yellow whiskers, likewise sheared, and a great fierce yellow moustache with curled-round corners. Somehow Rose, when Adeline said he was good-looking, had pictured to herself a tall, handsome man; and when she caught sight of the cropped hair and the moustache, she went through the introduction with her handkerchief to her mouth, splitting with laughter. Yet there was no mistaking the baron for anything but a gentleman and a high-bred man.

"Mary!" whispered Rose, when she found the opportunity, "what a sacrifice for Adeline!"

"How do you mean? Domestic happiness does not lie in looks. And if it did, the baron's are not so bad."

"But look at his sheared hair, and those frightful moustaches! Why does he not cut the ends off, and die them brown?"

"Perhaps he is afraid of their turning out green—if he has read Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year.'"

"Oh, Adeline! Adeline! I wonder if she is really betrothed to him?"

"That's a superfluous wonder of yours, Rose," said Mary Carr. "The white wreath is on her head, and the betrothal ring on her finger."

"If such a shaven goat, as that, put the ring upon mine, I should look out for somebody else to take it off again," retorted Rose. "Dear Adeline," she continued, as the latter advanced, "let us see your ring."

Adeline drew off her glove and her ring together.

"You should not have taken it from your finger," remarked Mary Carr. "We hold a superstition—some do—that a betrothal ring, once removed from the finger, will never be exchanged for a nuptial one."

"Sheer nonsense, like most other superstitions," said Adeline; and her perfect indifference of manner proved that no love had entered into her betrothal—as, indeed, how should it?

"What had you both to do?"

"Only sign some writings, and then he placed the ring on my finger. Nothing more."

"Except a sealing kiss," said Rose, saucily.

The colour stole over Adeline's face. Even her fair open brow, as it met the chaplet of white roses, became crimson.

"Who but you, Rose, would dream of such vulgar familiarities?" she remonstrated. "Amongst the French, they would be looked upon as the very extreme of bad taste."

"*Taste!*" ejaculated Rose, contemptuously. "If you loved, you would know better. Wait till you do, Adeline, and then remember my words—and yours. It does not require much time for love to grow, if it will grow at all," she continued, in that half-abstracted manner which was now frequent with her—as if she were communing with herself, rather than talking to another.

"Probably not," remarked Adeline, with indifference; "but even you, Rose, susceptible as you are known to be, will scarcely admit that a few hours are sufficient to call it forth."

"Nor a twelvemonth either, situated as you and he are," replied Rose, vehemently. "The very fact of being expected and required to love, in any given quarter, must act as a sure preventative."

And, generally speaking, Rose was right.

"Adeline," hesitated Mary Carr—it was a delicate point to enter upon—"do you really like the idea of this union?"

"Yes, I think so," she answered. "We must marry some time, and papa speaks highly of M. de la Chasse."

"You fell into it without objection?"

"Of course. What objection was there to make? I did not know enough of the baron to like or dislike him. And it is a very suitable match."

M. de la Chasse drew up, and entered into conversation with them. He appeared a sensible, agreeable man, at home in all the polite and literary topics of the day. In his manner towards Adeline, though never losing the ceremonious politeness of a Frenchman, there was a degree of gallantry (I don't know any better word: the French would say *empressement*) not displeasing to witness, and, Rose thought, a large share of vanity. But where you would see one of his nation superior, you would see ninety-nine worse.

"It may be a happy marriage after all, Rose," observed Miss Carr, when they were once more alone.

"Possibly: if she can only induce him to let his hair grow, and to part with those yellow tails."

"Be serious if you can," reproved Mary Carr. "He seems to be in a fair way to love Adeline."

"He admires Adeline," dissented Rose, "is proud of her, and no doubt excessively gratified that so charming a girl should fall to his lot without any trouble on his part. But if you come to speak of love, it sets one wondering how much of *that* enters into the composition of a French husband."

Adeline was suddenly called to by her mother, and desired to sing a duet with the baron, whose reputation for musical talent had preceded him; but she palpably shrank at the request, and declined it. Her nature, modest and retiring, united with the extreme of sensitiveness, shrank

from thus standing publicly up in that room to sing with one, whom she had just promised to look upon as her future husband. Her ostensible excuse was that she had not sung since her illness, and she asked Rose to take her place.

Rose moved forward, nothing loth. Singing was the only thing she excelled in, except flirtation. Adeline sat herself down by Mary Carr, and whispered of old merry times, old schoolfellows, old associations.

No shadow, or doubt of the future, appeared that night to sit upon the spirit of Adeline de Castella. There was a radiant look in her countenance, rarely seen; hiding, for the moment, that touching expression of sorrow and sadness, so natural to it. As the betrothed of a few hours, in a few months to be a wife, she was the worshipped object of those around her, and this called forth what latent vanity there was in her heart. For I hope you have not imagined that Adeline de Castella was without vanity. She was perhaps, in all sober truth, as near perfection as any young lady inhabiting this mortal earth can be, but she was not yet an angel: and if you ever met with a beautiful girl (or an ugly one either) devoid of vanity, it is more than I have. Adeline, like many others, thought it a fine thing to be an engaged girl—both pride and vanity might surely be indulged in, by a promised wife! But she knew not all the nature of the contract she had that day made in her blindness, its solemn, fearful nature. How was she to understand it yet? All that was to come with time: as you will hear, if you read on.

OUR CAMP IN TURKEY.*

"Ring, ring, ring!—bang, bang, bang! 'What is the news now, I wonder? Why is St. John's so noisy, and what is that salute for? Is it the Prince Napoleon, or Marshal St. Arnaud?—General Canrobert, Lord Raglan, or the Duke? Surely it must be the *Caradoc* at last! When are we to go? and what is the news?'"

The "shining, sunny, excavated Bath-brick sort of ocean-wonder," Malta, is always enlivened by a greater or less breadth and depth of bell-ringing, but in the stirring month of March last it outrivalled itself. Never was such a crowd, never such excitement. The pavement was covered by red-jackets and riflemen, the hotels were besieged, the forts were crammed, a newly-swept charcoal closet went at a premium. Then, the gossip! Greek mischief-makers, Russian spies, Turkish alarmists, were all busily engaged. The waiting-rooms of Muir and Goodenough, the two librarians of the Strada Reale, were filled with inquirers all day long.

"News, news, news!—no other idea seemed to find place for a moment, and the excitement became absurd in the extreme. Intelligence, on the 'best authority,' was contradicted almost as soon as circulated. Orders and counter-orders were 'the order of the day.' At the doors of the

* Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to It. By Mrs. Young, Author of "Cutch," "Western India," "Facts and Fiction," &c. Richard Bentley.

libraries and of the Post-office, papers were affixed, advertising the departure and arrival of steamers for Alexandria, England, France, and the Levant. Hour by hour these announcements were changed, till they became, by reason of contradictory interpolations, almost illegible. The *Candia* superseded the *Indus*; the *Himalaya*, bound to Alexandria, sailed for Turkey; the *Ripon* took the mails of the *Euxine*; and every ship, and everybody, presented the same aspect of uncertainty and confusion. Wonderful monster vessels, that had ploughed the Atlantic, and never been heard of among us before, came proudly into the shining harbour of Valetta, and were away again ere morning light. Old, creaky, crazy steamers, patched for the time, were towed slowly out, laden with women, horses, and stores, the spectators much doubting whether any of them would reach their destination, and the destination itself involved in much obscurity. Then all Malta would be excited by the thunderings of a salute from the Fort, which, reverberating among the rocks, was echoed by the men-of-war in harbour. Anon we all raced up to a barracco—an elevated sort of colonnade overhanging the Mediterranean; while beneath us rushed in a little steamer, carrying English or French colours; on which we at once tore down again to the Custom-house landing, to arrive with the guard of honour and the governor's carriage, and witness the disembarkation of a certain number of cocked-hats and white feathers appertaining to the great men and staff of the allied armies. By this time the square in front of Government House was covered with Maltese, in their hanging caps and sleeve-depending coats; and people happy enough to squeeze into projecting windows, or out into the narrowest of all balconies, in time, might see a carriage full of Algerine or other heroes, Marshal St. Arnaud with his beautiful wife, honest-looking Canrobert, or Prince Napoleon, the living image of his uncle."

Such is the picture Mrs. Young gives us of Malta as it was in March, 1854. No wonder that she was desirous of getting out of all this racket, anxiety, and distraction as quick as possible, but she did not find it an easy matter. It was troops, troops everywhere, not a berth to spare, and it was only after repeated and prolonged disappointments that she was lucky enough to get a passage in a yacht bound to Varna, on a trip which combined profit with pleasure. There was no landing at Gallipoli, and at Stamboul the same scene was enacted as at Malta. The hotels were filled to the garrets, and filthy apartments in Italian drinking-houses were occupied by officers of the staff. Still there was much to be seen: the Sultan was going with his harem to the Sweet Waters—what a misnomer! Some of the ladies, Mrs. Young tells us, wore the yashmak of material so slight, that it only served to give additional delicacy to their semi-Circassian complexions. Etiquette, however, insisted upon these fair dames admiring nothing. Even when the Duke with his brilliant *cortège* passed their carriages, the eyes of the ladies remained fixed on the perspective of the distance. His royal highness must have been infinitely disgusted.

Mrs. Young, herself a soldier's wife and a soldier's widow, sympathises warmly with the oppressed condition of the soldier's wife. The original feelings of modesty not even protected in the barrack, what does it become in the field? Suffering and uncared for, self-respect is lost, and the women become a burden and a disgrace to the army, instead of being,

as they should be—like the French *cantinières*—most useful items in the camp machinery.

Therapia was a pleasant change from over-crowded Constantinople. At this time all was *couleur de rose*, and General Canrobert was announcing his intention of giving balls the moment he arrived at Varna, and making all the Greek ladies as gay as Parisians. If the gallant general found any there, it must be very much altered from what it was a few years back. Then there were trips to the Giant's Mountain (whose classic repute is passed over in dignified silence), and to Belgrade, which Mr. Albert Smith tells us is often mistaken for the renowned fortress of the same name! It must be by a very peculiar class of travellers.

From Therapia it was back again to Gallipoli. An old Turkish general, who had just arrived, desired to see the camps. He visited the French first, was shown all the arrangements, and expressed his great delight at the clever management of everything. He next visited the English. "Excellent!" said he; "and do the men like all this?" "Very much." "Ah, yes; I suppose so; and all this time the Turks are fighting the Russians." Nothing could exceed the fraternity that existed between the French and English soldiery; or, as Mrs. Young's servant, Corporal Riley, said: "They seem never easy but when they are giving us something, or fetching things from their tents for us." Strict orders were issued to ensure respect to harems and mosques. These were necessitated by a fray of the Zouaves in the former, and the ascent of a chosen band of our own countrymen up the minarets, where they gave out the National Anthem as a variety to the chant of the Muezzims.

"The culinary talents of the French soldiers," says Mrs. Young, "astonished our people. The English soldier was half-starved upon his rations, because he could not, with three stones and a tin pot, convert them into palatable food. The pork and beef were often cast aside for this reason, and the man ate only his bread, or he was compelled to pay a woman of the regiment to cook for him. The Frenchman, on the contrary, caught tortoises, and hunted for their eggs; gathered herbs of all kinds; made, in addition to the soup prepared with his ration meat, ragoûts and 'omelettes aux fines herbes;' and so dined well on dishes seasoned and delicate. The French and English women did not seem to associate at all. The wives of our soldiers wondered at the manly costume of the useful *cantinières*, who have their horse and tent, and are treated with equal courtesy by officers and men; and they, no doubt, were astonished by the want of gallantry in a people who bring women to the wars in a foreign land, suffer them to stand unsheltered to wash the clothes of the men in a burning sun with a thermometer at 110° of Fahrenheit, leave them unprovided with carriage when the regiment moves, and oblige each woman to sleep with nine other persons of both sexes in a circular tent some twelve feet in diameter."

It is now an old story that everything that was well done at Boulehar was done by the French. They have kept up their reputation for foresight and campaigning abilities; their sick are better attended to than ours to the present day, and they have their huts, while we are talking about them. They had a clever way of extemporising a table. The plan was to level an oblong piece of ground and dig a trench all round it, in which the diners sit, leaving the table in alto-relievo. The

clever also built huts. They did not send to France for the wood, but just sent for it from the other side of the Dardanelles. The supplies, however, began to be exhausted. All that the Turks brought to the camp was a few eggs, lemons, onions, and sugar. In this dilemma, a woman of the regiment possessed herself of a few fowls, which went well enough with a chance Adrianople tongue, brought from Constantinople, or a bit of bacon obtained *en cadeau* from the captain of a transport.

"Now it was seen that the *cantinières* of the French army were not only exceedingly useful as suttlers to the camp, but looked amazingly well in their picturesque costume, as they rode behind the colonels of their several regiments on field-days. The women of our force suffered, and were comparatively useless. An idea was therefore set on foot, of converting them into *cantinières*; and though the difficulty of costume—the waistcoat, and 'that idea continued downwards'—first presented itself, it was not considered insurmountable. Mrs. O'Flanagan, then,—a strong, active, clever woman in her way, and possessed of a complexion likely to wear well, and a tolerable foot and ankle,—was selected for the experiment. She was provided with a donkey and a tent, commanded to forage about the villages for supplies, and permitted to sell them, at a reasonable profit, in camp.

"For a few days nothing could present a more hopeful appearance. Young geese, juvenile ducks, green apples,—suggestive of innumerable dumplings,—with a variety of fresh luxuries, threatened to make our six-dozen-chest dining-tables groan with plenty. The flounced mousseline-de-laine dress of the energetic donkey-rider rose two or three inches; and the regimental tailor, in his mind's eye, already saw the grey trousers, red jacket with a charming little tail to it, and excessively short jupe, in which our suttler was not alone to rival the French *cantinière* in costume, but was to be the bright leader of a band, prepared to surround the colonel on all state occasions, like the shining satellites of a superior planet. Alas, for human hopes founded on the stability of woman's will! Mrs. O'Flanagan wearied of donkey-riding. The profit on her foragings rose to cent. per cent., and she was duly expostulated with. In a day or two more the mousseline-de-laine descended again, and not a goose or duck cheered us with its pleasant cacklings. The eggs remained; and Vin de Tenedos—the juice of the vine—did duty for the juice of the apples. While the regiments were on parade, Mrs. O'Flanagan was wont to divest the itinerant merchants of their supplies, and send them home rejoicing; so that on the men's return not the vestige of a Turk was to be seen; and all eggs, milk, onions, and *et cæteras*, were only to be had at the store of the wily suttler. Then came a tug of war. Mrs. O'Flanagan was commanded to leave her tent, and yield up her donkey. She defied. The order was repeated, but she received it with smiles of derision, firmly seated among her eggs. This was too much. As a camp-follower she was amenable to camp authority; and the matter ended by an officer being directed to burn her tent over her head. Mrs. O'Flanagan became a sort of Suttee to her principles; though, unlike the Hindoo widow, she yielded her confidence under the influence of green wood, and was very soon smoked out like a noisome insect, and remained seated under a neighbouring bush, leaning her arm on a barrel of Vin de Tenedos, and lamenting her destiny in a pathetic Irish howl."

Mrs. O'Flanagan had her revenge for this act of persecution. She declared that she had seen a beautiful young countrywoman, a slave to an old Turk, and a descent being made upon the harem of the wicked old Blue Beard, nothing was found, and the men got into grave trouble.

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But we must exchange these pleasant scenes for Varna, where the British camp was pitched, in defiance of all Oriental rules, on the banks of a beautiful but deceitful lake. The African experience of the French taught them better. "You may feel safe enough here," said a staff officer of Prince Napoleon's, "but the position is excessively unsafe, and your general prostration may be sudden and fatal." They made themselves comfortable for a time, however, building bowers for shade, going to Varna for supplies, the soldiers' wives doing the washing in the lake. Strange to say, Mrs. O'Flanagan turned up again at Varna.

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"How she had escaped the transport in which she was ordered to be sent to England, no one knew. Clever and ingenious as the authoress of the 'White Slave' romance was, she had not only effected her purpose, and got a passage in a French ship, but she had, by some means or other, attired herself in the latest French fashions. Indisputably her talent was great; and, rightly applied under proper training, the abilities of Mrs. O'Flanagan, in another class of life, might have rendered her an admired and brilliant member of society. As it was, she was simply considered as an impudent and dangerous camp-follower; and the order was at once

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"How she had escaped the transport in which she was ordered to be sent to England, no one knew. Clever and ingenious as the authoress of the 'White Slave' romance was, she had not only effected her purpose, and got a passage in a French ship, but she had, by some means or other, attired herself in the latest French fashions. Indisputably her talent was great; and, rightly applied under proper training, the abilities of Mrs. O'Flanagan, in another class of life, might have rendered her an admired and brilliant member of society. As it was, she was simply considered as an impudent and dangerous camp-follower; and the order was at once

given to take her back to Varna under a guard, and the officer was to see her placed on board a transport in the harbour bound for England, which vessel she was not to be allowed to leave until it there arrived.

"The men who were charged with her safe convoy had no taste for this order. They liked the woman, and admired her energy. To express this, the soldiers appointed for her guard each filled his can with Vin de Tenedos, to see at parting to whose she would put her lip.

"Arrived on the shore, the men gathered round with kindly words; and many a friendly and loving message was entrusted to our *ex-cantinière*, for transmission home to wife and comrade. Mrs. O'Flanagan was true to herself; she took the cans as they were presented, and, putting her lips to each, drank the men's health. Safe in the ship's boat, the guard left her, giving three hearty cheers as it pushed off, with Mrs. O'Flanagan in the stern. And, as it is sometimes said, 'We could have better spared a better man,' so the men of the whole regiment, I believe, regretted the disgrace and punishment of the author of 'The Romance at Tchifleck.'"

Gradually rations grew scarce and bad. Some porter did once come up, but it did not last long. Vapours began to rise at night up from the lake, and fevers set in. There were plenty of medicines, but no comforts. Mrs. Young—for we are not told if there was a Mr. Young—wisely moved away nearer to the French camp. At first this had its little discomforts.

"The French soldiers, till they got right ideas, generally mistook our tents for the regimental canteen, and myself, no doubt, for the *cantinière en demi-toilette*. One very jolly Zouave once came in, I remember, and insisted on placing himself on the edge of one of the beds there, to recount the whole romance,—as he seemed to consider it,—of his first joining the army in Algiers; and talked most enthusiastically of 'ce cher Canrobert' on the hill."

These enterprising Zouaves! They never lose a thing for the trying for it. But the mistake was soon corrected, and the French treated our fair countrywoman with their usual courtesy. With the great heats came flies, dew, rain, and thunder-storms, and matters began to take a serious appearance. The "bowers," rotting with the wet, sent forth an ominous dead-leaf smell. The tents were full of hot feverish vapour. Mrs. Young made another move, and got quarters—in Belgrave-square—in Varna. This was the result:

"Sorely wearied, I went to bed. Patter, patter, patter! What could it be? Surely it rained, and the leaky roof allowed the drops to fall on my face and coverlet. To ascertain the fact, the lucifers and candle came into requisition; and then a scene appeared which I thought even a Turkish house could not have produced. The walls were covered thickly with vermin of the most objectionable class, the white coverlet showed hundreds, the planks of the floor seemed to pour them out in streams; and when morning came, and I described what seemed a horrible sort of phantasmagoria, my friend laughed a wild sort of half-frantic laugh, and said, 'Oh! you must sprinkle Italian powder over the floor and bed, and suspend a tarpaulin overhead.' Neither tarpaulin nor powder had any effect; and though at last I tried placing lighted candles round, till I

Mrs. O'Flanagan had her revenge for this act of persecution. She declared that she had seen a beautiful young countrywoman, a slave to an old Turk, and a descent being made upon the harem of the wicked old Blue Beard, nothing was found, and the men got into grave trouble.

At Tchifleck, "the farm," as the spot was called, whither the camp next moved, "nothing," Mrs. Young describes, "could have been pleasanter than their existence, passed, as it was, in bell tents pitched on the slope of a Turkish hill, looking over the sea of Marmora." Most heartily do we sympathise with her in her love of a nomadic life!

"Our carpet was the flower-enamelled grass, a thousand times more brilliant than any design in Marlborough House. A magnificently towering purple-blossomed thistle, that I would not have changed for the tallest figure footman in Grosvenor-place, stood sentry at my door. A thousand larks were my vocalists; and, for sunsets and moonlights, what charm could all the Claudes and Titians of the Academy possess, when compared to these glorious originals shining on the Eastern wave?"

But we must exchange these pleasant scenes for Varna, where the British camp was pitched, in defiance of all Oriental rules, on the banks of a beautiful but deceitful lake. The African experience of the French taught them better. "You may feel safe enough here," said a staff officer of Prince Napoleon's, "but the position is excessively unsafe, and your general prostration may be sudden and fatal." They made themselves comfortable for a time, however, building bowers for shade, going to Varna for supplies, the soldiers' wives doing the washing in the lake. Strange to say, Mrs. O'Flanagan turned up again at Varna.

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could have fancied myself one of the royal family lying in state, before I left Varna, I was half-maddened from want of rest, the hideousness of the midnight hours being increased by having for our opposite neighbour the commissariat baker. This individual owned a shed, open in front, and covered with a mixture of tiles and charred beams, several of which last dangerously projected over the footpath. About four o'clock in the afternoon this important person was wont to light the fires of his oven, which immediately poured forth volumes of smoke, there being no particular chimney to the building, but every aperture acting as that useful accessory. As night wore on, batches of bread were run in on slides, and then raked out again with long shovels; and as this necessarily required labourers, and the labour was monotonous, the chief baker and his assistants beguiled the time by talking. The amusement could not be called conversing, inasmuch as everybody talked together, laughed together, scolded together, and hooted together; this, combined with the heat, the smoke, and the noise of the raking, was quite enough to prevent rest, even if our internal economy had been better than it had; and I am afraid I was scarcely sorry when I learned that the devastating fire at Varna had included that distracting commissariat bakery."

Mrs. Young moved away, finally, from these accumulated annoyances before the horrors had reached their crisis, but we hope we have quoted enough of her lively book to show how full of deep interest it is. Nothing can be more graphic or entertaining than her description of our camps of Gallipoli, of Constantinople, and of Varna; and nothing more amusing than her account of the doings of the allies in their Turkish quarters. Of the Turks themselves she speaks as every one does who speaks from experience and not from policy, as an incapable, unimprovable race; and of the "Ottoman empire" as an old tumble-down institution, that nothing can prop up. "The Turks," she says, "do not take the slightest interest in what the allies are doing for them." The general idea is that Sultan Medjid, in acknowledgment for past kindnesses, has allowed the French and English forces a highway through his country, to settle some quarrel of their own somewhere or other! Yet does she give a glimpse of change in this chaos. The Turk, as he now is—a mere abhorrer of Christians—will, she says, soon become impossible. The West is rushing to the East, and the Turk will begin to escape from Ulemas and Imaums, and become possibly a regenerated being. The society of dogs would certainly be the only losers by so great a change. Allah Kurim! may it come!

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ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D., F.L.S.,

Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to the Royal Free Hospital, (Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the "Lancet," Author of "Food and its Alterations," &c. &c.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return my acknowledgments for the copy of your Work on Cod Liver Oil, which you have favoured me. I was already acquainted with it, and had perused it some time previously with considerable gratification, especially the chapter devoted to the consideration of the preparation of Cod Liver Oil.

"I have paid, as you are aware, much attention to the subject of the adulteration of drugs. Among the articles examined, I have not overlooked one so important as Cod Liver Oil, and this more particularly, since it is a very favourite remedy with me, and is, moreover, so liable to deterioration, admixture with other, especially inferior, Fish Oils. I may state, that I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis, and this unknown to yourself, have always found it to be free from all impurity, and rich in the constituents of bile.

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"I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

"ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.,

"To Dr. de Jongh, the Hague."

"Bennett-street, St. James's-street, 1st December, 1885"

T. H. TANNER, M.D., L.R.C.P.,

Physician to the Hospital for Women, Author of "Memoranda on Poisons," "A Manual of the Practice of Medicine," &c., &c., &c.

"Dr. Tanner presents his compliments to Messrs. Ansar, Harford, and Co., and begs to thank them for the copy of Dr. de Jongh's Treatise which they have kindly sent him.

"Dr. Tanner has employed Dr. de Jongh's Oil extensively, both in private and hospital service some months past, having found that its medicinal powers are apparently greater than the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, that it creates less nausea, and that it is by no means unpalatable.

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CHARLES COWAN, M.D., L.R.C.S.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, Translator of "Louis on Phthisis," &c., &c., &c.

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"Reading, Berks, 26th January, 1885."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TRAVELS IN THE CRIMEA.

THERE is, probably, no country in Europe whose natural peculiarities are so misunderstood as is the case with the Crimea. Even in Russia, and especially in St. Petersburg, views equally erroneous with our own are entertained on the subject. When Catharine II. took possession of the peninsula which was so celebrated, not only for its great fertility but also for its romantic and lovely scenery, and wished to gain a personal knowledge of her new territory, the great empress, during her residence there, was purposely deceived, and all sorts of pretended villages—some even of pasteboard—were erected wherever the royal *cortège* passed by. But she would have found an opportunity of convincing herself of the true state of the case, had she not been suddenly compelled to quit her modest cottage in Sebastopol, in order to escape the treacherous designs of fanaticised Tartars. Thus the erroneous opinion about the great fertility of the Crimea has been maintained, and it has not been sufficiently contradicted by the better class of travellers, among them Dubois de Montpereux, who died too early for his country, and Prince Anatole Demidoff. In the same way, too, on the larger charts of the Crimea, which are now demanded by the public curiosity—not excepting those reduced from Demidoff's map—numerous villages are marked which are not in existence, but are well adapted to confirm the false idea of the great fertility of the peninsula. The error has originated in the circumstance that the Tartars of the plains are nomads during the greater portion of the year, and alter their place of residence whenever their herds can no longer find food. On the maps, these places are not merely marked, but a quantity of names are even entered, which belong to the period when the Crimea was still under the authority of the Tartar Khans.

The above opinion is entertained by various writers; among them the principal being the learned professor Dr. Karl Koch, who has already acquired an European renown by his great work on the Caucasus, and who has recently completed the history of his travels by the publication of a work called "Die Krim und Odessa," which will form the staple of our present article.

Dubois de Montpereux attempted, not unsuccessfully, to transfer the scene of the Odyssey to the Black Sea. Even if it be objected that the singer of the Odyssey would surely have mentioned the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, had the voyage taken place to the north of the scene of the Trojan war, namely, in the Pontus Euxinus, still it cannot be denied that the author of the "Voyage autour du Caucase" has brought forward several valuable facts in confirmation of his theory. Only two.

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countries can be indicated with certainty: the country of the Lotophagi, whither the north wind drove the wanderers, and the territory of the Cimmerians. The former is Egypt, the other the Crimea and the whole northern coast of the Black Sea. The ancients could never have supposed that Cimmeria lay in the south of France; and yet that must have been its situation if we consider Sicily the Island of Trinacria. From the Argonautic expedition we know that the ancients were acquainted with the Black Sea and its coasts; but we can find no proof that they were acquainted with Italy or Sicily at the period of the Trojan war, or shortly afterwards. It must be added that Circe, the sister of Aëtes, King of Colchis, lived in *Æœa*, and Odysseus only took one day in sailing thence to the territory of the Cimmerians. But, if we place *Æœa* in the vicinity of Sicily, as is frequently done, the singer of the eleventh canto could not have possessed even a superficial knowledge of the position of Cimmeria. We may assume, consequently, that the sister of Aëtes lived in the immediate proximity of Colchis.

On the coast of Cimmeria was the end of the deep river Oceanus, and the entrance into the subterranean kingdom of Hades. On Taman, three thousand years ago, the volcanic eruptions were probably much more frequent than at the present day; and these might easily have given cause for the myth of the *Pyri-Phlegethon*, that river of the nether world which ran with liquid fire. In addition, the fable of the clashing rocks in the south of the Black Sea, and at the entrance of the Thracian Bosphorus, appears older than that relating to Sicily. It is more than probable that the earlier singers of the Argonautic expedition meant by their *Symplegades* the same rocks which Homer calls *Scylla* and *Charibdis*. At any rate, this explanation, which Dubois de Montpereux himself borrowed from a French philologist, is interesting, and deserves further investigation.

The first town at which our author landed in the Crimea was Kertsch, a new place, and a medley of Italian and Russian styles of architecture. Houses with flat roofs remind the visitor of the former, and wide—generally unpaved—streets, of the latter. On the whole, this little town is a more pleasant object than the majority of those inhabited by Russians. It is said to contain about ten thousand inhabitants, a number which is gradually increasing. But Kertsch will not attain its real value until the countries on the Don are more extensively cultivated. At present it is the agency between them and the south, but the productions of this part of Russia are still so slight, that the export trade is of hardly any importance. The Cossacks of the Don at present plant only so much corn as they require for their own consumption. In addition, they live simply, and have few or no wants. Their clothes are generally of home manufacture, or obtained from Russian factories. The principal trade is, consequently, confined to fish and salt, which are exchanged for corn in the harbours of the Sea of Azov. Considerable trade is maintained in this way with Taganrog, a town which bore promise of importance some twenty years back, but has lost its *prestige*, while Kertsch gained it. The salt is obtained from small lakes, situated to the south of Kertsch; fish are dried and salted, and nearly ten thousand tons of the latter are annually exported to the south of Russia. Caviare is also prepared here; and though the sturgeons captured here are not so large as those found in

the Volga and the mouth of the Kur-Araxes, the caviare is not at all inferior in taste. At the spot where Kertsch now stands, several hundred years B.C., flourished Pantikapæon, the residence of the Bosphoran kings. The importance of this Greek colony was only discovered a few years back, by numerous antiquities that were dug out; and further research would only confirm this opinion. Unfortunately, these precious witnesses of earlier ages have been sent to St. Petersburg, and deposited in the Hermitage Palace. Still, many remains of ancient buildings can still be traced in the vicinity, especially on the Akropolis of Pantikapæon, to the south of the present town.

On leaving Kertsch our traveller proceeded to Kaffa; and his description of the road will be read with interest. "The road ran due west through a steppe intersected by low hills. This steppe, however, differs materially from those seen in Cis-Caucasia, and is more closely allied to the American Pampas, through its flatness and want of water. For this reason vegetation is only found in the rainy season, while during the scorching summer the district is converted into a perfect desert, and can hardly foster a few herbs and brushy shrubs, neither of which bear a resemblance to the natural hue of plants. The soil, on the entire eastern side of the Crimea, is generally formed of limestone and marl, and belongs to the new tertiary or diluvian era. As is the case in all real deserts, there is a large quantity of salt present, which impedes the growth of plants. This steppe had also a grey colour. All the plants I saw were of the same hue, and about a foot in height. There were few varieties, but of these each extended for a long distance, which added to the monotony." The surrounding hills, however, are much more fertile than the plains through which our author passed, and serve as pasture-grounds for the numerous herds of the Tartars.

Theodosia, or Feodosia, as the Russians call it, is comparatively a new town, and was established by the Russians; but 500 B.C. a Milesian colony, bearing the same name, was settled here. It was tributary to the Bosphoran kings or the republic of Cherson, and though it soon gained its independence, it never equalled Pantikapæon in importance. In the first centuries after Christ the town fell into decay, and appears to have been utterly destroyed in the earlier period of the Migration of the nations. It was not till the thirteenth century, when the Mongolians had taken possession of the Crimea, that a town called Kapha, or Kaffa, was built on the same spot, and soon after occupied by the Genoese. Under the protection of this powerful republic Kaffa soon increased, so that within a century it contained more than 100,000 inhabitants, and received the name of the second Constantinople. Traders from Kaffa went deep into the Caucasian mountains, and even beyond the Caspian Sea. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries this colony of the Genoese appears not to have been inferior to the metropolis in power and wealth, but it still had its viceroy sent from Genoa. While Genoa was wasting its strength by internal dissensions and contests with its powerful rival, Venice, Kaffa extended its possessions, so that the most valuable havens along the whole of the southern coast of the Black Sea gradually fell into its hands. But the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks was the signal for the downfall of Kaffa. Nine years later, Trebisond fell into the hands of the same conqueror, Muhamed II. Within

thirteen years of this date, Kaffa, that rich and powerful city, yielded without a blow to the foe of Christianity. With the exception of the Macedonian Alexander, the first Chalifes, and the later Mongols, there are few kings who, in the short space of two-and-twenty years, so desolated such flourishing and powerful cities, of which two were the capitals of great empires, as did the barbarous Muhamed II.

Kaffa voluntarily yielded. Its inhabitants hoped to escape the fate of Constantinople and Trebisonde, and trusted the words of the Moslem. As if there had not been warning signs in abundance of the most horrible treachery and the most ignominious want of faith! The city was granted mercy, but 40,000 inhabitants were forced to migrate to the desolated Constantinople, and 1500 boys were torn from their mothers to become the slaves of the Padishah and the other magnates of the empire. Plundering was not allowed, it is true, but the unhappy citizens were forced to give up one-half of their property. But this was only a trifle compared with what would occur during the next three years. The Tartar Khan, Mengli Ghirei, who had been raised to the throne by the power of the Genoese, completed the barbarities which the Turks had commenced. Description of the scenes that took place surpass all that can be conceived. Streams of blood, in the fullest sense of the term, poured through the streets. Ships with Genoese money and Genoese valuables were sent to Constantinople. But what the foolish inhabitants of Kaffa had not dared to do, was done by the people of the smaller villages and towns. They defended themselves manfully against the Turkish hordes, and preferred to die with arms in their hands than yield to such mercy. The cruel and faithless followers of Islamism saw once again that Christians were ready to die for their belief. A few men in Mangup dared to resist the fury of a victorious tyrant and his immense forces.

After everything had been plundered and carried off, and no more treasures were carried from Kaffa the Rich to Constantinople, the haughty Padishah believed that it only required a sign from him to make the city once again the emporium of Asiatic wealth. But trade had disappeared with the murder and expulsion of the Genoese. In vain were all the encouragements now given to the townsmen of Kaffa. When once desolation has ruled, man's will is but of little use in driving it out again. Within a few years a desert had taken the place of the former activity. In the place of men, sheep wandered along the coast and fed on the pasturage of the newly-arisen steppe. At last the Crimea became Russian. Catharine II. recognised the value of the peninsula, and thought she possessed the power to regenerate it. With slight interruptions the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas tried to restore its pristine splendour: neither sacrifices nor exertions were spared. But, for all that, it only progresses very slowly. History tells us that cities, once ruined, can never return to their old magnificence. New towns may be built on the sites of the old, but they appear ever condemned to remain insignificant. Odessa was built only a few years back; and a future appears to await it. It has already drawn to itself the entire trade with Southern Russia; and, in spite of its unfavourable situation, no town on the widely-extended coast of the Black Sea can compete with it, and all are, more or less, dependent on Odessa. Theodosia has endured the same

fate as Taganrog; thirty years ago every possible care was devoted to its mercantile improvement. Suddenly, Kertsch was found to be more favourably situated for commerce, and so the attention of the government was transferred to that town. For trade purposes, Theodosia is incomparably superior to Sebastopol. A convenient road leads to the interior of the peninsula, the eastern part of which, in addition, is better suited for cultivation than the western. The Don pours into the adjoining Sea of Azov: nearer still is the mouth of the Kuban. A conjunction with the mountaineers in hostility to Russia can consequently be easily maintained. All these are motives which would render the possession of Theodosia of the highest importance to the English, especially as, on account of the neighbouring hills, it can be much more easily defended against an assailing army than is the case with Sebastopol.

While at Theodosia, our author took an opportunity of satisfying his curiosity about the Crimean wines, of which he had heard so much, and he describes his experiences in the following fashion:

“ ‘What wine will the gentlemen order?’ was the host’s reply to our demand. ‘Would you like Forster-Traminer, Johannisberger, or Leisten wine? Or are you less patriotic, and give a preference to French, Spanish, or Cape wines? In that case, I would recommend you a Bordeaux of first-rate quality.’ ‘We do not want foreign wines, but the Crimean growth.’ ‘I see, gentlemen,’ the host continued, ‘that this is your first visit to the Crimea, or else you would be aware that all the wines I have mentioned are made from grapes which grow in the Crimea. Our vineyard cultivators have procured at a small expense all the better sorts of vines from every country, even from America, but always call the wine produced by the name of the vine on which the grapes grew. Thus my Rhenish was not made on the Rhine, but on the southern coast.’

“ ‘Being thus instructed, we drank the various sorts of wine in rotation: Johannisberg, Steinwein, St. Julien, Champagne, Madeira, Cape, &c., and found them not unpleasant beverage, though not bearing the slightest resemblance to the varieties whose names they bore. The only thing they had in common was the price, for the superior sorts cost two roubles *assignat*, or about twenty pence, and nothing decent could be procured under a thaler.’

The road from Theodosia to Simpheropol only seemed the more to remove our author’s impressions as to the boasted fertility of the Crimea. The whole distance the road ran through the same desolate pampas as the professor had seen near Kertsch, with this difference, that the vegetation was still more scanty. The nearer they drew to Simpheropol, the soil became a brilliantly white and crumbling limestone, and was only rarely covered by a slight coating of marl. The surface was one mass of dust, which was driven in the travellers’ faces by the wind. Though the continual aspect of a burning white superficies of lime has a most unpleasant effect on the eyesight, the dust floating about in the atmosphere is much more painful, as it frequently produces inflammation. Even the inhabitants of the steppe are subject to epidemic attacks of the so-called Egyptian ophthalmia. At times, too, they met flocks of sheep, but even these were very inferior to those found in Cis-Caucasia, and appeared to have degenerated. In size they assumed an intermediate rank between the fat-tails and the present Russian steppe sheep. The tail was fat only at

the root, and grew gradually narrower, so that it had a pyramidal form. The majority of the sheep were of a dirty yellow colour: some were spotted with black, or entirely of that colour. There was not a single specimen of the formerly so celebrated Crimean sheep, which produced the well-known fleeces. The cattle, however, were more respectable objects, and though smaller than those on the Kuban, are generally of the same light-brown colour.

On the road to Simpheropol, Professor Koch passed through a large Tartar village, said to contain 15,000 inhabitants. It is called after the stream on which it is situated, Karassu Bazar, or the Market of the Black Waters. Catharine II. left the Tartars only two villages, Karassu Bazar and Baktchi-Sarai, in which they could follow their own devices unhindered. Until now the promise of the great empress has been held sacred, and only Tartars are allowed to live in them. Karassu Bazar reminded our author of Trebisond: "Narrow and dirty streets, through which it is a matter of difficulty to drive, are visible here. Tall white walls bound the court-yard on the side of the street: behind them lies the dwelling of the family, and a garden, in which the female members can rejoice in the blessed sunshine without being regarded by strange eyes. Karassu Bazar is rich in mosques, of which there are two-and-twenty, and in minarets, of which I counted seven. The former were generally large quadrangles, only displaying a surface of white wall, but the others were remarkably taper and graceful, and looked very pleasant as they rose from the mass of houses, and among the fresh verdure of the gardens. Such a Tartar village is indubitably more picturesque than a Russian town, where the churches and towers cause an unpleasant effect by their tawdry coats of paint. As is the case in Tiflis and the East, the male sex in Little Tartary—for that was the name given at the end of the last century to the Crimea and a portion of the northern coast of the Sea of Azov—leads a life in the open air. All the artisans work in the street, or at least in their open shops: all of one trade work and sit close together, so that the shoemakers, then the tailors, &c., form a row. The former are very celebrated, and their shoes are in very great demand among the Mahomedans. But other branches of the leather trade are carried on here with great success. In addition, Karassu Bazar is famous for the manufacture of sheaths for kindjals (the khandjar of the Turks) and for knives, which in the last century found their way to the centre of Asia."

Simpheropol is the capital of the Tauric government, containing, in addition to the Crimean peninsula, the northern coast of the Sea of Azov. In this division are included the possessions of the Tartar Khans in the last century of their existence. Most of the Tartars, however, quitted their fatherland after its occupation by the Russians in 1783, and found shelter, some among the Tcherkess, who had formerly recognised their authority, others among their countrymen in Bessarabia. Scarcely a third of the former owners of the soil remained upon it, and these have not given up their vagabond life, despite all the exertions of the Russians. If a person draws the attention of these people to the benefits of agriculture, they will generally reply, "My father led a nomadic life and was happy, and I will do the same;" or else, "Just as God gave the Franks senses, the Russians the plough, the Armenians the counting board, so He

appointed the waggon for our use." Simpheropol was formerly called Akmetjed, that is, the White Churches. It is difficult to understand the reasons why the Russians selected its present title, which, according to some, means the double, with others, the useful, city. It was formerly the residence of the Major-domo, the Sultan Kalga, while the Tartar Khan lived at Baktchi-Sarai. The Sultan Kalga was an important personage, who, when the Khan was absent or ill, held the reins of the government, and, in addition, affixed the seal to all the Khan's desires and commands. The Kalga's substitute was called the Sultan Nureddin, and these offices were generally held by princes of the blood royal.

Only one member of the royal family, which is lineally descended from Genghis Khan, and bears the name of Ghirei, still lives in the Crimea. Sahin-Ghirei, the last Khan appointed and maintained on the throne by the Russians, at length grew tired of the internal dissensions which entailed misfortune on his country, and abdicated in favour of Catharine II.; but, for all that, the Russians were forced to conquer the country step by step. The poor Sahin-Ghirei found no peace in his own land, and retired to Constantinople. There the former vassal naturally met with a very harsh reception, and was banished to Rhodes. After a short interval the unhappy man received, as a special favour, the silken cord—that is, was compelled to strangle himself with it. The former anti-Khan, Solim Ghirei, fled with all the grandees of the empire to Circassia, and did much to keep up the old animosity against Russia. Only one member of the ruling family remained behind: his son is still living, though in extreme seclusion. He married an English woman, and was having his children brought up in the Protestant faith. His daughter was married, in 1844, to a Protestant officer in the Russian service. What a curious destiny! The last of the fanatic Genghis Khanides, the hereditary foes of Christianity, who more than once threatened its utter overthrow, himself a Christian, and, though surrounded by devotees of the infallible Russo-Greek Church, a Protestant, and married to a Protestant!

Simpheropol now contains eight thousand inhabitants and three hundred houses. It is composed of two parts—the old Tartar city, which still bears the name of Akmetjed, and the Russian new town, which form the most utter contrast to each other—the one thoroughly eastern, the other aping the conveniences of western civilisation. The only handsome building in the town is the new cathedral, near which is the quadrangular monument of the hero of the Crimea, Prince Dolgurucki-Krimskoi. With the following description of the market-place we can close our account of the vaunted capital of the Crimea:—"It was Friday, when we walked through the streets, and one of the two days on which the market was held. Simpheropol is the emporium, not only for all the produce of the Crimea, but also for foreign goods. Its favourable central position has done much to cause this. A fine road runs to the southern coast, with which the town is necessarily in constant communication, on account of the numerous châteaux and gardens there. The Tartars had camels, horses, sheep, and oxen for sale; the Germans offered vegetables, butter, and cheese; the Russians, corn and bread. A number of Jews stunted about, and tried to gain a living in any possible way. . . . The cattle exposed for sale in the great market-place appeared to me very poor; the horses were thorough screws, and yet brought high

prices. The sheep looked rather better. Camels were offered for from four to five hundred roubles *assignat*, that is, about twenty or five-and-twenty pounds. I was most interested in the fruit, which Tartars principally had brought to market. The Crimean fruit is praised through the whole of Russia; but what I saw here did not at all respond to its reputation. Without exception, every sort of apple I tried wanted the peculiar delicate savour and that aroma which our fruit generally possesses in a greater or less degree. The pears were even worse than the apples, and did not appear to me any better than our common wild or wood pears. On the other hand, I found the water-melons excellent, as is the case generally in the East. They have a pinkish colour when cut open, and are grown round Taganrog. Thence they are sent to Petersburg, Moscow, Constantinople, and Smyrna. The Crimea appears to be the only district in the whole of Russia where the fruit and vine cultivation at all flourish, and here again it is only in small patches. With the exception of the Upper Salgir Valley, fruit is only cultivated near Sudak, Sebastopol, and on the southern coast. Tropical fruits are generally cheaper in Petersburg, Odessa, and the larger seaboard towns, than are the better sorts of pears and apples. The finer fruit in the Crimea is picked out, carefully wrapped in soft paper, and packed in chests, which are loaded on the clumsy steppe waggons. Thus the fruit travels fifteen hundred and more miles in a northern direction. In Moscow and Petersburg it is unwrapped again with equal care. It may be imagined what the price must be there, when I say that a decent specimen of the apple genus costs a penny in the Crimea itself."

Baktchi-Sarai, the former residence of the rulers of the Crimea, is situated about thirty versts from Simpheropol. It is built in a ravine, through which a merrily-bounding stream, the Tchurukssu, flows. As the breadth of the valley is nowhere more than a thousand paces, there is just sufficient room for a road and two rows of houses; the latter have not the usual flat roofs, but a gable, covered with shingles. The tall chimneys harmonise well with the numerous graceful minarets, and bear a striking similitude to the Gothic architecture. The Tartar inhabitants differ greatly from their countrymen in Karassu Bazar. Their dress resembles the Armenian. It consists of a long kaftan, generally of brown or blue cloth, which is open on both sides, while the sleeves sit tight. The trousers have the old Turkish cut, but are not nearly so wide, and consequently better adapted for walking and working. The head-dress consists of a short cylindrical fur cap, about a foot in height. The top of the cylinder is covered with a piece of red cloth, embroidered in gold or silver.

Baktchi-Sarai extends for nearly three miles through the narrow valley. On both sides of the street there are generally booths in front of the houses, where the artisans work and expose goods for sale. The leather fabrics are celebrated: shoes, kindjal-sheaths, riding-whips, &c., are used generally through the Crimea, and even exported. Our author found much here to remind him of real Turkish towns; for instance, the kebadji, those *restaurateurs* who prepare food on the high road. A large copper kettle stands on a species of hearth, and contains the mutton, which is rendered savory by various condiments, and principally with onions. When sufficiently cooked, it is laid on flat dishes and sold.

While the good folk in Constantinople are not addicted to soup, it is here eaten with great gusto. The spit is also found here, which boys turn, covered with pieces of meat, over a charcoal fire, free from smoke. The ekmedji, or bakers, also prepared their different sorts of bread before the eyes of the spectators. The small loaves had aniseed or caraways strewed over them, which imparted a pleasant taste. Lastly, the coffee-houses were just the same. The guests' room was on the first floor, as the ground one was a shop; a gallery running round the former allowed the smokers to enjoy their pipes in the open air.

At about the centre of Baktchi-Sarai is the opening of a cauldron-shaped valley, in which the former rulers of Little Tartary built their palace, which is still carefully preserved by the Russians. A quadrangular stone tells the visitor that the great Catharine was here on the 14th (26th) May, 1787. The architectural style is peculiar, and differs from similar buildings to be found in the last. There appears to have been no idea of saving room, and the palace is consequently irregular in the extreme. Carved work is found on the windows, and in a less degree on the ceilings and doors; but, unfortunately, all has been painted of one uniform red colour. The pictures on the walls are coarse, and possess no artistic value, though perhaps, when the Khans were still resident here, when the floors were covered with elegant carpets, and valuable divans ran along the walls, the whole may have produced a different effect. Our author noticed the chairs and tables, which were still in many of the rooms, and had been used by the last Tartar Khan, Sahin-Ghirei. But this imitation of European fashions attracted the hatred of his subjects, and led to those repeated revolts, which he could only suppress by Russian aid.

The harem was situated in the rear of the court-yard, and separated from the palace by a high wall. It consisted of a rather small garden, in which was a small house, with five windows in a row. Here resided the four wives of the Khan, in utter seclusion. In addition to this enclosure there was a small garden with a bath, belonging to the harem. A narrow passage led directly from the Khan's apartments to this garden, and there was a small room, whose window commanded a prospect of the bath. In the upper part of the Khan's residence our author was shown the rooms in which Maria Podocka, the heroine of one of Pushkin's poems, is said to have lived. There is, namely, a myth, which history, however, ignores, that towards the middle of the last century the Tartar Khan made an inroad into Poland, and carried off the lovely daughter of the rich Count Potocky. Infatuated by her charms, he tried, in vain, to gain her affection. All his offers were rejected by the firmness of the Polish girl, who only thought of those she had left at home. The best rooms in the whole palace, the handsomest clothes, and all the luxuries of the East were allotted to Maria, with the hope of gaining a smile from the mourner. In the palace of a descendant of Genghis Khan a Christian chapel was built, and Christian priests read mass. All was in vain; Maria remained silent and coy. The more the haughty Khan found his offers repulsed, the more his love increased. He sought to guess the slightest wish expressed in her eyes, and neglected no opportunity to acquire her favour. Maria saw this, and was deeply moved. Her hatred was gradually converted into respect. But she could not

make up her mind to give her hand to the foe of her religion, and the man who had torn her from her beloved relations and dear fatherland. And yet the Tartar Khan began to feel happy; the gloomy frown gradually left his handsome, manly face. He yielded to the hope that his wishes would eventually be crowned with success. Peace returned to his mind once more. At that moment the jealousy of a woman robbed him of the fruition of his darling wishes. The Khan had previously bestowed all his favours on a Georgian. The latter, jealous of her new rival, only thought of freeing herself from the hated favourite. She easily succeeded in gaining her friendship by feigned representations; but all her efforts to ruin the lovely Maria were fruitless. The Eastern could no longer restrain her fury, and finally drove her dagger into the heart of the innocent girl, who fell dead without a word.

The Tartar Khan was hardly informed of the fearful crime ere he inflicted a terrible punishment on the criminals. Like a madman he wandered through the lofty apartments of his palace, and cried in vain on his beloved Maria, who would so soon have been his own. All the women of the harem were strangled, but the actual murderess was torn in pieces by wild horses. Over the grave of his beloved a magnificent mausoleum was erected, whose steps, as often as morning and evening returned, the Khan bedewed with tears of despair. Thus one day, one week, followed the other. His peace was utterly gone. But suddenly he roused himself, and rushed once again to the battle-field. Desolation tracked his footsteps. Villages and towns were buried in ruins, until the unhappy man found the death he sought.

This story appears to be founded on that of the fair Georgian Dilara-Beke, for the history of Poland, as we said before, is entirely silent on the subject of a fair maiden carried off by the Tartar Khan. Still, the story is firmly believed in Baktchi-Sarai, and the mausoleum is pointed out. This is not in the court-yard, but in the large garden attached to the palace, and consists of a handsome arched cupola without any inscription. In addition to this mausoleum, however, the deeply-lamenting Khan had a fountain made in one of his favourite apartments, which was intended to depict the state of his heart, and was called Selsebel, or the fountain of tears. It consists of several cascades arranged pyramidically above one another. The water flows over the edge of the uppermost basin in another and larger one, just beneath it. As the latter is larger, and yet only contains the same quantity of water as the one above, it flows somewhat more slowly into the third basin. This process is repeated several times, until the lowest basin is of so great circumference that the water only flows over in drops. These are intended to represent the tears which the mourning Khan wept nightly. According to other travellers there is an inscription of this fountain, which does not appear to have any reference to the above story. It runs as follows: "The countenance of Bagkd-Sharai is brightened by the benevolent care of the Krim Ghirei, the Enlightened. His protecting hand has appeased the thirst of the land. If there be another fountain like this, let it display itself. Damascus and Bagdhad have witnessed many things, but never such a fair fountain. In the year 1167 (from the Hegira)."

During our author's stay at Baktchi-Sarai he made an excursion to the Jewish village of Dauffuth Kaleh, which gives him an opportunity to

give an account of the Karaites, who have lately attracted the attention of *savans* in a great degree. According to the latest researches, it is probable that the Karaim are descended from Jews, who were led away at the Babylonish captivity, and did not return home. It is undoubted that Jews settled in Armenia and the Trans-Caucasian countries, more especially in Daghistan, long before the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the communication with their fatherland was gradually quite broken off. The Armenian and Caucasian Jews maintained the doctrines of Moses in great purity, as they were enabled to follow the mode of worship handed down from father to son without hindrance. The case was different with the Jews who remained in Palestine, for in their subordinate position they gradually introduced into their religion many of the doctrines belonging to the nations among whom they lived. The Talmudic doctrine was gradually developed in Judaism by the schools of Tiberias and Babylon, in the fifth up to the eighth century. It yearly took deeper root, and eventually acquired entire recognition. A portion of the Jews in the Caucasus was at last taught the new doctrines by their co-religionists in Constantinople. A violent discussion arose, in consequence, among the Caucasian Jews: those who remained faithful to their old faith were compelled to emigrate, and went to the Crimea. Here they found many of their co-religionists. According to the historical documents of Abraham Firkowitch, the residence of Jews in Dshuffuth-Kaleh appears to have commenced about 640 B.C. There are still Jews in the Caucasus who do not recognise the Talmud, but their number is said to be very small. In addition, there are a few Karaim in several western and southern governments of Russia.

From all this it is evident that the Karaim cannot be regarded as a Jewish sect, which has separated from the Mother Church. On the contrary, they are the Jews who have maintained the true doctrine, while the Talmudists have materially dissented. The present reform party among the German Jews approximates closely to the Karaim in their religious worship. There are various opinions as to the origin of the word Karaim. The most probable is the one that the Jews who were removed to Armenia from Assyria and Babylonia received the name of Karaim. According to others, the name Karaim, or Karaites, was originally applied to the followers of the Rabbi Amon, who opposed the Talmudists in Syria, and is said to have established a separate sect. The number of the Jews in the Caucasus was, probably, considerably larger in the first century after Christ. They possibly had a considerable influence in causing the Jewish religion to be selected by the Chasars. It is, at any rate, a peculiar circumstance that a whole nation suddenly were converted to a religion whose devotees possessed not the slightest influence, and were already more or less exposed to contempt. It is equally inexplicable what became of the Jewish Chasars after their expulsion. As their rulers had their chief establishment in the Crimea, it is, further, not improbable that a quantity of the Caucasian Jews were induced to settle in the Crimea among their new co-religionists. The oldest document of the Karaim in Dshuffuth Kaleh dates from the most brilliant period of the Jewish Chasars in the Crimea, the seventh century. There is, therefore, some probability in the supposition that the Crimean Karaim

originally came from the Caucasus, except that the emigration took place at a considerably later date.

The next place to which Professor Koch went was Sebastopol. The soil upon which this city is built is in every respect so interesting, that it deserves a nearer description. It is situated on a tongue of land, running from east to west, and about fifteen miles in length. The width may be about eight, the whole extent, from forty-five to fifty miles. It is composed of a plateau, intersected by ravines which run for some distance in an easterly direction, and is divided from the continent by a precipitous valley, through which a stream flows. In this way a narrow bay has been formed, one of the best ports in the whole world, and which the Russian government selected for its war haven in the Black Sea. In addition, this strip of land has four inlets on its northern side, which are also very deep, and are filled with water from the Great Bay. According to Dubois de Montpereux, these cavities are not Neptunian, but have a volcanic origin. The new stone, which according to him belongs to the limestone of the steppes, has been repeatedly altered by eruptions. Petrifications, however, are rarely found, and the few existing are so changed, that none can be established with certainty, at least in the bay of Sebastopol. But the further we go to the east, where the volcanic influences were weaker, shells are piled up; and we soon acquire the certainty of the interesting fact, that the shells at first belonged to the sea, but afterwards to fresh water, but both are strangely mingled together. The stone formation towards the south becomes older, while in the north it belongs to the newest tertiary era; the promontory at the south is bounded by Jura formation. The plateau is very infertile, and, in addition, there is a great want of water. Its surface represents a real pampas, which is only covered with scanty vegetation at the beginning of spring and autumn. A few stunted oaks grow at the spot where the promontory is connected with the continent.

It is probable that, at the commencement of the sixth century, B.C., traders belonging to the Pontic Heraclea settled on the north side of the bay, and gave the new colony the name of their Father City. The parched, infertile soil of the peninsula did not at all remind them of the green and lovely scenery of their home, and induced the Greeks to alter its name to *χερρονησος*, or *χερσονησος*, that is, the infertile island. To distinguish it from other peninsulas, it received the pronomen of the Heracleontic Chersonese. With time the town, which had received the name of Cherson, acquired great importance, as its inhabitants were possessed of the entire trade with the northern and western shores of the Black Sea. Jealous of its prosperity, the Bosphoran kings on the other side of the Crimea tried in vain to humiliate it. At the period of the great migration, when Panticapæon was destroyed, and all the kingdoms and nations on the north of the Black Sea were razed from the page of history, Cherson held its ground against every storm, though it lost much of its importance. When the Goths held the Crimea, they appear also to have taken possession of Cherson, for Procopius calls it expressly a Gothic city. The history of the Goths in the Crimea, though so valuable and interesting, has not been sufficiently investigated. At the first period of the migration, the Goths retired into the savage and inaccessible coast range, and remained there at least until the sixteenth century.

When the Chasars became masters of the Crimean peninsula, it acquired the name of Chasaria; but the southern coasts, more especially the western portion, with the above-mentioned strip of land, retained the name of Gothia. The name of Chasaria disappeared from history, while that of Gothia retained its significance. In a treaty between the chieftain of the Golden Horde and the Genoese of Kaffa, in the year 1380, Gothia was handed over to the latter. At this period, consequently, Goths must have existed in the Crimea. The well-known and much-discussed statement of the Dutch Rubruquis, who heard Gothic spoken here in the year 1253, is therefore no fable. At last, the fierce hordes of the Turks fell upon the unhappy Christian inhabitants, and cut them down, or compelled them to give up their faith and assume Islamism. A contemporary describes the heroic defence of the two Dukes of Mangup, a castle now lying in ruins, and calls these the last remnants of the Gothic nation and language. According to another author, who, however, lived a hundred years later, these two dukes were Greeks. During our author's lengthened stay on the southern coast he had repeated opportunities of mixing with the natives. They bear the name of Tartars, it is true, but differ materially from those of the northern plains. It is indubitable that they are of an utterly different descent, and, probably, have not a drop of Mongolo-Tartaric blood in their veins. They possess considerable resemblance to the Greeks. The men are generally small, like the Greeks, but very handsome, and have always a noble countenance. The women and girls are frequently seen unveiled.

In our author's description of Sebastopol we find but little new, as so much has been written on the subject during the last six months; but the following extract may prove interesting:

"We were permitted to make a closer inspection of the Nicholas Bastion. Here my heart grew very sad, for I saw nothing but weapons of murder around me. This bastion is in the shape of a half-moon, and has three stories, one above the other. I was astonished that the soft stone of Inkerman was used for the building, as, when exposed to wind and storm, it wears away quicker than granite and other Plutonic stones, especially as an extraordinarily hard green stone (diorit) could be procured in the neighbourhood. But it is possible that soft, friable stone is better suited to resist bombs; at any rate, the destruction of Bomarsund has proved that granite cannot withstand our present instruments of destruction. On the ground-floor lay the bombs and grenades. I saw the stoves in which the balls were heated red-hot, before firing. There were three batteries, each armed with 196 guns. The larger guns, which were 64-pounders, were separated from the rest, and stood in special casemates. The larger divisions contained twenty or more guns, and served at the same time as barracks for the soldiers."

The actual town has a very pleasant aspect, from the fact that trees stand before many of the houses, and in some instances vines overgrow their frontage. In this respect the Catharine-street deserves especial mention. Towards the war haven reside the officers and higher employés, near the sea the married sailors and subalterns. Upon a lofty point in the town stands the library, which might easily be taken for an observatory. Not far from the library is a new church, built after the

model of the Temple of Theseus in Athens. It is a basilica, supported by Doric pillars. The interior is simple and tasteful, which is rather a rarity in Russia, where the churches are overladen with poor pictures. Near this church is the monument erected to the brave Kosarsky. In the last Turco-Russian war this hero's ship was attacked by three of the enemy's ships of the line; and on their attempting to board him, he declared that he would blow himself and the enemy out of the water together. In consequence, the Turks retired to a safer distance, and Kosarsky succeeded in saving his brig, the *Mercury*, and rejoining the fleet. At the end of the Catharine-street, towards the haven, is the cottage in which Catharine II. resided during her short stay here. Tartars entered into a conspiracy to murder the empress. Fortunately their design was betrayed, and Catharine had just time to escape. To the south of the town is the pleasant Boulevard, the most frequented walk in Sebastopol. There is a fine prospect hence over the greater portion of the town, the entire haven, the opposite coast, and a magnificent sea view. Further to the east, at some distance from the sea, and near the oak wood, hospitals and barracks have been erected. As can be imagined, the number of sailors and soldiers who spend the winter in Sebastopol is very considerable. Our author was told that they amounted to 15,000 or 20,000. There are several barracks built on the other side for their occupation. The number of permanent inhabitants does not amount to more than 8000 or 10,000.

After inspecting all that was worth seeing in Sebastopol, our author proceeded on his journey along the lovely southern coast. The first place he arrived at was Balaklava, for which he could hardly have then foreboded such a melancholy celebrity as it has now attained. The inhabitants of Balaklava are Greeks, who quitted Turkey during the reign of the great Catharine, and, having obtained special privileges, settled at the same spot where, more than 2000 years before, the Milesians from Asia Minor had planted themselves and founded the colony of Symmopolis (Cembalo, among the Italians of the middle ages). This colony, however, never attained any great importance, and was a dependency of the republic of Cherson. When the Genoese had obtained a firm footing on the southern coast, Cembalo soon fell into their possession. With the ruin of its masters this town also perished. Afterwards the Tartars lived here, until they were in turn forced to give place to the Greeks at the close of the eighteenth century. The number of the latter at that day was 8000, but has since greatly decreased; either through sickness, or that many established themselves permanently at other places. The Greeks have their own legislature, whose representatives are only responsible to the Russian authorities. They are free from the recruiting law, but are obliged to organise a battalion of 500 men, and act as coast-guard along the southern range, in order to prevent smuggling.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Professor Koch along the whole coast range, but we must refer our readers to a translation of the work from which we have been making our extracts, and which Mr. Murray has just brought out. We must, however, find room for a slight description of Perekop—a place which has afforded matter for the most contradictory reports during the whole of the Crimean campaign.

Since the earliest ages, when the town was not even in existence under this name, Perekop played an important part. The civilised nations of the Crimea built a wall across the isthmus, and anxiously guarded the towers, to prevent the barbarous Scythians from entering. The Perekop of the Tartars is doubtlessly situated on the same spot; but no wall now divides the isthmus from the mainland, but, instead, a deep ditch, which is defended by towers. The Perekop of the present day, though usually described in the maps as a valuable fortress, is not of the slightest importance, and this would naturally be the result when the north and the Crimea belonged to one and the same master.

On regarding the climate of the Crimea, we find a multitude of peculiarities, which have not yet been sufficiently explained. The southern coast is situated between the 44th and 45th degree of northern latitude, and, consequently, at the same distance from the equator as northern Italy or Genoa. In addition, we must bear in mind that the Crimea is a peninsula, and therefore has a sea climate; and that, even if the northern plains are exposed to the harsh winds of Eastern Europe, the southern coast appears entirely protected by a chain of mountains, averaging 4000 feet in height. West winds are prevalent. So, from all these circumstances, it might be anticipated that the climate would be mild, and be comparable to that of Northern Italy. The climate, however, is generally cold, and does not even correspond with that of Milan, which lies a degree more north: but it has much in common with that of Northern France. But, at the same time, it has so many peculiarities, that it differs in almost as many instances as it agrees. If we draw our conclusions from the vegetable world, it might more reasonably be compared with England, or that portion of it which lies seven or eight degrees further north, and has also a perfect sea climate.

Regular meteorological observations have not been, up to the present, made. The summer is generally hot. On an average, from May to August, a warmth of from 17 to 20 deg. Reaumur prevails. The naked rocks and masses of stone lying on the declivities considerably augment the heat by day. The heated air ascends, and its place is taken by the breeze from the sea. Consequently, the sea breezes prevail during the day as long as the summer months last. With sunset a calm sets in, and generally lasts through the night. This is the principal cause that the temperature falls so little by night, and sometimes rises higher than by day. The greatest heat Herr Rögner observed in July, once reached 27 deg. R., while the thermometer generally rose only to 24 deg. R., even on the hottest day. The heat is the more perceptible, as rain rarely falls at this season. Dew is rarely seen on the southern coast, and in many spots is quite unknown. Although the coast range only averages an elevation of 4000 feet, the jailas, that is, those spots employed as pasture-lands, are extraordinarily cold. The freezing north-east winds blowing from Siberia exert their effect here. While in summer the heat on the coast, even at an elevation of from 500 to 800 feet, very rarely falls below 17 deg. R., on these jailas 10 and 12, and at times 7 deg., are common.

The southern coast enjoys in reality no summer, but a double spring, in so far as we mean by spring the renewal of vegetation. The actual

spring, which agrees with ours as regards time, and lasts from the commencement or even middle of April until the end of June, but more frequently begins in March and ends in May, is not, as with us, the pleasantest period of the year, for it is subject to the most extraordinary variations. In this the southern coast has much in common with many eastern countries. The beginning of March frequently enjoys the most lovely weather, and the vegetation begins to be developed in the greatest luxuriance; but in April, cool or even cold weather suddenly sets in, and the thermometer even falls under freezing point.

The late autumn, which represents a species of second spring, possesses much more agreeable features. A portion of the bushes and trees begin to bud once again. Towards the end of August the heat generally decreases, and autumn days succeed: rain alternates with wind and fine weather. Towards the equinox the wind grows to a storm, which frequently becomes a tornado, and causes the most fearful destruction. About this time there is much rain. The soil, which by the beginning of September is thoroughly parched up, eagerly drinks up the abundant streams, and fountains, which were dried up in August, begin flowing afresh. By the first week of October the rain is over, and the sky suddenly grows serene, and the pleasantest weather in the whole year sets in. While the second half of October and November and December are generally a very unpleasant period in England, it is the most agreeable in the southern coast range of the Crimea. These regularly beautiful days last till the second half of December, and very frequently till the new year. From this latter period wind and rain again alternate with sunshine. The thermometer varies between 2 and 6 deg., falls at times below zero, and then again rises to above 10 deg. The rain is frequently converted into snow, which, however, rarely lasts above an hour, and generally melts as soon as fallen. Towards the end of February or beginning of March *extreme cold sets in*, and the mercury frequently falls to 10 or 12 deg. below freezing point. In the middle of March, fine, though cold, days intervene, and last a week, sometimes longer. At the vernal equinox a change again sets in, which is generally accompanied by a fall in the temperature. The quicksilver frequently falls at that time to (—) 3 deg. R. The period from the end of January to the middle of April, however, frequently varies from the rule we have laid down. There have been years when only a few degrees of cold were felt in February, and with them the winter was at an end: On the southern coast, in the year 1843, the fine weather lasted till the 17th of March, and the thermometer had never fallen to zero. In January, even, it once stood at 15 deg.; suddenly, on the 18th March, frost set in, and by the 21st the thermometer fell to 10 deg. It was not till the 29th that milder weather set in, and in the early part of April the thermometer rose to 16 deg. In the year 1840, there were 8 deg. of cold on the first Easter holiday.

It can be easily imagined that such a varying climate has no good effect on the vegetation. A quantity of bushes and trees, which grow well in the open air in England, do not flourish at all on the undersoil. But in addition to this, peculiarities of great interest may be observed. While oranges, even under cover, are usually frostbitten, and the myrtle

looks wretched in the open air, the date palm (*Phoenix Dactylifera*, L.), which can no longer flourish in the vicinity of Smyrna, is found, which has passed seven years in the open air. It is strange, on the other hand, that azalias and rhododendrons, which grow so well among ourselves, do not get on at all on the Crimean undercliff. But the most curious circumstance is that the juniper, whether sown or planted in cuttings, generally dies away within three or four years. As regards vegetables, every variety appears to flourish but poorly on the southern coast. They want that delicacy peculiar to our growths. Spinach is very poor. Salad must be sown in autumn in order that it may come to a head in the spring. If sown in February or March, it grows very rapidly, but runs to seed. Peas and beans only flourish in places that are very damp. Artificial irrigation is not of much service. All varieties of turnips, carrots, &c., are very wooden.

At this warlike season, when everybody's thoughts are fixed on the fate of our heroes in the Crimea, the above facts appear to afford only too dark a confirmation of the predictions of the *Times*. It is evident that, under the most favourable circumstances, the Crimea is not suited for permanent occupation. All the exertions of the Russian government—and to do our enemies justice, no exertions or expense are ever spared when the object is the augmentation of the territorial resources of the empire—have hitherto been fruitless to render the Crimea a populated and flourishing country. The Emperor gave the land to grandees of his empire, on the condition that they should establish colonies. Everything was done to that end: Germans, Greeks, Armenians, found a ready and cordial reception. In this manner Lesser Tartary acquired a population, which probably amounts to that of the peninsula in the second half of the last century. Still, it is a very doubtful question whether the present population can ever be doubled, as the country would not be able to support a million of inhabitants. Only a very extensive commerce between the South and the North could bring a large population once again to the Crimea and the continent of the Tauric government.

Our paper has already grown to an outrageous length; but we cannot refrain from a final quotation, which our readers will probably forgive, as it expresses a German's opinion of the result of the present most unfortunate Crimean campaign:

"It may, perhaps, be worth while," writes our author, "to say a few words about the possibility of the conquest and eventual occupation of Sebastopol by the Western Powers. I have already, while describing Kaffa, indicated that as the spot, which, through its position and easy means of fortification, deserves the attention of the allies, and, at any rate, possesses greater value than Sebastopol. The ancient Cherson was, during its era, very important, but never gained the brilliancy of Kaffa, the present Theodosiopol. It cannot be denied that Sebastopol possesses an immense value for Russia, for, so long as a powerful throne, which can defend itself, is not erected in Constantinople, Russia, in the inevitable and early ruin of the Turkish Empire, will have a tremendous advantage over the other powers, and especially Austria. The Russian party openly states that the Emperor has a right to regard himself as the

legitimate heir to the Eastern Empire, and had good reason to assume the Byzantine double-headed eagle. The Western Powers are conscious that the hour is not far distant when the sick man will die, in spite of all his attempts to recruit his strength. Before either of the allies could hurry up, Russia could throw a multitude of troops into Constantinople, who, once in possession, could not be easily expelled. It must be borne in mind that Russia has two dépôts close by, from which reinforcements can be easily drawn. Wosnesensk, the greatest military colony in Russia, is situated on the Bug, that is, on a navigable river, and at no great distance from its mouth. In the Caucasus, from 160,000 to 180,000 men have been always kept up to keep the mountaineers in order; 80,000 of these could be easily moved, without exposing the Russian Trans- or Cis-Caucasian provinces, be put on board at Poti or Suchum-Kaleh, or be employed for simultaneous operations in Armenia and Asia Minor.

"It is, therefore, evident that Sebastopol and the Russian fleet must be destroyed; but a permanent occupation would cost the Western Powers a fearful sacrifice, and eventually lead to no result. Sebastopol cannot ever be converted into a Gibraltar. The most difficult thing, as regards a permanent occupation, is the maintenance of so large a *corps d'armée* as would appear necessary for holding so important a spot. If the allies attempted to strip Russia of the whole of the Crimea, the difficulties would only be increased, as the vicinity of a powerful foe demands the greatest precautionary measures, and it would be necessary to fortify the peninsula once again. The Crimea would never be able to support any large army in addition to its population, for water is deficient, except in a few valleys: without this, no cultivation or agriculture is possible. The idea of the immense fertility of the Crimea, which is generally believed in Russia, dates from the period of the great Catharine, whom Prince Potjomkin (Potemkin) tried to deceive by ephemeral colonies. The present war in European Turkey has sufficiently taught us how difficult it is to support large masses of troops in non-civilised countries for any length of time. Time will teach us what is to come. The Western Powers have recognised the difficulties of their position, and have surely not commenced their attack till sure of their case."

We only wish we could cordially respond to this sentiment; but recent revelations have taught us that the expedition, of which our German author speaks so confidently, has been a lamentable failure. The curse of an incompetent and self-sufficient ministry cannot be so easily removed—and though the wishes of the country have at last met with a response, we fear that Lord Palmerston will still be followed by the cry of—**TOO LATE!**

THE CHATEAU DE BEAUFOY.

(CONTINUED FROM "THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.")

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

THE Château de Beaufoy, formerly belonging to the Chevalier de Beaufoy, was now the property and residence of his widow, who was of English birth. Of her two children, the younger was the wife of M. de Castella; the other, Agnes de Beaufoy, a maiden lady now of fifty years, had never left her. It was situated near to Odesque, a small town some leagues from Boulogne, on the line of the Paris railroad.

When M. and Madame de Castella, with Adeline, proceeded to the château for their purposed summer visit, Miss Carr was invited to accompany them, but Madame de Nino refused to grant her permission for more than a week.

Adeline de Castella had represented the château in glowing colours, but Mary Carr was surprised and disappointed when she saw it. A long, straight, staring, whitish-grey building, all windows and chimneys, with a primly-laid out garden stretched before it, flat and formal. Precise flower-beds, square, oval, round; round, square, oval; and long paths, straight and narrow; just as it is the pride of French château-gardens to be. The principal entrance to the house was gained by a high, broad flight of steps, on either side of which was a gigantic lion, grinning its fierce teeth at all visitors. And these lions, which were not alive, but carved out of stone, and the steps, were the only relief given to the bare, naked aspect of the edifice. Before the house were two fountains, the carriage approach running between them. Each was surrounded by eight smaller lions, with another giant of the same species spouting up water from its mouth. Very ugly and devoid of taste it all looked to Mary Carr. But, on the western side of the château, improvements were visible. A stone terrace, or colonnade, wide, and supported by pillars, with a flight of steps at each end, rose before its windows, and lovely pleasure-grounds extended out to the far distance. A verdant, undulating lawn, fragrant shrubs, retired walks, where the trees met overhead, sheltered banks, grateful to recline upon in the noonday sun, a winding shrubbery, and a transparent lake. For all this, the château was indebted to the taste of its English mistress, Madame de Beaufoy. In the neighbourhood, within easy drives, were located other châteaux, forming a pleasant little society. The nearest house was but half a mile distant, and the reader is requested to take especial notice of it, since he will sometimes go there. It was not a château, not half large enough for one, and the Château de Beaufoy, with its English ideas, had christened it "The Lodge." It was a compact little abode, belonging to the Count d'Estival, an intimate friend of the Beaufoy family. This M. d'Estival was gifted by nature with an extraordinary love for painting and the fine arts. He had built a room to the lodge expressly for the reception of pictures, had travelled much, and was continually adding to the collection. While other people spent their money in society and display, he spent his (and he had plenty of it) in paintings. And now let us go on.

On the morning after the arrival of the Castellás at the Château de

Beaufoy, Adeline asked her grandmother whether M. d'Estival was spending the summer at the lodge, and was answered in the negative. He was travelling : the old lady thought in Holland.

"So much the better," remarked Adeline, "we can go as often as we like to his picture-gallery. You are fond of paintings, Mary ; you will have a great treat. Suppose we go now?"

"Now?" said Madame de Castella. "It is so hot!"

"It will be hotter later in the day," said Adeline. "Do come with us, mamma."

Somewhat unwillingly, Madame de Castella called for her scarf and bonnet to accompany them, casting many dubious glances at the cloudless sky and blazing sun. They took their way through the shrubbery; it was the longest road, but the most shady. And whilst they are walking, let us take a look at this said painting-room.

It bore an indescribable appearance, partaking partly of the character and confusion of an artist's studio, partly of a gorgeous picture-gallery. The apartment was very long in proportion to its width, and was lighted by high windows, furnished with those green blinds which enable artists to procure the particular light they may require. The room opened by means of glass doors upon a lovely pleasure-ground, but there were shutters and tapestry to draw before these doors at will, so that no light need enter by them. Opposite, at the other end of the room, a smaller door connected it with the house.

That same morning, about seven o'clock, there stood in this apartment a young man arranging French chalks, crayons, painting brushes, and colours, which lay about in disorder, just as they had been last used. A tall, pointed easel stood a few feet from the wall; near it, a stand with its colour-box and palettes. There were classical vases scattered about; plaster-casts from the best models; statues, and busts of porphyry, and carved from the marbles of Lydia and Pentelicus. The sculptured head of a warrior; a group of gladiators; a Niobe, in its weeping sorrow, and the Apollo Belvedere; bas-reliefs, copied from the statue of the Diacabolon, and other studies from the antique. There was beauty in all its aspects, but no deformity, no detached limbs or misshapen forms: as if the collector cared not to excite unpleasant thoughts. On the walls hung copies from, and *chefs-d'œuvre* of, the masters of many lands: Michael Angelo, Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, groups by Raphael, beautiful angels of Guido, Carlo Dolce, Titian, all were represented there, with Leonardo da Vinci, the highly-gifted and unhappy. Of the Spanish school there were but few specimens, Velasquez, Murillo, and one after Zurbarban; and less of the French, Nicholas Poussin, Le Brun, and Watteau; but there were several of the Flemish and Dutch masters, copies and originals, Van Dyck, Ruysdael, and William Van de Velde, and the brothers Abraham and Isaac Ostade.

The gentleman finished his preparations, arranged his palettes, rolled the stand nearer, and sat down before his easel. But, ere he began his task, he glanced up at the window nearest him, and, rising, stood upon a chair, and pulled the green shade lower down to regulate the light. Then he began to work, now whistling a scrap of a popular melody, now humming a few bars, and then bursting out, in a voice of the deepest melody, with a full verse. He was copying a portrait by Velasquez, and

had made considerable progress towards its completion. It was a lovely female head, supposed to be a representation of Mary Magdalen. But not even the head on which he was working, not all the portraits and sculptured busts around, not Girodet's "Endymion" by his side, betrayed more winning beauty than did the artist's own face and form.

The rare intellect of his open brow, the sweet smile on his delicate lips, the earnest glance from his deep-blue eyes, *these* could not be imitated by painter's brush nor Parian marble. Yet, though his head was cast in the most shapely mould, not to be hidden by the waves of the dark, luxuriant hair, and the pale features, classic, and regular to a fault, were of almost womanish beauty, it was not all this, but the *expression* which so won upon a beholder. Lord John Seymour was right when he said the countenance was more prepossessing than handsome—for you possibly have been prepared to hear that the painter was Mr. St. John—because in the singular fascination of the expression was forgotten the beauty of the features. Rarely indeed has perfection of face and form been united in one person as it was in Mr. St. John.

Mr. St. John worked assiduously for some hours, until it was hard upon mid-day. He then rose, stretched himself, and, walking across the room, drew aside the tapestry and shutters, and opened the glass doors.

This part of the room seemed to be consecrated to indolent enjoyment; all vestiges of work were towards the other end. An ottoman or two, some fauteuils, and a sofa were here, on which the tired artist might repose, and admire the scene without—or the many within. How beautiful the repose of that outside prospect was!—it was but a small plot of ground, yet that, of itself, seemed fit for Eden: a green level lawn, from which arose the spray of a fountain—an everlasting appendage to French gardens; but this fountain was really an ornament, with its jets of crystal and its mossy banks—clustering flowers of the sweetest scent, and high, artificial hills of rock, over which dripped a cascade, its murmurs soothing the ear; the whole not an acre in extent, and, surrounded by towering trees, through whose dancing leaves the sun could penetrate but in fitful patches, fragrant linden-trees, which served to shut the spot out from the world.

Mr. St. John threw himself upon an ottoman and looked out. He had taken a book in his hand, but did not open it: he seemed buried in reverie. Presently the door at the opposite end of the room opened, and a portly, respectable-looking woman of fifty, whom a stranger might take for the mistress of the house, in her plain morning costume, or for its housekeeper, put in her head, and told Mr. St. John his breakfast was served.

"Thank you, Madame Baret," was his reply. And he rose and followed her out of the room, not observing that his pocket-handkerchief fell to the ground.

Not many minutes after this, Madame de Castella, her daughter, and Mary Carr arrived, Madame grumbling dreadfully. She had borne the heat pretty patiently through the shaded shrubbery, but in the open ground, and in that last brazen corn-field, which had not so much as a hedge or a green blade of grass on which to rest the eye, it had been intensely felt. A shocking state her complexion would be in! she could feel blisters on it already!

"Dear mamma," laughed Adeline, "it is not so bad as that; only very red. Shall we go in by the gate at once to the painting-room? I dare say the glass doors are open. I know Madame Baret opens them every day, in fine weather."

"I am too hot yet to look at paintings, querulously returned Madame de Castella. "You may proceed to the painting-room, but I shall go into the house and get Madame Baret to give me a draught of milk. I never was so hot and thirsty in my life."

Adeline, with Miss Carr, passed through the little gate of the secluded garden, leaving Madame de Castella to seek the house. The glass doors were open, as Adeline had anticipated, and they went into the room and sat down before the entrance.

Oh, how delightful it was there! how delightful! They had come in from the broad glare, the sultry heat of mid-day, to that shady place; the eye, fatigued with the dazzling light, had found a rest; the fields, outside, looked burnt up and brown, but here the grass was fresh and green; the cool, sparkling waters of the fountain were playing in mid-air, and those lovely beds of flowers emitted the sweetest perfume. It was grateful as is the calm, silvery moonlight after a day of blazing heat. Never had Mary Carr seen a place that so forcibly spoke to her mind of rest and peace.

Adeline was the first to rise from her seat: something in another part of the room attracted her attention.

"Mary! look at this! a painting on the easel! and in progress now! Grandmamma said M. d'Estival was away."

Miss Carr turned her head round, and in that glance, the first she had really bestowed on the apartment, thought its contents the most heterogeneous mass she had ever beheld. Adeline continued to look at the easel.

"There are touches here of a master's hand. It must be M. d'Estival. He paints beautifully. Mary: many of these copies are by him. Or can it be an artist he has got here?"

"Adeline, you have dropped your handkerchief," said Miss Carr, rising, and picking up one from the floor.

"No, I think mine is in my pocket," was Adeline's reply, her eyes riveted on the half-finished picture. "It must be yours."

Miss Carr still imagined it was Adeline's, and turned the handkerchief round by its four corners. In the first three she came to, there was no name; in the last, not "A. L. de C.," as she expected, but, worked in hair, and surmounted by a crest, "Frederick St. John."

A presentiment of the truth flashed across her brain; a confused remembrance of a young man of noble presence, a French marigold, and Rose Darling's superstitious fears that he would exercise some blighting influence over *her* future life. She called to Adeline with breathless interest, and the latter came to her immediately, aroused by the tone.

"See this, Adeline!" pointing to the name. "It is neither yours nor mine."

Adeline read it, quite indifferently.

"Don't you remember—on your ball-night—he with the French marigold?"

"Mr. St. John," said Adeline, carelessly, taking the handkerchief in her hand; "yes, it is the same name. Probably the same person."

How calmly she spoke, how indifferently! An utter stranger, a name she had never heard, could not have excited in her less interest. There was no shadow on her spirit of what was to come.

At that moment, the inner door opened, and Mr. St. John entered. Mary Carr started with surprise, for she had not observed that any door was there. Mr. St. John also stood, momentarily transfixed, wondering, no doubt, who they were and how they got there, like the flies in amber. He at once apologised for having so unceremoniously entered the room, not being aware that it was occupied.

"The apology is due from us, Mr. St. John," interrupted Adeline. "You do not recollect me?" she continued, seeing his surprised look at her mention of his name.

Was it likely? He had seen her but once, months before, in her brilliant ball-dress: now she was in morning attire, and her face shaded by a bonnet.

"It seems my fate to be in unlawful possession of your property," continued Adeline, holding out the handkerchief. "The first time we met, I deprived you of a flower, and now——"

"My dear Mademoiselle de Castella!" he interrupted, his features lighting up with pleasure as he took both her hands, "pray pardon me. Do not think I had forgotten you; but indeed you were almost the last person I could have expected to meet here."

"It is mamma," exclaimed Adeline, for Mr. St. John had turned, as Madame de Castella appeared at the entrance.

They seemed at home in no time, and were going round the room, he descanting on the merits of the paintings and pointing out their beauties, though the Castellás had seen them many times before. It came out, in the course of conversation, that Mr. St. John's family and the Count d'Estival had long been intimate, the latter having often paid them a visit in England. This spring, in Paris, St. John had again met the count, and afterwards accompanied him home. M. d'Estival, close upon their arrival, received a summons to Holland, where resided some of his near relatives, but St. John had promised to wait his return.

"I see you are an artist," observed Madame de Castella, directing her attention to the painting on the easel.

"I am attached to the art," replied Mr. St. John, "and have occupied much leisure time at it. Still, I am but an amateur, and cannot pretend to cope with those whose talents are so infinitely above mine."

"I am no great judge," said Madame de Castella, "but to me this painting bids fair to rival the original."

"Then you are indeed no judge," smiled Mr. St. John. "How little is known, in England, of the portraits by Velasquez!" he continued.

"Or in France either," returned Madame de Castella. "Believe me, Mr. St. John, no one can appreciate the Spanish school of painting till they obtain a sight of the collections in Spain."

"I have enjoyed that privilege," he replied, "and I quite agree with you."

"You have been in Spain?"

"I believe I have been everywhere, so far as Europe goes, where there is a gallery of paintings to be seen."

"Do you like the Spanish school?"

"Pretty well."

"Only that? I am sorry to hear you say so."

"Spanish painting has a character peculiar to itself," resumed Mr. St. John; "at least, I have always thought so. The artists were not free: they were compelled to bend to those laws that restricted their pencils to delineations of religious subjects. Had they been at liberty to exercise their genius unfettered, they would have left more valuable mementos. Imagination is the very life and soul of painting: curb that, and you can expect but little."

"I suppose you are right," said Madame de Castella.

Just then Madame Baret came in, and joined the party. She was distantly related to the Count d'Estival. Some years ago, her husband, who was then a small proprietor, had the misfortune to risk, and lose, in a speculation, nearly all he possessed; and, to use a familiar phrase, they were "sold up." M. d'Estival stepped in, and offered them an asylum with him. They accepted it, upon condition that they should be permitted to be useful. Madame became the active mistress and manager of the house, her husband the superintendent of the land and farm. But though they did make themselves useful, both in-doors and out, somewhat after the manner of upper servants, their misfortunes were regarded, and no one ever forgot to pay them a proper degree of respect.

"Who is that painting by?" inquired Madame de Castella, stopping before a group of portraits.

"It is a copy of one of Van Dyck's," said Mr. St. John. "There hangs the original. But it is admirably executed."

"It is, indeed," replied Madame de Castella. "To my unpractised eye, it looks equal to the original."

"Almost," assented Mr. St. John. "Save in the transparency of the skin, and there Van Dyck cannot be rivalled."

"Whose is that gorgeous landscape?" asked Miss Carr.

"An original one of Claude Lorraine's."

"You may tell it by the colouring," added Madame de Castella. "And that next, Mr. St. John?"

"One of Correggio's."

"I don't much admire it."

"It is cold, but faultless," was Mr. St. John's reply, "as his productions generally are."

"Do you paint portraits from life, Mr. St. John?"

"I have done so. And would again, if I found a subject to my taste."

"What better study, for a fine old head, than your good hostess, here?" rejoined Madame de Castella, lowering her voice.

St. John laughed; a pleasant laugh. To Mary Carr's ear it seemed to imply that he did not care to paint old women. "Will you permit me to try my hand at yours?" he said to Madame de Castella.

"No, indeed, thank you," she answered. "Mine has already been taken three times, and I don't like the fatigue of sitting."

The silvery chimes of the antique clock on its pedestal told three

before they took their departure. Not half the time appeared to have elapsed: could it be the charm of St. John's conversation that caused it to fly so rapidly, or the merits of the pictures? He, in the high-bred manner of a gentleman of the world, escorted them, across the fields, to the gate of their own shrubbery: and Madame de Castella invited him to visit them in the evening.

At dinner, the conversation fell upon Mr. St. John. Madame de Castella expressed herself delighted that so agreeable a man should be located near them, and laughed at her sister, Mademoiselle Agnes, for not having found him out before; his society, she observed, would help them to pass away the time so pleasantly, during M. de Castella's absence in Paris, a time which always seemed long and dull. Before they had done talking of him, St. John entered.

He was in slight mourning, his evening attire very plain and quiet, but he bore about him a nameless elegance. Mary Carr looked at him with admiration—and probably the others: but for them she could not answer. There was a peculiar charm in his manner she had never seen in any other man's. Describe in what it lay she could not, but it attracted all to him with whom he came in contact. His conversation was eloquent and animated, but his bearing calm and still. Before he left, he promised M. de Castella to dine with them the next evening.

In the morning, M. de Castella, Adeline, and Mary Carr walked over to the lodge, where they stayed some hours. M. de Castella, unlike his wife, could never be tired of looking at the paintings. The time seemed to fly. It is scarcely to be described how very much they had become at home with Mr. St. John—like familiar and dear friends.

Something was said in a joke about his taking Adeline's likeness; but these jokes grow into earnest now and then. Mary Carr could hardly tell how it came to be decided, but decided it was when he came up to dinner in the evening. Signor and Madame de Castella were delighted at the idea of possessing a portrait of her, and the old lady was so eager, she wanted it to be begun off-hand. Adeline, too, was nothing loth: it was gratifying to her innocent and pardonable vanity.

On the Friday morning—unlucky day!—Adeline sat to Mr. St. John for the first time. Her father and Miss Carr were with her. Afterwards he again went to dine at the château: the evening seemed dull now that did not bring them Mr. St. John. Truly the acquaintance was short enough to say this. On the following morning early, M. de Castella departed for Paris, and after breakfast Adeline and Mary Carr proceeded to the lodge with Madame de Castella. The sitting was long, and Madame de Castella could not conceal her weariness. To many, the opportunity of examining the paintings would have been pleasure sufficient, but not to her. The fact was, she had no taste for the fine arts, and after Tuesday's cursory renewed view of them, the task proved irksome. She complained much, too, of the walk in the morning's heat.

The conversation with Mr. St. John turned upon Rome—as it had done once or twice before. Mary Carr says, had she remained much longer with them, she should have become as well acquainted with the Eternal City as if she had been in it. St. John seemed wonderfully attached to it, as were the Castellans. He had a portfolio of drawings of it from his own pencil: some of them coloured, highly-finished specimens;

others, bare sketches, to be filled up from memory; but the lines of genius were apparent in all. The portefeuille was often reached out and referred to: even Madame de Castella had been content to look over it for a full hour. It was a motley collection. A sketch of the lovely Alban Hills; the ruins of an aqueduct; a temple of Pæstum; the beauties of Tivoli; the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces; St. Peter's in its towering magnificence; a view from the Appian Way; a drawing of the Porta San Giovanni; an imaginative sketch of a gorgeous palace of Rome in its zenith; a drawing of one of its modern villas; a temple of Jupiter; Sallust's garden; and the tomb, still so perfect, of Cecilia Metella. There were fanciful, moonlight views of the now almost uninhabited hills, Paltaino, Celio, and Aventino. There was one masterly, gloomy painting of a grove of pines and cypress-trees, overlooking a heap of ruins. Lying side by side with it, was one of a life-like garden, with its marble fountains, its colonnades, its glimpses of tinted flowers, its blooming orange and lemon-trees, its cascades and pillars, its wreathing vines, its polished statues, and its baths of Alexandrian marble; and, over all, the bright blue of an Italian sky, and the golden beams of an Italian sun.

"Can I ask a favour of you?" said Madame de Castella, addressing Madame Baret when they were going away.

"As many as you like," returned the smiling dame, good-humouredly.

"I cannot possibly endure these hot walks every day till the sittings are over. When I do not come myself, will you kindly bear my daughter company while she is here, and take charge of her? Louise can attend her in walking hither."

"With the greatest pleasure," returned Madame Baret. "I will take every care of her. But there is nothing here that can hurt Mademoiselle."

"I will take care of her," interrupted St. John, in a low, earnest tone to Madame de Castella. "No harm shall come near her. I will guard her from all: more anxiously than if she were my own sister."

Adeline partly caught the words, and blushed at their earnestness. It was impossible to doubt the young man's honourable feeling, or his wish to save her from all hurt, real or imaginary. What *his* exact meaning was, Mary Carr did not know, but the others, it would appear, were thinking of outward, visible danger. Madame Baret had been cautioning Adeline never to come through the field where the savage bull was at grass, though it did cut off a portion of the road; and Madame de Castella had been beseeching her not to sit with the two doors open, and always to let her bonnet remain on for a few minutes after she came in, that she might grow cool before she removed it. Adeline laughed, and promised obedience to all.

When Miss Carr and Adeline went to the lodge on Monday, Louise, the lady's maid, commenced her attendance, displaying an enormous crimson parapluie, which she held between her face and the sun. At the door of the painting-room, she handed the young ladies over to the charge of Mr. St. John, and then left them. Madame de Castella never understood but what Louise remained with her young mistress in the painting-room: does not understand to the contrary, till this day. She certainly intended her to do so, notwithstanding her request to Madame Baret. But Louise was a most inveterate gossip, and to sit silent and restrained before her superiors in the painting-room, gazing at its beauties, which she

could not comprehend, when she might be exercising her tongue with Madame Baret's housemaid, Juliette, in her sewing-chamber, or with Madame Baret's stout maid-of-all-work in the kitchen, was philosophy beyond Mademoiselle Louise. Neither did Madame Baret always sit with Adeline. Her various occupations, as active mistress of the house, and especially of those two idle servants, frequently called her away. Nor did she give a thought to there being any necessity for her doing so: what harm was there, as she had observed, that could come near Adeline?

"How long have you been here, Mr. St. John?" inquired Mary Carr, as, the sitting over—a deal sooner than it need have been—they strolled into the garden.

"Nearly a month."

"And will remain the summer?"

"And winter still, probably. I don't know how long I may remain."

"What motive can induce you to stay so long? It must be very dull here in winter."

"I wish for retirement. Do you think I could have a prettier spot for that, Miss Carr?"

"But why do you wish for retirement?"

He hesitated, and a flush passed over his features. "I do not know why I should conceal the motive from you."

"Oh, pray pardon me, Mr. St. John," ejaculated Mary Carr, shocked at her own thoughtless curiosity. "I spoke heedlessly."

"I have been extravagant—imprudent—and have overrun my income," explained Mr. St. John. "In the world, I should only get deeper into the mire, but here I am spending next to nothing. A little patience: it will all come right in time."

"What shrub do you call this, Adeline?" inquired Mary Carr, by way of changing the conversation, and still smarting at the thought of her inquisitiveness.

"Candleberry myrtle, in English," replied Adeline. "We were staying at Rambouillet some years ago, and brought some suckers from the forest. It grows there in great abundance. Mamma gave some to M. d'Estival, and he planted them here."

Suddenly, Mr. St. John made a motion of silence, and, bending stealthily towards Adeline, half closed his hand, and swept it quickly over the side of her throat.

"What is the matter?" she cried out, in alarm.

"A wasp had settled on your neck. There it goes," he said, dashing it into the water of the fountain. "You know," he continued, half playfully, half tenderly, gazing into her face, and interrupting her efforts at thanks, "that I have undertaken to shield you from harm. It shall be my earnest care to do so, now and ever."

"As long as she is with you, I conclude you mean, Mr. St. John," said Mary Carr, laughing.

A deeper shade was on Adeline's countenance, but an uneasy expression shot across it. Did she *already* regret her marriage contract? or was she not in danger of forgetting it altogether? There was nothing to remind her of it: even the engagement-ring was no longer on her finger. It was too large for her, and quite a source of trouble to keep on, so she had put it into her jewel-box, where it lay, uncared for.

"Mr. St. John! the wasp has stung your hand!"

"Yes, he revenged himself by leaving his sting there. It is nothing. And, indeed, will serve as an excuse to Madame de Castella for my idleness to-day."

"Mr. St. John," resumed Miss Carr, "you know I leave to-morrow. Send me up a bouquet of these beautiful flowers to take to Rose Darling."

"You shall be obeyed, fair lady. How large will you have it? The size—the size of Louise's parapluie?"

"Not exactly. Are there any French marigolds out yet?"

"No. Why? Do you like the flower?"

"I hate it. It is a senseless flower; possessing no scent and little beauty. But if you send a bouquet to Rose Darling, it ought, by right, to abound in French marigolds."

"Why should there be any connexion between me and a French marigold in Miss Darling's mind?"

"That probably you will never know, Mr. St. John. Certainly not from me."

He looked puzzled, but Adeline changed the subject.

With the next morning came the bouquet, Mr. St. John himself being the bearer. His visit had a twofold purport, he observed: to bid adieu to Miss Carr, and to walk with Adeline down to the lodge. He had been thinking it was better, he said to Madame de Castella, that he should walk with Adeline, to and fro, until M. de Castella should return. Mary Carr looked at his countenance as he spoke: she saw that his words were honest; that there was no hidden meaning; that the protection of Adeline was then the sole motive which actuated him.

Ten o'clock struck as they were talking, and, with the last stroke, came round the carriage to convey Miss Carr to Ordesque, where she was to take the train. The week had been spent very happily, and she was sorry to leave the château. Madame de Beaufoy was a delightful old lady, always anxious for the comfort of those about her, and Agnes was a merry companion, though her lameness (which was caused by an accident in her childhood) prevented her getting about much.

"May I whisper a caution to you, Adeline?" she said, pressing her lips to hers, in parting.

"A caution! Fifty, if you like."

"Do not fall in love with Frederick St. John."

"Mary!"

"From the position in which you stand—engaged to another—it might lead to endless misery."

"There is no danger of it," returned Adeline, breathlessly; "if there were, do you suppose papa and mamma would suffer me to be with him? How could such an idea enter your head, Mary Carr? You are taking a leaf from Rose's book."

Papa and mamma! Truth was in her accent, but how little she understood!

"I am willing to believe that there is no danger," was Miss Carr's reply. "I hope you will be able so to speak when we next meet. Do not feel angry with me, Adeline. I have but your interest at heart."

Mr. St. John conducted Miss Carr to the carriage, and, in shaking

hands, he jestingly begged her 'to give his love to Rose: he had heard much of her.' As he stood there, on the stone steps, bareheaded, until Mary should drive away, her last look lingered on him, and, again, an uneasy doubt shot through her mind—how impossible that Adeline should live in continual companionship with such a man, and not learn to love him!

Miss Carr was received by Madame de Nino with a scolding and a threat of punishment. She had exceeded her time of absence by a day. But Mary laid the blame upon Madame de Castella, and handed in a note of apology from that lady. Madame was but half soothed; but she graciously remitted the punishment.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Rose Darling, "what lovely flowers!"

"Yes. And sent expressly for you."

"By Adeline?"

"No, no. Of all the human race, Rose, working out their course upon this variable world of ours, who do you suppose is located just now within a stone's throw of the Château de Beaufoy?"

Rose's curiosity began to be excited.

"Some one I know?"

"Yes. You know and admire him. A young and handsome man. He gathered these flowers for you—see how rare they are!—and he sent them with his love."

She looked up sharply, and her thoughts reverted to one who, perhaps, was seldom absent from them. But another moment showed how idle they were, and calmed the agitation which had arisen within her. The current of ideas, however, led to another, one connected with him.

"Not Lord John Seymour?"

"No; what should bring him there? Mr. St. John."

"He! You are joking, Mary Carr."

"I am not. He is staying quite close to them. We saw a great deal of him."

"Is he not a most attractive man?" was Rose's next question.

"Attractive to a degree. It is well you are not there. And, Rose! Rose! he is taking Adeline's portrait!"

"I told you once before, Mary Carr," resumed Rose Darling, rousing herself from a long reverie, "that that man would exercise some extraordinary influence over Adeline de Castella's future life, and I now tell it you again."

II.

HOURS, days, weeks rolled on, after the departure of Miss Carr from the Château de Beaufoy, and no outward change had taken place in its occupants; but in the inward heart of one, how much!

The portrait progressed towards its completion, though not rapidly. It was a good likeness of Adeline, and admirably executed. St. John had exactly caught that saddened expression which sometimes sat on her features. Agnes de Beaufoy said Mr. St. John had made her look "melancholy." Perhaps she did not discern that this expression made the chief interest in a face like Adeline's: earth's caukering care mixed with the heavenly beauty of an angel. Had the portrait been preserved, people, on gazing on it afterwards, would have said they could read her history there.

St. John was teaching Adeline drawing, too; or, rather, trying to improve her in it. One day Madame de Castella desired her to produce her school-drawings—and she had done none since she left. Accordingly, some chalk-heads and a few landscapes came forth. There was not much taste displayed in the heads, St. John observed; more in the landscapes, in two of them especially—a glimpse of the Nile and some lotus lilies, its fountains surrounded by their date-trees; and a charming scene in her own fair land. But there was great room for improvement, he added: if Adeline liked, he would give her a few lessons. And all of them—Madame de Castella, Aunt Agnes, and the old grandmother—were pleased at his offer. How could they be so blind? How could they be so thoughtless? St. John had acquired an extraordinary influence over them all. Madame de Castella was much attached to him, mingled with which attachment was a sort of pride, like a fond mother will feel in the perfections of an only son. He frequently dined with them, and his evenings were spent there as a matter of course. They were sensible of all the excellences of Mr. St. John: not only of the external ones, but the golden treasures of his mind. He had become necessary to their every-day life: when he was away, nothing went right; when he was present, it was sunshine to all. And yet they forgot that there was another who might be equally awake to his captivations, the only one to whom they could bring real danger. Perhaps the thought of danger to Adeline's heart never entered the head of Madame de Castella: perhaps, if it ever did momentarily cross her, she deemed that Adeline, from her engagement, was safe.

Many an hour, when Madame de Castella innocently deemed that Adeline was sitting, munched, in the painting-room, Louise embroidering her own caps, at which she was a famous hand, by her side, and Mr. St. John working hard at the portrait, without a thought beside it, would two out of those three be idling their morning underneath the lime-trees, St. John reading to her, chiefly books of poetry, its theme often love. Sometimes he would come to a word which Adeline, with all her perfect knowledge of English, would not understand: and no disparagement, either, to her to say, since in these days of innovation and far-fetched erudition, some, born and bred in England, are glad to turn to their dictionary—or remain in ignorance. St. John would then lay down the book, and explain it to her, in that tender, persuasive voice, so soothing to the ear, but dangerous to the heart. And so they would go on, her hand clasped in his, he reading and she listening to this poetry which has in it so much of fascination. If this was not a dangerous life for the heart, I don't know what is, when both were young, singularly attractive, and one, at least, had never loved. And yet it was not stopped, nor interfered with, nor its danger suspected.

One day they were standing at the open doors of the painting-room, and St. John was speaking of his paternal home, Castle-Wafer. He had frequently described its attractions, natural and imparted, to Adeline, and had made sketches of some of its points, from memory. He was saying, that when he could do there as he liked—he could not yet, for Castle-Wafer descended not to him till his brother's death—he should build just such a room as the one they were now standing in, not omitting to hang its walls with pictures, and lay out a plot of ground as

the plot of ground before them was laid out: it would serve as a memento of this period—of their early acquaintance. “And in that frame, Adeline,” he proceeded, “we will pass a great portion of our time.”

“*We!*” exclaimed Adeline.

He looked hesitatingly for a moment, but bent his head towards her, and continued:

“He had not spoken intentionally. But the truth was, he had latterly been so accustomed, in his inmost heart, to associate Adeline with hereafter—his future plans, his future home, his future happiness—that he had unguardedly given utterance to his presumptuous thoughts: he would not so offend again.”

She glanced timidly at him, earnest tears rising to her eyes, through the blush that suffused her face: her heart would have wished to tell him how far he had been from giving her offence.

Another time he was walking home with Adeline, Louise and her great crimson paraplue streaming, as usual, half a mile behind them, when, in jumping from a stile, Adeline twisted her foot. The pain, for the moment, was intense; Mr. St. John saw it, by her countenance; and he wound his arms round her and sheltered her head on his bosom. All these signs must mean—something.

That time had come for Adeline which must come for us all—the blissful period of love’s first dream. She did not at first understand the magic of the charm that was stealing over her, making all, within and without, a paradise. She had assured Miss Carr that there was no danger of her loving Mr. St. John, yet even then, though she suspected it not, the golden links of the net were fastening round her heart. And when she awoke to the real nature of these sweet sensations, it was too late to fly the danger—the power and the will to do so alike were over.

How many varied degrees of the passion called love there are, can never be ascertained, for one human being cannot experience the feelings of another. The love—so called—felt by the generality of mortals, every-day, practical men and women, is as essentially different from that which takes root in a highly passionate, imaginative temperament, the refined, the intellectual, that the two have no affinity one with the other. This last passion is known but to few, and, except by themselves, can be imagined by none. The world in general could not understand this love; it is of a nature far removed from them; they would laugh at, while they disbelieved it. It has been asserted that this highly-wrought passion, the ecstatic bliss of which, while it lasts, no earthly language could express, never ends happily. It never does. The dream comes to an end, and the heart’s life with it. Perhaps nearly a whole existence has yet to be dragged through, but all enjoyment in the world and the world’s things is gone, and nothing can ever again awaken a pulse, or a thrill, in the worn and beaten heart. The smile may frequent the lip, the jest may issue from it; gay beaming glances may dart from the eye, and their hollowness is not suspected, nor the desolation that has long settled within. You who read this, may meet it in a spirit of dispute and ridicule: it is because you cannot understand it. And be thankful that it is so—that the power, so fatally to love, has been spared to you.

It was a passion of this latter and rare description which had taken

possession of Adeline de Castella. She could not have loved as the world loves, for she was one of those who live but in their inward life. There was a mine of sentiment and poetry within her, and it wanted but a touch like this to awaken it. Now, she lived in the present; before, she had lived in the future; hereafter, she would live in the past. She rose in the morning, and there was no wish beyond the day, the thought of seeing Mr. St. John; she retired to rest at night, only to dream of him, and awake to the bliss of another day. Nature had never looked to her as it looked now: the grass had been green, but not of this green; the fragrance of the flowers had been fragrance, but not of its present sweetness; the song of the birds, hitherto unmeaning, seemed now a carol of joyous praise to their Creator; there was music in the winds and in the fluttering breeze; there was rapture in the whole bright earth. Adeline was living in a dream, as it were of Paradise—there is nothing else with which to compare it. It was well for her, it is well for us all that it does not last, or we should never ask, or wish, for the Heaven that is to come.

And what of Mr. St. John? Did he love her? Beyond all doubt he loved her, and would have made her his dear wife, and cherished her as such: but whether in the idolatry of a first, pure attachment, which can come once to such a nature as his, or whether it was but the passing preference which a man of the world will feel twenty times for as many women, can never be known. Neither can much light be thrown upon this point as the story proceeds, for none could penetrate into Mr. St. John's secret feelings, and events can but be related as they occurred. It may be that, with him, the power so to love had already passed.

OUR FIRST AND LAST WINTER AT CARLSRUHE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

DRIVEN by the severity of its climate from Baden-Baden, and arrived at Carlsruhe (as described in a former number), we had to re-establish ourselves for the winter. Carlsruhe was already full of strangers from various quarters, and the houses usually let to them were mostly occupied. A furnished apartment can rarely be obtained; but there are several "respectable gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion" who supply everything requisite, on a very short notice, and at an expense generally about equal to the rent. For a *Stoß* (or floor), for instance, which is let at five *louis* a month, the hire of furniture would be about the same sum; and for ten or twelve *louis*, in all, a suite of eight or nine rooms, with kitchen, cellars for wood and wine, and the use of a *remise*, could be procured. For handsome and more extensive accommodations, the price was from fifteen to twenty.

After making many inquiries—and with the assistance of agents and advertisements—we took the second floor of a house in one of the best situations, and formerly the residence of one of the Margraves. Our

opposite neighbour was the Margrave Wilhelm. Though I had sacrificed a pleasant place, some agreeable acquaintance, and an excellent German master, in quitting Baden, I found that in every other respect the change was for the better. We had a better supply of books, an opera, theatre, and public rooms; and if we saw less of our compatriots, we saw more of the Germans.

Even before railways began to carry them past all intermediate points, and to take them at once to their destination, Carlsruhe was seldom the resting-place of our travelling countrymen. There are few to whom its exterior is not familiar; and, as regards myself, I linger over its recollections, as the town in which I saw most of German society, and as a favourable specimen of its class. Its romantic origin (anno 1715) is recorded in a German inscription that may still be seen at the *château*. It was then a forest, in which the Margrave Karl, of Baden-Dourlach, was reposing from the fatigues of the chase, when he determined—as we are told by every guide-book—to make it his permanent *rest*. The place he had thus projected was originally built of wood, from his own designs; and the streets diverging (as they still do) from the front of the palace, were, at first, only five. The three principal were terminated, a little below the present *lange Straße*, by churches for the respective use of the Lutherans, Reformists, and Catholics, to whom (as the chief sects of the empire) the Margrave, in founding his new city, had granted liberty of conscience. Of these the Lutheran (now called the *Garttuffen Kirche*) is the only one that has survived the rapid changes of little more than a century. The writer of an agreeable book of travels, published in 1734—the Baron Pöllnitz—informs us that, when at Carlsruhe, he took the liberty of expressing to the Margrave his surprise that brick, at least, had not been used in the construction of the palace, and of the houses and arcades which form the semicircle surrounding the grounds in front. “I wished,” replied the prince, “to build myself a retreat without expense to my subjects, and to *enjoy* what I might make. A more costly material would have required time, and heavy imposts. Besides, my country is so situated as to be frequently the theatre of war. I was not in circumstances to make a place capable of resisting an enemy; nor would it have been reasonable to have spent the money of my people upon a residence that I might see burnt, as I have already seen that of Dourlach, and my others which the French have laid in ashes. I have built, sir, according to my resources; and I like better that they should say I am badly lodged and free from debt, than that I have a superb palace without the means of paying for it.”

But the Margrave was no ordinary person. “It is not without cause,” says Baron Pöllnitz, “that he has given the name of *Carlsruhe* to his place. He leads there the most tranquil life that can be conceived; and, regardless of his rank, has its pleasures without its annoyances and constraint. He possesses a robust constitution, notwithstanding the fatigues of a youth passed in foreign service, and is as fresh and vigorous as a man of forty. Though remarkably stout, he does not give himself up to inactivity. In the summer he rises at five, and walks in his grounds till the heat of the sun obliges him to retreat. He is then either occupied with his ministers, or amuses himself with experiments in chemistry. Sometimes he draws. His dinner, generally taken in company with

three of his family or *suite*, is served by females, of whom he has an establishment of *sixty*; but the number daily on service is eight. When he goes out, they follow him on horseback, *dressed as hussars*. The greater part of these young women understand music or dancing. They appear in operas at the court theatre, form part of the choir of the chapel, and are all lodged in the palace.

"After dinner the Margrave gives audience to his subjects, and on certain days he listens to the complaints and applications of all classes. Few princes are more prompt or exact in doing justice. Sometimes he enjoys the pleasures of the chase. Another of his amusements is agriculture; and he is amongst the first florists of his age. He is never, indeed, idle. There are few things of which he is ignorant: many he understands perfectly. His conversation is most agreeable; he speaks several languages well; and his manners are obliging and affable. He is glad to see strangers at his court, and profuse in his civilities to them."

I have given these particulars from Baron Pöllnitz, at some risk of being tedious, because—with the exception of the female hussars—they describe the simple mode of life of some of the German princes of our own times. Are we to consider him a philosopher or a voluptuary?

But I am dwelling upon Carlsruhe as it was, when it is my purpose to describe it as it is. The labours of its later architects—of Weinbrenner, Müller, Major Arnold; and their successors, Hübsch and Fischer—have added the handsome public buildings of a capital to the first humble designs of its founder. Except a few small houses; the church which I have already mentioned; the tower of the château (pointed out by tradition as the dormitory of the female troop); and a small portion of the original arcade, scarcely anything remains to remind us of the wooden buildings of the Margrave.

The inhabitants have not been modernised as rapidly as their city.

In Carlsruhe, which, as the residence of a court and an important thoroughfare, must be presumed to be as far advanced as most places in Germany, everything pertaining to domestic life seems a century behind a provincial town in England. The hours, even of those who have no occupation, are most primitive. There is a village in its immediate neighbourhood where the people go to bed at dusk, and get up at daylight; and where candles are an unknown luxury. The more polished inhabitants of Carlsruhe rise at five; many of them earlier; dine at twelve, take a cup of tea or coffee about three, some light refreshment at seven, and the whole family are in bed at nine.

Amongst the class below the court circle, I have known instances of the company assembling for an evening party and dance at *half-past three*, and breaking up at eleven; which the *Frauen* and *Fräulein* considered an approach to fashionable dissipation. Even the dinner-parties of the Grand Duke himself were given at *two o'clock*; and at the palace of the Margrave, our opposite neighbour, every light was extinguished, on ordinary occasions, at *nine*; and not a sound was to be heard but the footfall of the sentinels as they paced upon the hard snow.

It may be asked how such a people amuse themselves. After dinner the men resort to their club, or their favourite *café*; the women walk, or pass an hour or two at each other's houses, knitting, and talking of

their neighbours. In the evening there is the theatre, where the performances are generally over by nine o'clock; and it is creditable to the manners of the place that women may walk to such an amusement and back again *alone*, without danger of being annoyed in any way.

Then, during the carnival, there are dress or masked balls at all the *Réunions* (or clubs); and at Carlsruhe every class has its *réunion*, from the *Museum* (of which the Grand Duke, nobility, military, &c., are members) to the *Vertin* of the humblest mechanic.

The theatre, with its pleasant alternations of drama and opera, though we often visited it with the thermometer, outside, at 12 deg. below zero of Reaumur, was an agreeable resource to ourselves. The general attendance could scarcely have made it profitable; but, at Carlsruhe, it is subsidized by the Grand Duke; and the officers who are quartered there are also obliged to contribute from their pay to its support. It was a very enjoyable amusement. Nor could many places have offered greater temptation than our present abode to indulge in the pleasures of the table. The *gourmand*, who stays long enough to be treated with due consideration, will not easily forget the preparations of fresh *foie gras*, or the *snails*, deliciously scoloped, which are amongst the triumphs of the German kitchen. From the last-named delicacy, those only who have never had the privilege of tasting them will turn with repugnance.

Some lingering consequences of the fogs of Baden-Baden prevented our visiting generally; but still we saw a good deal of the Carlsruhe world, at parties where princes led the *Polonaise*, and ministers of state played at *ombre*. In the salons of the *Gräfin* (Baroness) Von — we met with all that was highest and best in the gradations of society, and her entertainments were given with a taste and liberality worthy of Paris or of London. Amongst her guests, too, there was that sprinkling of brilliant decorations and glittering uniforms which add so much to the gay appearance of a ball-room. But in a company that merely presents the tone of the best society in other capitals, there is little to remark. Here all was perfect and *comme il faut*; the music excellent, and the supper-tables laid out with taste and profusion. The only thing which seemed strange, on these occasions, was to find, as part of the tea equipage, a glass *flacon* of RUM!—it certainly had an odd appearance. An English lady, who passed a winter at Vienna, had noticed the same phenomenon there; and intimated that it was introduced, perhaps, in compliment to the taste for potent beverages which continental scandal has so unjustly attributed to our fair countrywomen. But I was told by a German friend that the custom was general; and he could only account for it by supposing that the tea was usually so badly made as to require the additional strength of so uncourtly an ingredient. The *comfort* of such a mixture, in a climate where the thermometer falls so much below zero, is more probably the true cause of its introduction.

If sharp, however, the Carlsruhe winter was not long. The first week in November we had a fall of snow, and very severe frost. This continued, with now and then a week of rain, till the end of February; when, in the course of a few days, the weather changed to the most delightful spring. The second week in March we left off fires, and had a summer temperature, and our room perfumed with violets. In the mean time our gaieties went on.

A step or two downwards convinced me that I was not to take the parties at *Madame la Baronne's* as representing the general tone of society. My next visit was *en garçon* to a *Kränzchen* (or *petite réunion dansante*) at the ——. It was held in a suite of about eleven rooms belonging to the club, of which two were devoted to dancing, and the remainder laid out with supper-tables that were supplied with *cabales*, upon ordering them, by a *restaurateur* in waiting. The company consisted of professional men, persons employed in public offices, respectable tradesmen, and their families. The gentlemen were generally dressed in coats of most antiquated cut, that looked as if they had never been new; and many of the ladies wore high dresses of very common, as well as uncommon, materials, and black leather shoes. The favourite part of the amusement seemed to be the supper-tables. They were not uselessly encumbered with airy whips and unsatisfying ices, but were comfortably spread with rich and substantial roasts; nice "bits of brown" varnished over with gravy; or rosy and well-fed ham.

Ladies when hungry are unkind,
And men too faint to speak their mind,

was a sentiment fully recognised by the company assembled at the —, who were much too sensible a class to think of paying for a supper without eating it. On the contrary, they "ate and danced, ate and danced, ate and danced, and ate again;" and it had the drollest effect imaginable to see a replenished pair start suddenly from the table, and whirl in mazy turns, to the distant echo of the music, through half a dozen rooms filled with other supper-tables, till they had whirled themselves once more into the dancing-room. Then the dancing itself! the unbecoming toilettes of the women, the angular attitudes of the men! What a contrast to the graceful waltzing of the *crème de la crème*! But they seemed to enjoy themselves; so we may presume that the object of their meeting was accomplished.

As to the masked balls, they are the same throughout the world. It is impossible that the spirits of five hundred or a thousand persons can rise to a given point at a certain hour, on a certain evening, in any part of the world. Happiness never fixes the day she intends to visit us. "*Les plus heureux moments de la vie*," said the female philosopher of Copet, "*sont ceux qu'un hazard bienfaisant nous accorde*." I was not surprised, therefore, to find that the masquerades at Carlsruhe were as dull as elsewhere. Indeed, there was one of their customs which seemed eminently calculated to add to this effect. It is amongst the regulations that every one shall bear a distinguishing mark or dress. In order to comply with it, those who are neither in costume nor domino wear their hats, with a common playing-card, or a printed number, stuck in front; and as the appearance of a German *en bourgeois* is not particularly aristocratic, the hat gentlemen look like so many special constables just sworn in and ticketed by the borough magistrates on the morning of a contested election. The best dressed, though not the merriest, of these meetings was at the *Museum*, of which I had become an "extraordinary" member by a payment of about 4s. 6d. a month. It has a library, a reading-room well supplied with newspapers, a billiard and smoking room, a *restaurant* attached, and a very handsome suite of entertaining rooms.

Its principal ball-room is remarkably well proportioned; and when lighted, as at the masquerades, by a profusion of splendid chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, the assemblage of gay costumes beneath them had a striking effect.

From what I heard and understood of any attempts at dialogue, the wit (unlike that of the Italians) seemed rather ill-natured than sparkling; and though a committee was sitting in an adjoining room, before whom any one charged with giving offence was obliged to unmask, some very hard words were ventured upon. A brother of the Grand Duke was roughly bantered upon his reported unsuccessful attempts to be numbered amongst the suitors of our gracious Queen. This was allowed to pass. But an officer of rank, who was teased and ridiculed by a black domino about some of the secrets of his domestic affairs, insisted that his assailant should follow him before the committee. The black domino complied with the invitation till they had reached the door of the ball-room; when, pushing the irate officer forwards, he slipped back amongst the crowd, and passing by a side entrance to the court-yard, very dexterously escaped.

The clubs next in respectability to the *Museum* are the *Lesegesellschaft* (or Reading Club), and the *Eintracht* (or Harmony), a name rather whimsically taken by a body of schismatics from the Reading Club.

There is also a kind of Mechanics' Union (the *Gewerbcerein*), where communications are made of improvements in machinery, processes of manufacture, &c. The order of the day for the meeting at which I should have been present was "On the construction of steam-carriages; the improvement of carriage-springs; and other subjects; with communications from various journals." Once a year an exhibition takes place of their models and specimens. It is an institution that must work well in every way; both upon their immediate occupations and pursuits, and in fitting them for local government.

In other respects the state of the *mechanic* in this and the neighbouring parts of Germany is depressingly humble. His wages as a journeyman are low, and his profits as a master very small. The generality of workmen receive, when first out of their apprenticeship, about 4s., and afterwards about 7s. 6d. a week. Sometimes the master finds them board and lodging; in which case he only pays them something under 3s. a week in lieu of 7s. 6d.: a difference that shows at how low a rate a workman may, in these countries, subsist. An apprentice for three or four years pays a premium of 300 or 400 florins—about 30l.; and for this, and his services, the master keeps him. Then follows the well-known period of the *Wanderjahren*, which is little better than a state of mendicancy, though its object is to perfect them in their craft. Every traveller, by the highway, in Germany—for we know not how *misery* may have affected them—will recollect the appeals (less frequent, even in *our* time, than formerly) of these wandering mechanics; and his charity might often have been much worse bestowed. They are not left, however, without assistance from their respective trades. I was informed that each had its fund, except the dyers, furriers, and brewers; but the custom, in this respect, is not everywhere uniform. A contribution to this fund of about 20 florins (33s.) is paid upon being admitted, after the *wanderjahren*, to the privileges of a journeyman, and 50 florins

upon becoming a master: out of which the wanderers receive their relief. There is generally a particular tavern where they are allowed 4 kreuzers (3 kreuzers being equal to 1d.) for their lodging; 4 kreuzers for soup; 6 kreuzers for meat; 2 kreuzers for a plate of vegetables, and also their beer; and, on their departure, they have from 48 to 60 kreuzers given to them for road-money. All this is superintended by the *Herbergsvater* (or appointed host) of their respective trades. If they are unable to find work in a day or two after their arrival, they are obliged either to support themselves or to proceed elsewhere. Some of the trades give more, and some less; and, in those which have no fund, the masters receive the wanderers into their houses for a couple of days, and give them a trifle upon their departure.

Considering the low rate of wages which they at last receive, it is pretty evident that a superior workman will seek employment where it is better remunerated. The consequence is the establishment, in most of the small German towns, of a very inferior description of mechanics. Almost all they do is either frail or clumsy. The low rate of profits makes the masters indifferent; and much of the work is entrusted to apprentices. I will take the single instance of bookbinding. Nothing can be conceived more mean or inelegant than the bindings executed in a small German town;—even at Carlsruhe, where there is an extensive bookselling and publishing establishment. It would have thrown a member of the *Roxburgh Club* into a fever to have seen margins mercilessly clipped, and letter-press cut to the quick, as I have seen them here; and partly, as I verily believe, to increase the miserable pittance to be derived from selling the shavings. Again, if a lock is to be put upon a drawer,—first it will not hold; then it will not open; and, at last, it will probably do neither the one nor the other; and with almost every kind of work it is the same.

The German tradesman envies the fortunes which are made by the English; but he forgets that, independently of every other consideration—allowing for all the discouraging circumstances to which I have merely alluded—they are very different beings. It is not by their superior machinery alone, but by the *persevering energy* of their industry, that the English are the most wealthy nation in Europe. This is a quality which, generally speaking, the German seems to want. He will plod on respectably through his stated hours; but he will not, like an Englishman, sacrifice his rest or his meals to the calls of a customer, for the slow and almost imperceptible accumulation of a distant independence. The English tradesman is content to snatch his enjoyments from the night, or confine them to the Sunday; but the German would not relinquish his *Äschlaf*, his pipe, or ancient meal-time, for the *mere prospect* even of a fortune. When the tradesman of a small German town becomes independent, it is generally rather by care and thoughtfulness than by energetic exertion.

But I am reminded that our winter is drawing to its close; and there are subjects still to be noticed.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

NO. XXIX.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MEMORIALS OF FOX.*

WHETHER from the good-nature that cannot say no to request of friends, or from the promptings of conscious power, or (if "whether" will grammatically endure a third term) from that dare-all and cope-with-all pluck, so memorably noted by Sydney Smith, in a passage immortal as the Channel Fleet and lithotomy,—from whatever cause, or by whatever occasion, the fact stands out in pretty distinct type, that Lord John Russell is an adventurous man in the department of letters. A high art tragedy (revived, by-the-by, last autumn, in the west of England), a series of essays by an ex-lodger, a treatise on political philosophy, a biography of his ancestor Lord William (King Charles's victim, not *Courvoisier's*), a biography of Thomas Moore, a biography of Charles James Fox,—any of these he will,—what indeed will he *not*, undertake? Το γὰρ θέλει παρακεῖται αὐτῷ: the verb *velle* he can conjugate at a canter. But perhaps only too applicable is the remainder of the text: τὸ δὲ κατεργάζεσθαι τὸ καλόν, οὐχ εὐρίσκει: the verb *posse*, charged with τὸ καλόν, is not so easily mastered. Both as a literator and as a statesman, Lord John Russell has been foolishly under-rated and foolishly over-praised; political partisanship has cried him up or cried him down with a zeal equally factitious and equally irrational. That he, of the size he is, says Mr. Carlyle, should ever have got to the apex of English affairs, is enough to alarm a very big Lordship.† On the other hand, devout adherents to the Bedford connexion regard him as the foremost man of all this world, and question the right or ability of a single contemporary to hold a candle to him. Sneering Radicals again will agree, on occasion, with sneering Tories, that a statesmannikin of his inches is simply incapable of a big idea, a big sentiment, or even that poor thing, as things go, a big speech. Observers more candid and not less competent, will rather accept the portrait of him drawn, years ago, by a now parliamentary opponent—as embodying some characteristic features of the *ci-devant* premier, in his parliamentary *personnel*:

Next cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm "Johnny who upset the coach,"‡
How form'd to lead, if not too proud to please,—
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.

* *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* Edited by Lord John Russell. Vols. I., II., III. London: Richard Bentley. 1853-5.

† "Smallest wrens, we know, by training and the aid of machinery, are capable of many things. . . . Smallest wrens, and canary-birds of some dexterity, can be trained to handle lucifer matches; and have, before now, fired off whole powder-magazines and parks of artillery. Perhaps *without* much astonishment to the canary-bird. The canary-bird can hold only its own quantity of astonishment; and may possibly enough retain *its* presence of mind, were even Doomsday to come. It is on this principle that I explain to myself the equanimity of some men and premiers whom we have known."—*Later Day Pamphlets*.

‡ A political crisis at the very time we write (January 27, 1855) gives new force to Lord John's knack of "spilling" the Government drag.

Like or dislike, he does not care a jot;
 He wants your vote, but your affections not;
 Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
 So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.—
 And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
 His frost-nipp'd party pines itself away;—
 From the starved wretch its own loved child we steal—
 And "Free Trade" chirrup on the lap of Peel!—
 But see our statesman when the steam is on,
 And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
 When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses drest,
 Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous breast;
 When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,—
 And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!

At any rate, his Lordship has made a name, and taken a position in politics, which nobody can deny. But, as to literature, that he has made much of a name, or taken a very observable position *there*, is what few will affirm. A "respectable" appearance is about as much as the best-disposed can claim for him. But this claim is resisted only by the evil-disposed; for if "Don Carlos" be universally "d dash d" by all orders of men among us, yet other productions there are of the Don's creator which are not to be pooh-poohed into nothingness. There is one fatal condition, however, attached to his more recent publications—the necessity, imposed by political avocations, of doing his literary work by snatches. Whether he could have written such a life of Fox, as Fox himself would gratefully have anticipated (even with a fifty years' lease of preparation), and as the Fox Club would put their signet to—had his Lordship enjoyed real immunity from the distractions of public services; whether he could have indited such a biography as for half a century has been looked for—and such a biography, it must be added, in his Lordship's despite, as is to be looked for still—had he been beyond the beck and call of Downing-street and St. Stephen's, of morning deputations and evening committees, of councils privy and cabinet, of red-tape at sunrise, and blue books at noon, and blue *looks* at night; whether, with such seclusion as Chatham so jealously maintained for himself at Hayes and Hampstead, or as Fox so cordially enjoyed at St. Anne's Hill, Lord John Russell could have satisfied the general public, if not a particular party, by a complete, luminous, careful, instructive, shapely memoir of the Whig leader, is after all a question belonging to what the old schoolmen called *media scientia*, which discusses how things might have turned out, if the event had only been other than actually, and in stubborn fact, it is. The present "Memorials," in point of fact, are sadly deficient in unity and coherence. They are composed of pie-nic contributions from men of diverse orders and generations. Lord Holland, to whom the world looked for the biography of his illustrious uncle—just as it is now looking (with an occasional query of, *How long?*) to Lord Mahon for the biographies of Peel and Wellington—Lord Holland furnishes a quota to the quotient; John Allen, Esquire, another; John Russell, Esquire, commonly called Lord John Russell, a third; and "a learned friend" of the latter, unnamed but highly valued by him, a fourth. Wary must the reader be, therefore, lest he

confound the separate responsibilities of this joint-stock company. He must be on the watch, would he not attribute to the master of Holland House the sentiments of the commonly-called Lord of Chesham-place, or the notes of Allen with those of the mask. To do this, unless he is an infallible discriminator by mere internal evidence, he, the conscientious reader, intent on distributing *suum cuique*, must make himself master of the little table of signs invented by the noble editor to facilitate such partition; whereby it is provided that the passages written by Lord Holland are "generally" marked V. H. at their close, while those of Mr. Allen are included between brackets [], and those of Lord John between asterisks. * * Practice makes perfect, and so by dint of a little experience one comes to know who is speaking; but then, again, the rule is not always observed; the baronial initials are not always forthcoming when most expected, the brackets don't work kindly, and the stars give but a twinkling light, sometimes shining only to mislead. Anon, Horace Walpole joins the pic-nic, and is supplied with his typical sign or symbol, in the shape of inverted commas; and though he may enhance the most admired disorder of the company, he certainly imparts to the entertainment its most racy and piquant tid-bits, and makes one hail inverted commas for the promise they hold out of good cheer, even though of a *crambe repetita* sort. Other droppers-in there are; inverted commas are in request for others than Horry; Mr. Allen was guaranteed no sole and exclusive right to brackets; Lord John can claim no indefeasible monopoly in the use of asterisks; and the result is that we often wander on without knowing who's who, and are forced to give up initials, brackets, asterisks, and inverted commas, as a bad job. Examples of this anomalous medley might be given; but it would be unedifying; and therefore, as old Chaucer has it,

Of al this make I now no menciouh;
But of theeffect; that thinketh me the beste;
Now comth the poynt, and herkneth if you leste.*

Few and insignificant are the additions made in these volumes to the personal history of Mr. Fox. It would be on our part superfluous, therefore, to draw up a new sketch of his career from these fragmentary *mémoires pour servir*—for such without injustice they may be called. Simply to touch upon some of the more eventful crises, the salient points, of his public life, will best suit the limits of our plan, as controlled by the limits of our paper.

"I will not deny," said Mr. Fox, on his nephew's authority, "that I was a very sensible little boy, a very clever little boy." His father was dotingly convinced of this sense and cleverness, and was never tired of contemplating it through the magnifying glasses he used on such occasions. "'There's a clever little boy for you,' exclaims his father to Lady Caroline, in repeating a remark made à propos by his son Charles, when hardly more than two years and a half old." "I found Charles," he says in a letter of 1756, when the boy was in his sixth year, "very well, very pert, and very argumentative. . . He is all life, spirits, motion, and good

* "The Knight's Tale."

humour. . . . Stage-mad,* but it makes him read a good deal." At sixteen, we find his Oxford tutor, Dr. Newcome, seriously admonishing him to work less and play more: "Application like yours requires some intermission, and you are the only person with whom I have had connexion, to whom I could say this." Only three or four years later, and Charles has spoken in the House of Commons,—“making a great figure,” writes Sir Richard Heron the next day, “in the debate upon the petition of the Middlesex freeholders. He spoke with great spirit, in very parliamentary language, and entered very deeply into the question of constitutional principles.” Horace Walpole refers to the same debate and the same début: “Charles Fox, not yet twenty-one, answered Burke with great quickness and parts, but with confidence equally premature.” And at no very distant period the same critic thus alludes to the same precocious M.P.: “Charles Fox, the phenomenon of the age, . . . gave as much satisfaction to the party as disgust to the Opposition, by the great talents he exerted on the occasion.” Having begun in earnest to exercise himself in debate, he took care to lose no opportunity of keeping up the practice—jumping up night after night to speak to the question, whether he had aught to say or not—intent on realising Danton’s rule for sucking orators, *l’audace, l’audace, encore l’audace* (though Walpole and others credited him with even too much of that, at his very first appearance)—and on using the floor of the House and the faces of his Majesty’s Commons as a better aid to rehearsal, than the private chamber and solitary mirror affected by more diffident gentlemen. He could be sufficiently pertinacious at all times in a cherished pursuit, and grudged no pains, was scared by no difficulty, in following out what he had set his heart upon. The notion that he was an indolent, easy-going soul, in spite of a few and transient ebullitions of impulsive energy, is a mistake as great as it is common. We have just seen the testimony (*quantum valeat*) of his university tutor. Alike in his studies and in his amusements he seems to have been distinguished by a singular habit of diligence and persevering endeavour. He would spend hours on giving a better turn to his French sentences; he would crave the advice of friends on his choice of an idiom or the rounding of a period, and entreat their candour to acquaint him with any hitch they might discover in his rhymes, or any lapse in his prosody. Not only, says Lord Holland, would he turn the verse, in every *jeu d’esprit* of his composition, fifty different ways, but at every little diver-

* “*Stage-mad.*” Theatricals were a passion with the boy, with the lad, and almost with the man. At eighteen we find him devoted to getting up plays, and consulting his friend Richard Fitzpatrick on the subject. He writes to him from Florence to say what a capital actress Fitzpatrick’s sister (Lady Mary Fox) had just proved herself—how well Ste (Stephen Fox) got on in the comedy, and how ill Dickson in the tragedy—and how Peter Brodie made the best manager-prompter in the world—and how great a desideratum was another actor or two, but how doubly great another actress. While expressing himself as extremely eager for some more plays, he adds, “though, to tell you the truth, the last time I acted I fell very short of my own expectations. However, my spirit is not entirely broken, but I will avoid appearing in any very conspicuous part, if possible.” Turning from amateurs to professionals, he remarks in the same letter: “I have so bad a taste as to differ from you very much about the French stage. I allow the French actors to be much better than ours, but I think our plays are infinitely better.” Bravo, Charlie! as the Reform Club has (or had) it.

sion or employment—chess, cards, carving at dinner—would he exercise his faculties with wonderful assiduity and attention: it was this peculiarity, we are told, which led him, late in life, when asked how he contrived, being so corpulent, to pick up the cut balls* at tennis so well, to answer playfully, "because I am a very painstaking man." When he became Foreign Secretary under Lord Rockingham, the same spirit prompted him to take a writing-master, and toil away at copies like a schoolboy—because some one had been sarcastic on his handwriting; so far was he from agreeing with the contempt in which caligraphy was held by statesmen of an earlier day. (Witness *Hamlet's* language:

— I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; *wrote it fair*:
I once did hold it, *as our statists do*,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning.†)

So again when he resolved on a country life—he took to gardening as no mere gentleman-gardener, but as though his daily bread depended on his skilled labour; and as for the science of carving, above alluded to, he was enthusiast enough to get a precious manual on the subject, to lay it open before him on the table, and, in his nephew's sober description of the process, to "execute the problems laid down in it by imitating on the real joints the lines laid down in the engravings." One could wish Horace Walpole had been his guest on one of these cookery-book days, to describe the ceremony, and portray the conscientious cuts of the carver on roast and boiled—how with eye glancing from book to dish and back again, he would insert the point of his knife under the hare's shoulder at *g*, and cut through all the way down to the caudal *terminus ad quem* in the line *g, h, i*—how, given a pheasant, he would be (as the books require) "very attentive in taking off the wing," and rigidly observe the caution to "fix his fork in that part of the breast where the two dots are marked," and "slice down the breast in the lines *a, b*," and eliminate "the merry-thought in the line *c, d*." So "painstaking" was Mr. Fox when he chose, from the polish of a French Alexandrine to the picking up a tennis ball, from the handling the pen of a ready writer to the handling the knife of an accomplished carver. His correspondence testifies to this quality in various ways—in the details of the Foreign Office, in the organisation of an Opposition movement, in the mastery of a continental literature, in the pursuit of rural occupations at St. Anne's Hill, or in the hunting up of materials for his historical Fragment. He threw himself with like intensity and thoroughness (*sit venia verbo!*) into dissipation; making for himself a bad eminence in the sins that most easily beset him. The extravagance of his habit of gaming made him a byword at home and abroad—that vice which, in the words of

* Cut balls, Lord John Russell thinks it right to explain in a note, are balls which pass just over the net, and do not rise high above the floor of the tennis-court. To this didactic trifle his Lordship annexes a didactic caution, in graver tone and higher mood—to wit, that Mr. Fox's answer *ut supra* "is only valuable as showing that in no art is excellence attained without labour." If Lord John wrote Fables, trust him for not forgetting the Moral.

† "Hamlet," V. 2.

Landor,* speaking of this very man, brings after it more misery than any other, and perhaps than all united, and which in a parliamentary leader is the most pernicious, because it alienates from him the most respectable and the most efficient supporters, and deprives a good cause of good men. For by a law—so John Foster has observed, in reference to the same subject—as deep in human nature as any of its principles of distinction between good and evil, it is impossible to give respect or confidence to a man who habitually disregards some of the primary ordinances of morality. “The nation never confided in this eloquent statesman’s morality; those who admired everything in his talents, and much in his qualities, regretted that his name never ceased to excite in their minds the idea of gamesters and bacchanals, even after he was acknowledged to have withdrawn himself from such society.”† There was a time, even in Fox’s gay youth, when he set himself against, and zealously dissuaded his intimates from, the vice of gaming. To Macartney, spending the winter of 1764-5 in Russia, he writes (from Oxford): “I hear there is very deep play at Petersburg. I hope that that will not tempt you to break your resolution against gaming.” Three or four years later, the monitor became notorious, during a brief séjour in Paris, for the extent of his losses in play. Before 1772, Lord Holland had already paid above twenty thousand pounds for his two sons, and Charles had become so enmeshed in the snares of the children of Israel, who thronged his outward room, that he called it his Jerusalem Chamber. Horace Walpole, in a passage dated April 7th of this year, says: “Fox was dissolute, dissipated, idle‡ beyond measure. He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the

* Imaginary Conversations.

† “Those who held his opinions were almost sorry that he should have held them, while they saw with what malicious exultation they who rejected them could cite his reputation, in place of argument, to invalidate them.”—Foster’s review of Fox’s History, in the *Eclectic*, 1808.

‡ Idle, indeed—but busily so, intensely so, if that be no verbal paradox. Idle, in the sense of mere *dolce far niente* idleness, it was not in Fox’s nature to be. And it may be added that he seems to have had a particular dislike to being twitted with “idleness,” whatever his vocation at the time being; and to have been sensitively anxious to prove to any one so charging him, that he was veritably industrious and losing no time. Again and again he writes from St. Anne’s Hill to his nephew, against his being “improperly called idle,” even when dating from the tennis ground or the garden lawn. “I have been unpunctual again,” he writes on one occasion; “but the truth is, that when I am at Newmarket [1792] I have little time, and when I am shooting, none. When I get up I am in a hurry to go out, and when I come home, I am in a hurry to dress for dinner; and when I am going to bed, I am tired and sleepy. Now here (though I will never allow my life to be an idle one), I can now and then find a vacant half hour, and I will be more regular” (i. e. in his correspondence with the young peer, then on the Continent). Again, in 1794: “Notwithstanding all they talk of idleness, I have not had time to read five pages of Persiles these three days.

‘How various his employments whom the world calls idle!’

is my motto, which I have half a mind to have written upon the front of the house here.” So in 1795: “She [Mrs. Fox] desires me to tell you that the hours here [St. Anne’s Hill], which always used to be too short, grow shorter than ever, and that we improve in laziness, which however as to me is a false accusation, for, so far from being idle, I hardly have time for anything, though what the time is taken up with is a little difficult to say.”—*Memorials*, ii. 370, 376; iii. 85, 118.

preceding day; he had stopped at Hockerel, where he found company, had sat all night drinking, and had not been in bed when he came to move his bill,* which he had not even drawn up. This was genius, was almost inspiration." This and the next following years were the grand climacteric of his passion for play, and the most disastrous for his finances: in allusion to the magnitude of his losses, Lord Egremont expressed to Lord Holland in 1823 his entire conviction, that there was at that time, fifty years previously, some unfair confederacy among some of the players, and that the great losers, Fox especially, were actually duped and cheated, in a way not to be accounted for merely by the difference of passing or holding the box, or the hazard of the dice. In 1774 his father paid debts for him to the amount of 140,000*l*. Gibbon records his sitting at hazard for twenty-two hours in succession, and rising *minus* 11,000*l*. Often must he afterwards, says Lord John Russell, have exclaimed with Mirabeau, "Ah! que l'immoralité de ma jeunesse a fait de tort à la chose publique!" At this period, according to Walpole, Fox was seldom in bed before five in the morning, nor out of it before two at noon. In Paris as well as London his dissipation was the talk of the gay world, and the offence even of some of that world's elect ones, whom it took a good deal to offend. Madame du Deffand writes in 1776 to her dearly-beloved Horatio—"Le Fox compte vous voir. Dites-lui que je vous ai écrit beaucoup de bien de lui. En effet, j'en pense à de certains égards; il n'a pas un mauvais cœur, mais il n'a nulle espèce de principes, et il regarde avec pitié tous ceux qui en ont. . . . Ces deux personnages [Fox and Fitzpatrick] doivent être bien dangereux pour toute la jeunesse."† On the eve almost of his having the seals of the Foreign Office,—viz, in 1781—he is still the *facile princeps* of raking politicians—the observed of all observers of riotous living. "Mr. Fox," writes Walpole in that year, "is the first figure in all the places I have mentioned, the hero in Parliament, at the gaming-table, at Newmarket. Last week he passed twenty-four hours without interruption at all three, or on the road from one to the other, and ill all the time," &c.‡ How profoundly in the long run these habits told upon the career of the statesman, it passes the ken of philosopher or moralist to decide. That they inevitably would tell, and that grievously, the ethical

* His celebrated Marriage Bill, on which occasion he had, thus early in his career, to sustain the assault of his proximate ally and ultimate foe, Edmund Burke.

† It is edifying to find the old lady congratulating herself on evidently seeming a moralist, wearisome perhaps, but high-toned and exemplary, in the eyes of *Le Fox*. "Je lui aurai paru une platte moraliste, et lui il m'a paru un sublime extravagant." Elsewhere she says of him: "Il joint à beaucoup d'esprit, de la bonté, de la vérité, mais cela n'empêche pas qu'il ne soit détestable."

‡ Lord Holland calls attention to the fact, that although immediately previous to the formation of the two Administrations of Lord Rockingham and Lord North, his uncle was as much pressed by debt and pecuniary distresses through indulging in habits of dissipation, as at any previous or subsequent period, yet, in the arrangements of neither of these Ministries did he ever suggest, claim, or accept of any office, pension, or reversion, which could repair his broken fortunes. He was his father's son in many respects, but not in this. Some one calling him a chip of the old block, Burke interposed, "Nay, the old block itself:" but, considering the *differentia* in money matters, Burke's amendment did *not* amend the original proposition.

observer might and must foresee; that they did so tell, the philosophic historian cannot but perceive. Fain would we recognise a clearer, deeper, more serious perception of the sorrowful truth, on the part of the statesman himself. Some such perception he did avow, but in faint and unfrequent confession—of a kind natural perhaps to one who to the last, we fear—(gladly would we be proved at fault)—was but *parcus decorum cultor, et infrequens*.

The narrative and correspondence relating to Fox's split with Lord Shelburne, and his junction with Lord North, presented in these volumes, contain little that is new, or that is calculated to modify the public judgment on those two events. On the former, considerable light was thrown by the Duke of Buckingham's "Court and Cabinets of George III.," and Lord John Russell's publication tends to corroborate the impression generally produced by the Grenville correspondence in that work. Lord Shelburne was the man of whom Burke went so far as to say, in the House of Commons, "that he meant no offence, but would speak the honest conviction of his mind;—if Lord Shelburne was not a Catiline or a Borgia in morals, it must not be ascribed to anything but his understanding."* Between his Lordship and Fox there was small love at the beginning of their association in the Rockingham Cabinet, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance. Shelburne's forwardness to thrust his own "creatures" into office gave offence, and at once suggested uneasy suspicions, where already he was a suspected character. Fox told him, at starting, according to a memorandum furnished by General Fitzpatrick, that he perceived this Administration was to consist of two parts—one belonging to the king (into whose hands Shelburne was believed to be playing), the other to the public;—"an observation," adds the General, "the truth of which was very soon confirmed."† From his very entrance into public life, indeed, Fox was prejudiced, or at least prepossessed, against Shelburne—who was heartily hated and proportionably abused by the elder Fox, as treacherous and ungrateful. Shelburne's conduct during the American War had not been of a kind to conciliate the Rockingham party; for, though a prominent opponent of the war itself, from them he kept at a disrespectful distance—showing as little sympathy with these fellow-oppositionists, as did Harry of the Wynd with the clansmen by whose side he fought on the North Inch of Perth. It was an awkward distribution of offices, when the Rockingham Ministry was formed, to divide the Foreign Department between Shelburne and Fox, as joint Secretaries of State—two men not over likely to pull well together in the same cabinet, still less in the same office. The consequences were, as Lord John Russell observes,‡ that, wherever a diplomatic agency was required for negotiation with joint powers, either the same man was furnished with instructions and had to correspond with two different principals, or else each of those principals employed respectively a separate servant in an affair which was, or ought to have been, substantially the same. "This circumstance seems to have accelerated and

* Prior's Life of Burke. Chap. VIII.

† "Memorials," i. 292-3.

‡ *Ibid.* i. 475.

embittered the jealousies, which no doubt would sooner or later have arisen between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox; for, though both Mr. Oswald and Mr. Grenville were sent to Paris on their respective missions—the one to Franklin and the other to Vergennes—by Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox, with the express sanction of the Cabinet, yet the former (Mr. Oswald), it would appear by Franklin's correspondence, and Mr. Grenville's, was the channel of many private communications from Lord Shelburne to Franklin and from Franklin to Lord Shelburne; and the latter (Mr. Grenville), it is clear from his own correspondence to (*sic*) Mr. Fox, suspected yet more concealment and intrigue, and urged most forcibly the danger and dishonour of that double and separate negotiation. There was great mistrust and jealousy on both sides, much mystery and concealment on that of Lord Shelburne, which Mr. Fox and Mr. Grenville attributed perhaps too hastily to a secret understanding with the king, a suspicion which the appointment of Lord Shelburne to the Treasury, without consultation or advice, strongly confirmed." The working of the leaven of ill-will originally latent, but speedily patent, in the badly-assorted ministry—a little leaven, but soon leavening the whole lump—may be traced *gradatim* in the first volume of these Memorials. Our limits forbid further elucidation of the yeasty process. The duel of the twin Secretaries ended in a *mêlée* of their colleagues, when the sudden decease of Lord Rockingham snapped the only tie that bound them together. In Dan Chaucer's words—

Gret was the stryf and long betwixe hem tweye,
If that I hadde leysir for to seye;
But to the effect.

And *that*—the effect—was,—the disruption of Fox and an influential section of the Rockinghamites from office; and again, *post hoc*, and in a considerable degree *propter hoc*, the next year's coalition with Lord North.

This coalition *coup* it is Lord Holland's endeavour to write up, or at least to show cause why it should not be written down. He tries to whitewash Black Charlie. But 'tis hard for the Ethiopian to change his skin. A "white nigger" is a "nigger" after all, and underneath all; and Black Charlie's complexion is no way obliterated by the piety and wash-tub of his noble nephew. It may well be supposed that Lord John Russell has every wish to think and say the best he can for Fox. He is quite disposed to be to his faults a little blind, and to his virtues very kind. But Lord John Russell finds the whitewashing process a failure, and begs leave to differ from Lord Holland's conclusions. Lord Holland contends, on the strength of certain extracts from Lord North's papers and correspondence,* that between that "noble lord with the blue ribbon" and the Foxites, there was little diversity of principle or opinion, and much less personal estrangement or animosity, than the occasional heat of debate seemed to imply; and that, consequently, there was "no dereliction of principle in men equally disposed, though by different means, to combat and control the will of one man (George III.) prevailing over common sense, prudence, and justice, ultimately coalescing for

* See "Memorials," i. 251, 277.

that purpose." Lord John Russell easily disposes of such an apology. He refers to the fatal fact that the very authors of the Coalition condemned their own conduct by anticipation. "Nothing but success can justify it," is the reported saying of Fox. Fitzpatrick explicitly avowed that "unless a real good government was the consequence, nothing could justify it to the public." The want of its success, therefore, as Lord John logically insists, is its condemnation. His discussion of the case is one of the most spirited and able passages in his share of the "Memorials;"* a brief excerpt, however, is all we can here find room for. "Mr. Fox's invectives against Lord North were either well or ill-founded. If well-founded, he was not justified in joining a man branded not only with incapacity, but with duplicity, treachery, and falsehood. If ill-founded, which is nearer the truth, Mr. Fox owed it to public decorum not to proclaim to the world that his invectives were the offspring of unreasoning passion. He could have found some better means of retracting or mitigating his invectives than by a political junction with the object of them. Nor was his reflection *Inimicitiae breves, amicitiae sempiternae*, a just defence. The enmities he had engaged in were not private but public quarrels, and as they were not incurred, so they ought not to have been dropped from placability and good-nature.† Mr. Prior remarks truly that Lord North readily forgave the uttering of these invectives, but the public never forgave their being retracted.‡

* Once and again in the compiling and revision of these volumes, must Lord John have been reminded of *quasi* parallel experiences in his own recent history, as a coalitionist. If Lord Rockingham was a premier who couldn't be got to speechify, Lord John knows of another of the same *talent pour le silence*. "Lord Rockingham himself," writes Lord John, "was no orator. When Lord Sandwich, with ready talent and with much bitterness, attacked the Prime Minister in the House of Lords, he made no reply, and Lord Gower, addressing Lord Sandwich, said, 'How cruel it is of you to worry the poor dumb animal so.'"—*Memorials*, i. 113-4.

Again: It must surely have struck home to transcribe this sentence from Horace Walpole, referring to Shelburne's perplexity in concocting an Administration, when applied to for that purpose by the king in 1782:—"The Duke of Grafton was the only peer of consequence with whom he [Shelburne] was connected, yet a man who had been Prime Minister, was not likely to prove a zealous second."—*Ibid.* 305. So Lord Aberdeen has just found out, though he must have feared it all along: and well may any other *chef* beware, henceforth, of hoping to turn the little "man who has been Prime Minister," into a "zealous second"—unless for the *z* in "zealous," *j* may be substituted—which petty change will slightly affect the word, but entirely change the thing: "jealousy" in such a "second" he may rely upon, to any amount, if *that* will do.

† Rather a curiously constructed sentence, this; like many another, however, of Lord John's. Strange, indeed, had Fox's "quarrels" with any one been "incurred" "from placability and good-nature." His Lordship has a sort of weakness for affecting the antithetic and epigrammatic in style, which does not always tell, unless against him. At times he is quite Gibbonian; e. g.—speaking of Thurlow and Wedderburn: "Two men of more hardy understandings, or of more pliant consciences, have seldom adorned and desecrated the profession of the law."—Vol. i. p. 122.

‡ However cordial the *entente* may have been between Fox and Lord North, their coalition stood a poor chance when confronted, as from the first it was confronted, by the coalition of King and People. The nation was incensed at national disasters, incurred during the long *régime* of the North ministry; and on the other hand, it had no confidence in a man of such reckless life in private, and reckless speech in public, as Charles James Fox. As for the king, his antipathy to Fox

Well may Lord Brougham style this the "fatal Coalition," on which "so many political reputations were shipwrecked, and so total a loss was made of both court and popular favour;"* and truly does he allege that when the king dismissed them, after holding office for a few months, it was amidst the all but universal joy of the country; men of all ranks, and parties, and sects, joining in one feeling of disgust at the factious propensities in which the unnatural alliance was begotten;† and from such an alliance apprehending only what Wilberforce, in a memorable sentence, called "a progeny stamped with the features of both parents, the violence of the one party, and the corruption of the other."‡ It was a black day for Black Charlie—or, as Burns dubbed him,

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,—

when he took part in concocting what the national stomach spurned with loathing,

Yon mixtic-martie queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.‡

For public excitement had not yet subsided at the vehemence of his de-

was personal and inveterate. One who witnessed his Majesty's reception of his new minister humorously says: "I always foresaw that the Coalition Ministry could not last, for I was at Court when Mr. Fox kissed hands, and I observed George III. turn back his ears and eyes, just like the horse at Astley's, when the tailor he had determined to throw was getting on him." The understanding between the Prince of Wales and Fox was at the bottom of this aversion. Walpole remarks that the anguish to a mind that had from the Prince's childhood anticipated jealousy, rendered the already-conceived antipathy to Fox a *rankling ulcer*. The same sprightly writer gives a description, in his malicious manner, of Mr. Fox *chez lui* at this period—a sort of description which doubtless reached the palace in even heightened colours. "Fox lodged in St. James's-street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a levee of his followers, and of the members of the gaming-club at Brookes's—all his disciples. His bristly, black person, and shagged breast, quite open and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen nightgown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these Cynic weeds, and with Epicurean good-humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir to the crown attend his lessons and imbibe them. Fox's followers, to whom he never enjoined Pythagorean silence, were strangely licentious in their conversations about the king. At Brookes's, they proposed wagers on the duration of his reign, and if they moderated their irreverent jests in the presence of the Prince, it was not extraordinary that the orgies of Brookes's might be reported to have passed at Fox's levees, or that the king should suspect that the same disloyal topics should be handled in the morning that he knew had been the theme of each preceding evening. The Prince not only espoused the cause of the Coalition, but was not at all guarded in his expressions. He was even reported to have said aloud in the Drawing-room, 'that his father had not yet agreed to the plan of the Coalition, but, by G——, he should be made to agree to it.'" At his first audience with the king, Fox "vindicated himself on the aspersions thrown on him, as instigating the Prince of Wales to disobedience"—protesting that he had never said a word to the Prince which he should not have been glad for his Majesty to hear, and hinting plainly at the Chancellor (Thurlow) as the author of these aspersions, which the king, says Walpole, "shuffled off." Eventually the king was a gainer by the Coalition—the popular reaction against which, in Macaulay's words, raised a king who was talking of retiring to Hanover to a height of power which none of his predecessors had enjoyed since the Revolution.

* Statesmen of Time of George III. "Lord North."

† *Ibid.* "Mr. Fox."

‡ Burns's "Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives," &c.

nunciation of North, now greeted as his "trustworthy friend,"—of whom so lately he had declared, that the minister's blood ought to expiate his misdeeds—that he was the greatest criminal in the State—that he (Fox) should be afraid to trust himself with him alone—and that if he ever acted with him, he would be content to be for ever thought infamous! If the public, if posterity has thought badly of Fox for the Coalition, it has not, on his own showing, thought so badly of him as he deserved.

That he was sincere enough in his reconciliation with the man he was erst afraid to be left with alone, is little to the purpose. Grant him absolution for the alliance, and then you convict him of guilt in the previous vituperation. In truth, he suffered his vehemence to run away with him—with his reason, his principle, his moral feeling. This might well be in one whose forte as an orator lay in violent declamation. As Croly says, his singular faculty of throwing his feelings into his speech turned his very defects into sources of his success*—the defects, namely, arising from personal drawbacks, in attitude and exterior, and in articulation.† "When he had once seized on the popular sympathy, if he lost words it was from his absorbing interest in his cause; if his arguments were perplexed, it was from the weight of his matter." So describes him a fervid political opponent; adding, that the sudden failures of the orator's voice, his ungainly gestures, and all his innumerable sins against oratorical dignity, were attributed to a force of sincerity, which overpowered all his perception of minor things—the burst of a natural and swelling sensibility, which justly swept away the trifling observances important only on trivial occasions and to trivial men. "Fox has, more than once, shed tears in the House; a spectacle ridiculously frequent among foreigners, but so rare among the manlier minds of Englishmen, that it only added to his triumph." Another earnest political foe, Mr. de Quincey, asserts that Fox had one sole grandeur, one originality, in his whole composition, and that was the fervour, the intensity, the contagious vehemence of his manner.‡ He spoke, says Mr. Landor, with "such warmth and confidence, that there appeared to be in his character, in despite of the importunity and pressure of numberless

* Dr. Croly's "William Pitt." Part II.

† Though Mr. Fox had not what Walpole calls the "ungraceful hesitation" of his father, a stammer he had which all his nerve and practice in debate failed to subdue. His very earnestness was the main abettor to its continuance: just as *Suffolk* says in Shakespeare's "Henry VI."—

"My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words."

To the last day of his life, Fox, says Dr. Croly, "was not fluent: the perpetual practice of thirty years had not given him the mastery of the English language. He hesitated, was often at a loss for words, turned back upon his steps, and increased his embarrassment by his unwieldy attempts at extrication."

‡ Hence, it is maintained, it arose that Fox could not endure his own speeches when stripped of the advantage they had in a tumultuous and self-kindling delivery. To Dr. Parr he said, "I have always hated the thought of any of my speeches being published:" simply because, in the critic's view, Fox could not but himself feel that in the mere *matter* there was nothing to ensure attention, nothing that could give a characteristic and memorable expression to the whole: whereas in the case of Burke's speeches, the *matter* as well as the *manner*, the thoughts as well as the language, were peculiarly and indefeasibly *sui generis*, his own.—See De Quincey on *Dr. Parr and his Contemporaries*. Part II.

proofs against him, both energy and prudence.”* The very exuberance of this warmth in his delivery, sometimes raised suspicions, in shrewd observers, of the orator's sincerity and singleness of purpose. Madame d'Arblay, a prejudiced witness certainly, but an able and intelligent one, in her well-known report of the Hastings' impeachment, journalises her impression, after enduring his violence in a five hours' speech, that the violence† was put on for the occasion. Evidently, he knew wherein his strength lay—in cataract rush of impassioned sentences; and this knowledge would sometimes suffer from the taint, and be detected by the involuntary symptoms, of self-consciousness. But had these symptoms been within the scope of the general eye, or had this taint infected the orator's manner in any observable degree, he would not be so easily allowed, as by common assent he seems to be allowed, the title of being the most Demosthenian‡ orator since the days of Demosthenes.

Considerable space is bestowed in these “Memorials” on the manner and immediate occasion of the break-up of the Coalition, and the fate of Fox's India Bill; on the Regency question; on the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert—illustrated by some curious correspondence; on the breach between George III. and his two eldest sons, brought to extremity after the king's illness in 1789; &c.—all of which we must pass by, to devote a few lines to the course adopted by Mr. Fox in relation to the French Revolution, involving his feud with Burke, his further decline in the estimate and confidence of the country, and his systematic and prolonged secession from his place in Parliament.

When the news of the taking of the Bastille reached Mr. Fox in July, 1789, he wrote to Fitzpatrick—“How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!” Others thought nearly the same, whose sympathy with the French Revolution, so far from growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength, was soon to be turned into shuddering revulsion. The horrors of the massacres shocked them too utterly to leave place for aught of their first love; him

* *Imaginary Conversations*. Works, i. 340.

† “He looked all good-humour and negligent ease the instant before he began a speech of uninterrupted passion and vehemence, and he wore the same careless and disengaged air the very instant he had finished. A display of talents in which the inward man took so little share could have no powers of persuasion to those who saw them in that light,” &c.—*Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, vol. iv. pp. 99-100. (Ed. 1854.)

‡ Lord Brougham objects to the comparison of Fox's eloquence with that of Demosthenes. It was, he contends, exceedingly the reverse of the Attic orator's in method, in diction, in conciseness,—being without arrangement of any kind,—the diction (except in the more vehement passages) being as slovenly and careless as possible—while it was diffuse in the highest degree, and abounded in repetitions.—See his *Historical Sketches*: “*Lord Chatham*.”

But it is, with whatever appropriateness of application, to the *vehemence* of Demosthenes that those who institute the comparison have had regard. What made Demosthenes the greatest of orators, was, in the words of the late Archdeacon Hare, that he appeared the most entirely possessed by the feelings he wished to inspire. And in allusion to this very comparison of the British with the Attic orator, Mr. Hare has remarked, that the effect produced by Charles Fox, “who by the exaggerations of party-spirit was often compared to Demosthenes, seems to have arisen wholly from this earnestness, which made up for the want of almost every grace, both of manner and style.”—*Guesses at Truth*. Second Series, p. 151. (2nd ed.)

too they shocked, distressed, confounded—but left him still sanguine,* still possessed with the early prevision, the larger hope. By the summer of 1792 he had come to be almost alone—as Lord John Russell says, “his party broken, his popularity gone, his friends deserting him, his eloquence useless, his name held up to detestation.” Alison has said there is not to be found in the whole history of human anticipation, a more signal instance of erroneous views than those advanced by Fox, when he declared the French constitution to be the most stupendous fabric of wisdom ever reared in any age or country, and that no danger was to be apprehended to the balance of power in Europe, now that France had attained democratic institutions. So unqualified was his faith in the Revolution by any of what Lord Brougham calls the “profound and sagacious forebodings” of Edmund Burke, excited by the distrust of vast and sudden changes among a people wholly unprepared. Fox’s public conduct between 1792 and 1797 was, in public opinion, petulantly indiscreet. The part he then played at public dinners, the toasts and sentiments which he gave or countenanced, the connexions and political sympathies which he avowed, are charged upon him, by no splenetic censor, as “worthy of a bloody French Septembrizer.” And yet, at bottom, Charles Fox was no mobsman, no genuine man of the people, theirs by conviction, constitutional bias, and radical fellowship of feeling. He was too thoroughly born and bred a Whig for that. His tastes were, after all, aristocratical in tendency and quality. The task of mingling with the mob, as Croly says, was at the best a task to him—so that if he stooped to beg the sweet voices of Westminster electors, or harangued Crown and Anchor diners-out, “it was by compulsion and laborious flight that he plunged so low; his element was not there, and no man rejoiced more when this ungenial toil was done, and he found himself again in the circles of the accomplished and high-mannered among which he was born.”† The national resentment against the Coalition had been inspired by the belief that it was no better than, in Lord John’s own phrase, the “cabal of a domineering aristocracy,” and the India Bill of that ministry was scouted as a measure to perpetuate the cabal. Fox’s political career, had a larger proportion of it been spent in office, would

* A fragment or two from his correspondence, during the phases of the Revolution, may be worth quoting. In 1793 (June), he writes to his nephew: “I do not know whether there is not some comfort in seeing that, while the French are doing all in their power to make the name of liberty odious to the world, the despots are conducting themselves so as to show that tyranny is worse. I believe the love of political liberty is *not* an error; but, if it is, I am sure I shall never be converted from it—and I hope you never will.”—*Memorials*, iii. 39, 40. To the same, eighteen months later: “The general conduct of the French since Robespierre’s death appears to be extremely good, and has reconciled me to them wonderfully.” And again, half a year later still: “I exactly agree with you that for France alone Robespierre is worse than any other despotism; but that, for the general good, considering the diabolical principle of the present war, even his government, or a worse, if worse can be, is better than the restoration of the Bourbons.”—*Ibid.* pp. 98, 107.

† Dr. Croly does not shrink even from comparing Fox in this particular with—Coriolanus! Alleging that never did even that impracticable patrician feel a keener pang, when demeaning himself to solicit plebeian voices, than the great leader of Opposition when divesting himself of his Court habiliments, to meet his *sans-culotte* confederates of the Covent Garden hustings.—See Croly’s *Edmund Burke*. Part III.

doubtless have developed his aristocratic *penchant* in the clearest manner. Occasionally in his letters he shows his leaning in this particular. "I cannot help feeling every day more and more," he writes to Lord Holland in 1799, "that in this country, at least, an aristocratic party is absolutely necessary to the preservation of liberty"—adding, be it marked, "and especially to give any consequence to the inferior classes." So true is the much-canvassed description of Fox by the late Lord Dudley, as a man who was unfitted for playing the part of a Jacobin, by the absolute want of all the necessary qualifications—being, in fact, a gentleman by education, associations, habits and feelings; the creature of polished society, such as it existed under the ancient monarchies of Europe.* Being, however, in Opposition, his *rôle* was that of popular tribune, and he played it so as to reap unpopularity in larger harvests year by year.

The Birmingham riots were a test of one kind of public feeling. The reception of Fox's sentiments within Parliament attested another. His speeches fell dead, or rather dropped still-born, on the floor of the House. As they increased in violence, they dwindled in influence. The measure of their passionateness was the inverse measure of their persuasiveness. Unable at length to endure this state of things, and hopeless of reviving the spell his words once exercised over that assembly, the insulated statesman resolved on secession from its ranks. Both in 1774 and in 1777 the Marquis of Rockingham had counselled a similar step on the part of his supporters, but this designed organisation of a silent Opposition was overruled, probably in both instances, certainly in the first, by the counter-advice of Rockingham's right-hand man, Edmund Burke. Fox's position was more straitened and peculiar than that in which Burke and his allies found themselves twenty years before; and had it been otherwise, Fox's temperament was not of an order to put up with the systematic indignities annexed to that position. So he did what an

* See an article by Lord Dudley in the ninth volume of the *Quarterly Review*. "From the loftiness and simplicity of his mind," says the writer in the course of his portraiture of Fox, "the delicacy of his taste, a certain natural shyness which at first might be mistaken for coldness and reserve, he was utterly incapable of condescending to those paltry artifices, and performing those mountebank tricks which are necessary to captivate the multitude. . . . He was an awkward unpractised demagogue, and a lukewarm unwilling reformer. From justice and humanity he was anxious for the happiness of the lower orders, that is of the bulk of mankind, but no minister would ever have been less disposed to admit them to a large share in swaying public measures."

To this opinion of one Conservative journalist let us annex that of another, Mr. de Quincey, and then that of a Whig Chancellor, Baron Brougham and Vaux—all bearing to the same end. Mr. de Quincey says, in his characteristic style: "It is singular that this most good-natured and amiable man in private life has publicly done his best to connect himself with the most sanguinary politicians of his day; and equally singular that this leader of the democracy of England was, in his private pretensions and tastes, the most intolerant aristocrat."—*Blackwood*, 1830. Art. "France and England."

"Mr. Fox," says Lord Brougham, "had the manners, somewhat repulsive at first, of patrician life . . . and was for a while even severely forbidding to strangers,"—adding, that his and Lord Holland's "aristocratic propensities were not confined to manner"—both had the genuine Whig predilection for the support of "great families." "Mr. Fox, however, went a little further; and showed more complacency in naming highly-born supporters than might seem altogether to consist with a high popular tone, or with the tenets of a philosophical statesman."—*Historical Sketches*: "Lord Holland."

antique Roman did, in heavy dudgeon,—Valerius Publicola; ⁴⁰ wit; who, says Plutarch, resenting public opinion, withdrew from the Senate, forbore to attend the Forum, and would not intermeddle in the least with the conduct of public affairs. It was gradually, however, and evidently in spite of himself, that Mr. Fox determined on disruption. In April, 1794, he writes to Lord Holland: "They [politics] go on, according to the Irish translation of *semper eadem*, worse and worse. I am heartily tired of them, but one must do one's duty."* Just one year later he writes: "I wish I could be persuaded that it was quite right to quit public business, for I should like it to a degree that I cannot express; but I cannot yet think that it is not a duty to persevere. One may be of opinion that persevering is of no use; but ought a man who has engaged himself to the Public to trust so entirely to a speculation of this sort as to go out of the common road, and to desert (for so it would be called) the public service? Would it not be said, with more colour than ever, that my object was all along personal power; and that, finding that unattainable, I gave up all exertion for the Public? . . . I am so sure that secession is the measure a shabby fellow would take in our circumstances, that I think it can scarcely be right for us."† But the time arrived when Fox, in the words of Lord John Russell, "was disgusted with a struggle so apparently hopeless," and adopted a course rather dictated by his own inclinations and the desponding complaints of others, "than founded on motives of policy and inspired by an enlightened foresight."‡ Accordingly, from 1797 to 1801, Fox's name seldom appears in the parliamentary debates.§ It will be interesting to string together a few broken sentences from his letters, illustrative of his views and feelings during this schism—prefacing them, in all fairness, with a *memento* from an epistle of his to Earl (then Mr.) Grey, in 1800, where he says: "Always remember that the original ground of retiring was not [that] the questions likely to be agitated were unimportant, but that our attendance in Parliament upon them was useless, and because useless, in some measure hurtful, as tending to drive the country into an opinion that the House of Commons was still a place in which it was worth while to try the effect of argument and reason."|| This premised, we cite another fragment from the correspondence with Lord Holland, of date 1798: "With regard to secession (that is *declared* secession) I confess I do not like it as a measure, but I believe the Duke of Bedford does. I should dislike to a degree I cannot express to attend again myself; indeed, if there is a point upon which I cannot bring myself to give way it is this, but I am so far from wishing others to do the same, that I even wish for occasions where you and others may have opportunities of attending."¶ Again: "I shall not be at all sorry to find myself the sole seceder. . . . Nay, I think that if I were myself younger I should not like to give up the point without having shown to the world my abhorrence of all that is going forward. This abhorrence I have sufficiently shown, as I think, for my own reputation, and, having done so, I think I may without reproach consult my own ease and happiness." In January, 1800, we find him preparing for a descent upon the House, quite *malgré lui*: "I have determined, against inclination, common

* "Memorials," iii. 71.

† *Ibid.* pp. 105, 106.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 249.

§ In the collection of his speeches, there is a blank from 1798 to 1801.

|| "Memorials," iii. 312.

¶ *Ibid.* pp. 144-5.

sense and philosophy, to attend upon the question of Bonaparte's letter," &c.* The result was mortifying. Importuned by friends, he *did* attend. But, alas! the question did not come on. Pitt was taken ill, and the debate was deferred. Great was the returning exile's chagrin. With deep reluctance he had come up from the country, stipulating to remain at Holland House only two nights; and when he heard, as Lord Holland tells us in "Memoirs of the Whig Party," that the debate was postponed, he sat silent and overcome, as if some great calamity had reached his ears; and the tears stole down his cheeks, so vexed was he at being detained from his garden, his books, and his cheerful life in the country. In the autumn of the following year (1801), he is again meditating a resumption of his parliamentary functions: "My dear Young One [for so he addressed Lord Holland on paper, and "young'un" by word of mouth], after a good deal of hesitation, I have determined to be at the House on the 29th. . . . Indeed, Young One, I cannot attend the House of Commons *con amore*," &c.† The debate in question, on the preliminaries for a treaty with France, duly came off, and Fox was among the speakers. And once again: in the ensuing summer, he penned the following terse billet to the Earl of Lauderdale: "I have at least [last?] made up my mind to come in—not convinced by reason, but finding the wish among my friends so general. I am sure I am wrong, but I cannot go against the tide."‡

Any consideration of the statesman in retirement at St. Anne's,—making experiments with potato oats, trying with dubious success to fatten sheep, exultant over a showy field of Swedish turnips, dejected by the fecundity and irrepressible iteration of worms and weeds, and listening delighted, *patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*, to the nightingale's solo, and the harmonies "with one consent" of pretty warbling quires,—or else collecting materials in his study for his historical work, dwelling rapturously on favourite passages in his favourite authors, Homer and Ariosto, Lucretius and Lafontaine, Boccaccio and Chaucer—discussing the eloquence and wit of Lucian, the vivacity of Metastasio, the underlying seriousness of Cervantes, the disparaged merit of Apollonius, the affectations of Currie's *Life of Burns*, the charm of Cowper's *Letters*, the dulness of Mde. de Staël's *Delphine*, and the success of Joanna Baillie's *Plays on the Passions*;—any description of Mr. Fox in this winsome mood we must defer for the present, although the third of the volumes before us contains much that is interesting in these particulars, much that is calculated to place the man himself in a more favourable light than that by which, refracted by political media, and bleared by partisan prejudice a large part of his countrymen has been wont to inspect his character. A fourth volume is to complete the work; and on its appearance we hope to recur to the subject, and to dwell more exclusively on Charles Fox in undress, retired from distracting feuds, debasing intrigues, and fretting anxieties; resting awhile from the turmoil of the "many coming and going;" soothing his chafed spirit with the sweets of rural calm and bookish ease; and entering with youthful zest into the simple pleasures of gentleman-farming,

Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men.

* "Memorials," iii. p. 176.

† *Ibid.* pp. 197, 198.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 370-1.

A NIGHT ON A WHALE!

THE *King Harold* whaler was cruising off the King's Mill group for sperm-fish, with the intention of passing the winter months there, and at the setting in of spring going farther north to catch the real whale. But in vain had they sailed back and forwards for months; not a fish was captured, and, at last, when the deck was hailed, no one believed in the truth, as it had hitherto ever turned out a useless finback, or a shoal of smaller brown-fish, which they did not care to follow. At last, however, their efforts were destined to be crowned with success, and one of the crew, from whose lips I heard the story, met with the pleasant adventure which forms the subject of my paper.

He was an Irishman, and, of course, his name was Pat—an active, strong hand, who had been promoted to perform the important duty of boat's-header, or harpooner. At the first summons four boats left the side of the *King Harold*, exerting their utmost strength to outstrip each other. An extraordinary zeal prevails on such an expedition, not alone among the boat-steerers and harpooners, as to who shall first hold fast to a fish, but among the whole crew: it becomes a point of honour which boat shall throw the first successful harpoon, as in such a chase all, from the captain down to the cabin-boy, work on shares, and the crew of course do their utmost not to be behind one another. The three swiftest boats had, on this day, the best prospect of getting within striking distance, while the fourth, which was commanded by our friend Pat, in spite of the desperate exertions of the rowers, was not able to keep up with them, and was at least a cable's length behind the first boat when its harpooner prepared to throw. Just to their right, but at a considerable distance, a whale was perceived blowing, and, though the boats, in order to be able to help one another in case of need, do not generally separate, the young Irishman hardly noticed it ere he turned the bow of his boat towards it, and pulled away from his companions.

At this moment the other boats had too much on their hands to pay any attention to him; and the sailors who were rowing, and saw his movements, naturally thought that he was after a fresh whale, and had not the slightest objection to get rid of a rival so easily. In addition, they found themselves nearer to the whales than they had at first fancied, for the former suddenly rose again not thirty yards from them, and one of them even came within distance of the first harpooner, whose iron was immediately driven home. The other two were also "fast" soon after, but the iron of the second boat came out again, and the whale sank to a great depth, so that it was compelled to follow the third, and help in securing its fish, in which it succeeded after some trouble. The struck fish, however, set off at full speed in a northerly direction, tearing the boats after them, so that the water dashed furiously over their bows, until the third harpooner succeeded in driving home his lance behind the fin of his whale, and giving it the *coup de grâce*, while the first harpooner was dragged at least a mile ere he could effect the same desirable object, and then lay on his oars to await the ship, for it would have been impossible for them to row with such a tremendous mass in tow.

But they were at so great a distance from their vessel, that they could hardly distinguish its hull, and she found great difficulty in tacking up to them. The three boats had now leisure to look round for the fourth, which was quite out of sight; but they searched in vain for its glistening sail: it had disappeared, and they consoled themselves with the hope that it had surely been kept in sight from the mast-head, and that the direction it had gone in would be known on board. The *King Harold* was by no means a quick sailer, at least on a wind, and the afternoon was spent ere she succeeded in tacking up to the two fish, and secured them alongside. The second harpooner had returned on board before, to help in the arrangement of the vessel: and a man was now sent up to the crow's nest to discover where the fourth boat was, in order that, in case it was fast to a whale, they might send the three other boats to its assistance in bringing the fish alongside.

"Well, sir, where away does she lie?" the skipper shouted from the deck, when he knew that the whales already captured were secure, and now turned his attention to the other boat; "is it far from here?"

"Can't see her anywhere, sir!" was the reply; and the man began once more to survey the horizon.

"Oh! nonsense! You needn't look to windward; she can't be there!" the skipper replied; "look carefully to the south—she must be in that quarter."

The man obeyed, and looked so long through the glass that the skipper at length grew impatient, and himself sprang on the bulwarks to look after the boat, whose mysterious disappearance began to make him uneasy.

"Over away there, sir, I've fancied once or twice," said the man, removing the glass and pointing south-south-west, "as if I could see a dark spot on the water, but when I looked closer it went away again."

The skipper looked for a long while in the direction indicated, then shook his head, and began to search once again. But in vain did he remain above until the sun sank beneath the horizon, and caused every object to come out most clearly. He could not see the slightest trace of the boat, which would surely set its sail again, when it knew that they would be looking for it, and its whiteness would glisten far athwart the sea. The first harpooner, too, had come up: an accident must have happened to the boat, and the crew began to grow impatient. But he, too, could not see the slightest object resembling a boat or sail; and the now rapidly approaching twilight soon rendered any further search impossible. The captain of the *King Harold* had no alternative as to what he must do: he could not cruise about on account of the fish alongside; and even if he had known in what direction he should steer, he would be obliged to leave his whales behind to save his men. But he still had the chance of finding them to leeward, and the ship was drifting in that direction with the trade-wind and equatorial current. If, then, nothing was seen of the lost boat in the morning, he could leave the remainder of the fish with a flag hoisted on them, and then sail in search of it. But, in that case, there would be but little hope of finding it; and he would only do it that he might not have to reproach himself with desertion of his men. It was most probable that a wounded spermaceti had destroyed the boat, and the men had not been able to keep so long above water. The sea

was certainly calm enough, but the fearful shark speedily scent the blood of a struck fish; and as, at the present moment, five or six of these greedy brutes were swimming round their vessel, and making unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide, it would be only too certain that they would find the spot where the other boat had sunk, and woe to the unfortunate men who were exposed to their rapacious, inexorable jaws!

But there was still a possibility that the boat, though uninjured, had drifted so far to leeward, that it could not pull up again: a boat is only a little dot on the mighty ocean, and can easily escape the best glass and most practised eye. But then, they would be perfectly well aware in what direction to steer; and two lanterns were hoisted to the fore and main tops, in order that they might not pull past the ship in the gloom. After dark, at midnight, and before the dog-watch, the skipper had the gun fired; but in vain: the night passed away, and nothing was heard or seen of the missing men. The cutting up the whale went on actively in the mean while; the blubber was stripped off, and brought on deck by means of a powerful windlass, and the boiling out was immediately commenced, in order to lose no time and get the mass of meat and blubber, which so soon becomes decomposed under the line, out of the way. Large torches, fed with strips of blubber, hung overboard in a fire-basket, or net made of iron hoops, and lit up the dark ocean, giving the dancing waves a singularly transparent hue. By midnight one huge fish was stripped, and the tremendous head, which was cut off from the trunk in the water, was hove on board by means of the heavy blubber-hook.

By daybreak, when the entire crew was working hard at the second fish, two of the harpooners were sent up to the tops, armed with good glasses, to look for the missing boat. In vain had they searched the whole horizon without being able to discover anything, when the eye of the first harpooner was attracted by a dark spot, which he closely examined. The distance was too great to allow anything to be clearly distinguished; but, for all that, the skipper was immediately informed of the circumstance, and speedily joined them. It was certain something was floating on the water there, whatever it might be, but it lay to windward. They must have drifted past it in the night, and the second harpooner was ordered off with a boat to discover what it was. Even if it were not the missing boat—and it did not at all look like it—it might possibly be a dead whale, and would not only repay the trouble of looking after it, but would surely put them on the trail of the missing men, as the fish, if struck, would at any rate have one of the ship's harpoons, or irons, in it.

For nearly an hour they pulled, following the signals on board, without distinguishing anything in their track, until the harpooner who stood in the bows suddenly fancied he noticed a dark object right in front, and only just above the water. Before long he shouted, half turning to his men, and pointing in front:

"Pull away, my lads, pull away. By heavens! it's a man on a raft or boat, or something of that sort. Pull away, for I fancy we are only just in time." Then uttering a loud "Halloa!" he tried to arouse a responsive echo; but no sound answered him, and the boat bounded on its course towards the extraordinary object.

"A man! a man!" the men in the boat now exclaimed; and the boat's-header, who was also standing up, shouted, "By Heavens! if that is not Patrick!"

"Patrick it is!" the harpooner replied; "but where are the others?"

But every other question died away in renewed exclamations of surprise, when they came nearer, and not only recognised the fourth harpooner, the young Irishman, in the shipwrecked man, but also found that he was kneeling on a dead sperm-whale, which lay with its burden a few inches above the water's edge. His left hand was twisted tightly in the line of the harpoon, which alone kept him on his slippery post, and with the right he held the shaft, which he had cut away from the harpoon, so tightly grasped, that he would not even leave go when the boat shot up to him, and every arm was stretched out to help him in.

The poor fellow looked deadly pale, and could not utter a single word—his eye was wildly fixed on his messmates as if he did not recognise them: he merely rose mechanically to step into the boat, but fainted away as soon as he felt the firm planks under him. He had lived through a fearful night; and we must return to the period when he quitted the others with his boat, in order to chase a whale on his own account. Pat, as he thought, very cleverly steered away from the track of the other three boats and followed a single sperm, which was lazily breasting the waves at some distance from the rest of the shoal. They rowed lustily on at about five hundreds yards in the rear of the sperm, and gained upon it rapidly, for the fish was, as yet, ignorant of the danger that threatened it. At the same time, the sperm swerved more and more from its former course, and went westward with the wind and current. Patrick now set his sail, in order to get nearer to the fish without any unnecessary noise. The whale, however, appeared to have scented the approach of danger, for it started off at the top of its speed, so that the boat, even with the favourable breeze, could gain but little upon it. Suddenly, just as they had got, with great labour, within casting distance, the sperm dived, and the boat shot over the spot where the waves were still bubbling over the sinking monster. "Sail in!" the harpooner quickly shouted: but the boat glided on a little distance from the impetus it had received, and the boat-steerer stood with uplifted lance, anxiously awaiting the signal to cast. While the sail flapped idly in the wind, and the harpooner held the sheets firmly in his hand, that they might not lose a moment in pursuit, the rowers looked down into the clear water beneath, with the hope of, perhaps, seeing the fish, and so discovering the direction it was about to swim in.

"There's something swimming," one of the hands suddenly said, in a half-suppressed and anxious tone; "it's coming up straight from below."

"Hush!" the harpooner said—"gently, gently, or you'll startle him—where?"

"There he comes—there he comes!" three or four shouted simultaneously, and grasped instinctively at their oars.

"Back—back for your lives!" the harpooner cried at this moment, who was well aware of the peril to which they would be exposed if the colossus, in rising, merely grazed their boat. Almost at the same instant the oars fell into the water, and the boat had scarcely shot its own length

back, when the gigantic, rounded head of a powerful sperm fish, with its wide, narrow jaws half opened, rose to the surface, and then bounded forwards, as if to escape the strange object, whose presence it was now aware of. In the bow of the boat, and close above the mountain of blubber, which actually rose under his very feet, stood the boat-steerer with uplifted lance; but his arm trembled, and, still within reach of the fearful foe, who could crush them at a blow, he did not dare to hurl the harpoon into the flying monster.

"Give it him!" Patrick however shouted, perfectly careless of danger, and only thinking at the moment of the chase. "Hang the fellow, he'll let the fish slip through his hands;" and, seizing his own lance, he appeared to be anxiously awaiting the moment when he could hurl the sharp steel into the flank of his prey. The boat-steerer still hesitated, but only for a moment; for if he suffered the opportunity to slip, it was a question whether they would ever again come up with the startled whale. The sail had again caught the wind, and the harpooner held the tiller firmly with his knees to bring the boat's head round, and rush after the flying foe. At this instant the harpoon whizzed through the air deep into the monster's back, and was imbedded in the tough blubber. In a second the sail was again taken in, and the boat-steerer, springing back to the tiller, made room for the harpooner to throw his lance and give the leviathan of the deep his death-blow. Patrick stood in the bows, with his lance raised for a cast, and the crew tugged away at the harpoon rope, to brink their little barque close up to the prisoned fish. Patrick bent back, and while the flukes of the gigantic brute lashed the waves close to them, and it rose once again to escape the danger which it saw impending, the death-bearing steel sank deeply into the soft flank of the foe. In a second the harpooner withdrew it to repeat the blow, and the whale, in its fury, suddenly turned at bay, causing the sea to hiss and foam by its rage.

"Thick blood!" the crew shouted at this moment; but the voice of the harpooner was heard, "Back for your lives!" And while the boatswain threw his whole weight on the tiller, and leaned overboard to bring her head round, and ere the crew could ship their oars, the furious brute came up with open jaws, and seizing and crushing the thin planks, tore them asunder as if made of paper. Patrick saw the danger, knew what impended over them, and with an unshaking hand he again hurled the lance at the enemy, and pierced its eye, but he could not save the boat. The maddened brute probably did not feel the new wound in its death-struggles. For, blowing out the thick black blood, and only thirsting for revenge, it tore the boat in pieces, and the foaming, blood-stained waves soon closed over a mass of fragments and swimmers, who only tried to clutch at a plank in the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. Patrick had, quite unconsciously, seized the line to which the harpoon was fastened, winding it round his arm; the whale dragged him along through the discoloured waters, and he would inevitably have been drowned had the fish lived a few minutes longer. But the first cast had gone home, and rising again to the surface, the whale swam once or twice in a circle, lashed the trembling waves with its gigantic flukes, and then floated slowly and dead upon the blood-stained sea. Patrick, who had risen with it, and had been so unwillingly taken into tow by the

whale, swam quickly up to the floating monster, and seizing the harpoon still sticking in it, raised himself up at the very moment when a piercing shriek sounded close behind him. In horror he turned round; the cry for help was too agonising; but he felt as if stabbed to the heart when he saw, at no great distance from him, the dark dorsal fins of two sharks, which shot greedily back and forwards, while the gurgling in the water just behind him, and the lashing of the waves, betrayed the spot where one of his comrades was fighting the fight of death in the merciless clutches of a third brute.

Here and there a few of the unhappy men belonging to the boat were still floating on oars and planks, but only three were left of the merry fellows who, but a few minutes before, had boldly looked danger in the face, and now the hyænas of the deep were revelling beneath them. Of what avail was the powerless blow of the arm aimed at them, or the yell of despair? It was music in the ears of the cold fearful monsters, with their catlike eyes and giant strength; and the bloody foam which at the next moment floated on the surface of the water was the cerecloth of the unhappy men, and revealed their grave.

"That is fearful!" groaned Patrick, who had hardly strength enough to keep on the back of the whale that still offered him protection; "fearful thus to die, and no help!" And his eye sought desperately across the watery waste for the saving ship, which was tacking to pick up the other boats, far, far away on the horizon. And when they missed him, and sought for him, and could not find the boat with the glass, and sailed about for days in search of him, of what avail would that be to him? Only hours, minutes, perhaps, were allotted to him, and his murderers were bounding in their insatiate greed after their prey. Shudderingly he concealed his face in his hands, almost forgetting his own peril, not to see the death-struggles of his comrades around him, which was only a counterpart of what awaited him; but the hissing and beating of the waves compelled him at last, with that instinct of self-preservation which clings to a straw, to think of his own salvation, or at least to defer his fate as long as was possible, in order to leave room for any possibility of help. The harpoon in the back of the whale, which he drove still deeper into the blubber, offered him a support to keep him on the slippery, smooth mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the head and using it as a weapon of defence against the greedy sharks, still he immediately gave up the idea again. Once washed into the sea, even the sharp steel would be no protection against the agile shark, which would infallibly seize its prey eventually, and then draw him down in spite of all the wounds it might receive. But one thing he could do. The handle of the harpoon, a short, stout oak stick of about two inches in diameter, was still firmly fixed in the steel; this he pulled out, cut it away from the line with the lanyard-knife every sailor wears on his person, and then fastened the cord to the ring of the harpoon. And while he twisted the cord tightly round his left hand to have a better holdfast, he seized the shaft with renewed confidence, and awaited with tightly-clenched teeth and flashing eyes the attack of the foe, which, however, was deferred for some time.

The sharks were satiated for a while, and played in the streams of blood which stained the water around, rather than sought for fresh prey:

they tried at times to catch hold of the slippery, broad carcase of the whale, or swam lazily or sleepily among the fragments of the boat, seizing a plank and holding it for a while between their teeth, and then pushing it before them with their round, spade-shaped upper jaw. The weather, fortunately, was quiet and calm, and the rippling waves, in which the whale rose and sank, washed over Patrick, but not one of the sharks had come near enough to scent him, or, if it had done so, had it noticed him; and he hoped, perhaps, that he would be able to hold his own unassailed until the ship could come up to save him, or, at least, send its boats. But where was the ship? Father of mercy! there was no prospect of release for a long, long while. For even at the distance he then was, it could not escape the sailor's practised eye that it was keeping away from him. The other boats, therefore, had caught their fish, and with their booty alongside, would not be able to look after him. At the same time, the sun burnt, hot and scorching, on his forehead, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Water!—the limpid waves bathed his feet, and should he perish of thirst? He knelt down and washed his forehead and temples, and eyes and lips, in order to have a slight refreshment, and then he bound his handkerchief round his head—for he had lost his hat at the destruction of the boat—in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or else, though satiated and over-satiated, it could not resist its desire for more prey; for just as he raised his hands, he noticed that one of the largest dark fins, which projected above the water, was swimming in a direct line towards him. He had, in fact, scarcely time to raise himself, and prepare his weapon for defence, when a tremendous fellow of some thirteen feet in length shot up to him, and tried to turn over on the back of the whale, and pluck off what was still upon it. But with the danger, all the sailor's daring courage returned to him, and swinging the heavy shaft in his hand, and holding the rope firmly in the other, he struck the head of the monster such a powerful and well-directed blow that the shark, half stunned, slipped off the whale and sank ere it could prepare for a renewal of hostilities, or perhaps make up its mind to such a serious step.

But other sharks had been attracted by the noise and splashing, and although they did not dare an immediate attack on the bold mortal who ventured to withstand them in their native element, still they continually swam in narrower circles round the spot where he was sitting, and once or twice came so near that Pat gave them one or two hearty blows across the jaws, to teach them to be respectful to him and keep their proper distance. But the shark is a greedy, obstinate brute, and, even if dangerously wounded, always returns to any booty it has once scented, as long as it retains the necessary strength. So it was in this instance. Again and again the heavy stick was required to teach them that there was nothing here for them to fetch—at least, so long as the young Irishman felt himself strong enough to struggle against hunger and thirst, the scorching sunbeams, and the constant, fearful excitement of his nervous system in the tremendous danger that ever surrounded him.

And the ship—no hope of salvation thence! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and the ship lay far to windward, with its brightly glistening

sails. But the beasts that swam around him became more and more ravenous, and tried in vain to drive their teeth into the tough skin of the sperm fish; and when the stars were lighted, and gradually illumined the whole sky, even as far as the bright strip which still lay on the western horizon, he watched the glistening beams shooting athwart the limpid waves, as the sharks swam restlessly backwards and forwards, and the peril that beset him grew worse with the night.

He clearly saw the lights of his vessel hung out for him—he even noticed, when it grew quite dark, the bright glimmer of the blubber-lamps, and even the pale light which came from the stoves of the oil tryers, and were reflected in the idly-flapping sails. But what availed that to him? How could he hope to be seen from the ship in the darkness, and to be saved from his fearful position? and would merely human strength be able to endure it till the next morning? He was no longer strong enough even to keep on his feet, and sought to find some little relief in kneeling down for a minute, or so long as the approaching sharks permitted, upon his extraordinary float, and attempting to stretch himself at full length, even though it might be in the water. Fruitless hope! his tormentors left him no rest, and the danger of being surprised, seized, and pulled down to a certain death, was too imminent to allow him to await their attack. The most greedy of the brutes, a young fish of scarcely more than eight feet in length, once went so far as to seize the harpoon, and held it sufficiently long to be left half dry upon the sperm by the retiring wave; but the oak stick struck it such a fearful blow across its treacherous, crafty-looking eyes, that the shark glided off the slippery whale, turned up its white stomach, and sank. But others took the brute's place, and only the glistening streak in the dark water revealed their approach, and warned the unhappy man to prepare himself for the renewed attack.

Hour after hour thus passed in this fearful contest for life; but fresh hope was aroused in him when the ship drew nearer and nearer to him, and the signal-guns clearly and distinctly reached his ear. At last he was able to recognise the forms on deck, as they moved backwards and forwards in the flickering light. "Ahoy—ho—ahoy!" his wild despairing cry was wafted across the waters, as his comrades drifted slowly past without noticing him—"ahoy!"

Again was he compelled to defend his life, for the sharks, attracted by the sound of a human voice, came up from all sides, and their dark dorsal fins cleft the surface of the water in every direction. His blow fell repeatedly, and the end of the tough shaft was already splintered—blows which would have felled an ox, but produced no further effect upon the shark than to make it retire for a little while. And the ship? there it drifted, almost within hail. Again a signal-gun reached his ear, and he again employed the ensuing pause to send his cry for assistance across the waves to the spot where salvation lay, so near, and yet so unattainable. But the wind came from that quarter; though he could so distinctly hear the sound of the gun, and even distinguish the different voices on deck, he was unable to make them hear him. He only made his enemies around more and more active and rapacious, and their attacks became almost incessant.

His strength, his good spirits—which had till now been kept up by the *March*—VOL. CIII. NO. CCCXI.

hope of salvation—sank, when he saw the ship drift past—sank, when no means were left him to announce his proximity. The love of life alone kept him upright, and urged him to defend it against the savage brutes until his last breath.

Thus night passed away. The southern cross turned slowly—very slowly—to the West, and day at length broke in the far-distant East. He saw it all; he saw the sun rising from its ocean-bed, recognised the contour of his vessel, the graceful masts, and the bellying sails, attempted to make a last attempt to announce his existence, and tried to pull off his shirt and wave it in the air—a signal certain to be seen by the look-out at the mast-head—but he was not able to do it. His limbs were stiff and rigid, even his voice refused its service, and he could only produce a hoarse, gurgling sound; his eyes burned, his head went round and round, and a new wild idea, like a Will-o'-the-wisp upon the broadly-spreading sea, struck him and seemed to expel all else—every thought of help or salvation, every hope. He began to look out among the sharks that incessantly swam round him for the one on which he should hurl himself, and which he intended to destroy along with himself, by means of the sharp knife he wore. Again and again had this one attacked him, and allowed him neither peace nor rest, for even an hour at a time; again and again, although received by fierce blows and driven back, it returned, the most rapacious of the rapacious band, and revenge he determined to have on that enemy.

But his strength deserted him, the painful excitement of his mind and body threatened to overpower him, and although the sharks had not renewed their attack since daybreak, though they still kept round the dead whale—for they felt that he must soon become their prey without further trouble—he had fallen on his knees, and, half unconscious, only followed with his glance the dark, threatening fins. He had utterly forgotten the ship.

The loud halloo of the sailors that came to save him first aroused him from his lethargy; he saw the boat, but he could scarcely comprehend, it seemed, what it all meant, or where he actually was. But he raised himself once again, felt himself supported by friendly arms, greeted by cheering, encouraging words, and sank back in a fainting condition. The harpooner had received orders that, on arriving at the dark spot which had been seen from deck, if he found it was a dead whale, he was to give a signal by waving a white flag he had taken with him, and remain there till the other boats could be sent to his assistance to take the dead fish in tow. But they had not expected to find a single, half-dead messmate upon it. He therefore gave the signal and stuck the flag into the body of the dead whale, in order that the other boats might find the spot, and then rowed with the saved man, as fast as he could, to the vessel. Three of the sharks, which were not inclined to let their prey be so easily torn from them, followed the boat, and were severally lamed and killed by the harpooner, who could easily imagine how they must have terrified and tormented his messmate.

And so ends my story about a whale. The reader may remark to himself that it is "very like a whale!" but, mind! I do not vouch for its authenticity. I only tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

L. W.

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

BEFORE we plunge headlong into the Crimea—before we, in the words of the old nursery adage, “open our mouths, shut our eyes, and see what will be sent us,” as it is too much to be feared the British government did—suppose we consider a few of the immediate antecedents of the War. We are not going to enter into a long, dry, and laboured dissertation on the policy of the present Czar, from his succession in 1825 up to the year 1853, but leave our readers to consult Alison’s Second Series of “Europe” from 1815 to 1853, Urquhart’s “Russia,” or the many other histories which treat on this subject, and shall take a cursory glance at a few matters of interest not hitherto discussed in this way. It would be no flattery to any person’s capacity to tell him that this war in which we are now engaged is denominated by the Czar a “religious war”^{*}—the Crescent of Mahomed against the Cross of Christ—and it is by working on the superstitions of his barbarous and benighted hordes, by promising a place in Paradise to those who fall in battle, and by giving a plentiful supply of *raki*, that he brings his soldiers to face the armies of England and France combined. Still less would we enact the flatterer were we to attempt to show our readers the blasphemous falsehood of the Emperor’s assertion that the war—a war purely to gratify his own lust of ambition and conquest—was one of defence of the true religion, or that England and France, Christians in name, soul, and mind, would ever draw a sword but for the true faith.

The actual religion, however, professed by the Russian Church, which is not exactly that of the Greek Church, may not perhaps be equally as well understood by our readers, and it is to this head we first wish to turn their attention. The Greek Church, like the Latin one, acknowledges one supreme, under the name of “The Father”—the Pope—but, unlike the latter hierarchy, he is not chosen for any peculiar sacred characteristic; for any polemic talent in a clerical sense; nor any ascetic line of conduct for which he is justly conspicuous. No! like the senators in the Upper House of our British constitution, this clerical dignity is hereditary in Russia, and at this time devolves on a demon incarnate, who with “mild eyes” and specious mien devastates the world with battle, murder, and sudden death! The high pontiff, then, of the Russian Church is the Czar, and the doctrines his “flock” are bound to acknowledge are, that his spiritual power is as omnipotent as his temporal; that he, Nicholas, has the same plenary power to forgive all sins and wickednesses as is delegated to the Pope of Rome; and he arrogates to himself, in his

^{*} In proof of this, we subjoin a portion of the Czar’s manifesto, issued at St. Petersburg, Feb. 9, 1855:—“We fulfil the first of our duties, by invoking the support of the Almighty, with entire faith in His grace, and full confidence in the love of our subjects, animated by the same feelings of devotion to our creed, to our orthodox Church, and to our dear country. . . . More than once have we experienced painful trials. Yet, menaced Russia always found her salvation in her humble reliance on Heaven, in the ties uniting the Sovereign to his beloved subjects; and, as formerly, so it will be now. God, who reads hearts, blesses your intention, and will grant you his aid.”

clerical capacity, the power to issue fiats of canonisation by which are appointed the saintly candidates of the Muscovite hagiology! We have therefore but little doubt Prince Menschikoff has been already translated to some lofty state in the saintly calendar, and Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund Lyons, marked by very black letters, are very probably condemned by the no less fallen titles of even Lucifer Major and Lucifer Minor themselves.

After our "mild-eyed friend," the next chief dignitary of the Orthodox Church is the senior metropolitan, then the minor metropolitans, then the archbishops and bishops, and finally the archi-mandrites, or parish priests. Like the Popish Church in Ireland and Italy, most of its clergy are drawn from the lower ranks of the community; but unlike the Roman persuasion, the Russian clergy are *compelled* to enter the marriage state, with a prospect of degradation to penal labour in some far-distant mines should the unfortunate priest *survive his wife!* The paramount object, therefore, in selecting a wife by these clergymen, is that she should have a *good constitution!* These priests, too, unlike any religious sect of either ancient or modern times, can be degraded to a lay condition of the lowest order; and an ecclesiastic has been often known to take service in the army as a rank and file, or perform the most laborious duties to earn his daily bread, after he has been stripped "of his gown" and that sacerdotal character acquired by ordination! Can it, therefore, be a matter of surprise to our readers when we assure them the Russian clergy are, as a rule, the objects of the greatest ridicule and contempt to their flocks? Intemperance is of frequent occurrence amongst their order, and abstinence and sobriety are not amongst the practical "articles of their faith."

There is also an ecclesiastical commission, called the Holy Synod, that directs the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Orthodox Church; and by a happy combination of the church militant with the church military, its president is a *general officer!* Admiral Prince Menschikoff is one of its most holy luminaries, although we much fear he forgot greatly his sacerdotal character in taking a fair friend to witness the battle of Alma, who became the spoil of the victors on the occasion of the capture of his Holiness's carriage!

Under such a hierarchy it can be a matter of no doubt of the dark and benighted condition of the lower classes of Russia in regard to their knowledge of God; but when we quote the impressive words of Lord Shaftesbury, who proclaimed to every realm where the English tongue is known or read, through the British House of Lords, that "no association was allowed in Russia for religious purposes; no printing-presses were permitted for printing the Bible in modern Russ, and no version of the Scriptures was allowed to be imported into Russia except those that were in English, French, Italian, and German, and not a single copy of the Bible in modern Russ, the only language which the people understood, was allowed to be in circulation. This was forbidden under the severest penalties, and it was believed that not a single copy of the Scriptures had been printed in Russia in the language of her people since 1823." We feel sure that every one who read these words will shudder with alarm for the souls of a people but a few degrees in capacity above the negro savages of Timbuctoo or the heathen

Bosjemen of Africa. Certainly there are enlightened Russians as there are enlightened Turks, but the majority of the latter cry, "There is a God, and Mahomet is his Prophet;" whilst the former say, "There is a God, and Nicholas, our Czar, is his Pontiff." We are, therefore, utterly unable to see what effect on Christianity a Russian hierarchy in Turkey would have, or by what the end of the world's redemption would be furthered, when all people are to be brought as "one flock under one shepherd," by his Holiness Pope Nicholas fulminating his anathemas from Constantinople to disbelieving Osmanlis, and translating to his saintly calendar the converted mollahs and softas of Abdul Medjid's realms!

Surely, however, this flimsy veil of religion with which the Czar covered his lust of ambition and conquest can be torn away by any of us, and the *truth* become transparent to the meanest capacity. The city of Constantinople is the finest in the world. It would, indeed, be presumptuous in any writer to attempt to vie with its description as given by our great northern historian, to whose work we must refer our readers.* It would be a change, indeed, to pass from the cold, frigid, ice-bound St. Petersburg to luxurious, sunny, delightful Constantinople. But was this all the long-sighted ambition of Nicholas required—simply, as he said, to regenerate a fallen kingdom, depose the Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan, "the sick man," and place Constantine Romanoff on the throne of the Osmanlis? No! The harbours of the Bosphorus would hold a gigantic fleet, and the arsenals of Sebastopol and Constantinople an adequate amount of military and naval stores. An immense army might be embarked, and the rich and fair shores of the Mediterranean, from Constantinople to Gibraltar, laid waste, whilst at the same moment a similar armada might sail from the Baltic, and, making a diversion, paralyse the powers of England and France to help Austria, Italy, and Spain; and thus would Nicholas Romanoff fulfil his destiny, and "Europe become Cossack!" To effect this end, Nicholas essayed the favourite weapon of the Russian—subtle diplomacy.

To substantiate our assertions.

Through an unfortunate blunder of the subtle diplomacy of which my Lord Aberdeen played "the beau rôle" to the Czar's perfect satisfaction, an inconsiderate "leader" in the *St. Petersburg Gazette* drew forth a secret correspondence from the "Star Chamber" of our red-tapists, by which it appeared the antidote to our swallowing the Muscov poison, and acknowledging Turkey un monsieur effete, was the important possession of Egypt, and his sacred and imperial highness threw into the bargain the little Isle of Candia. It might be worth our acceptance, it might not; if not in a commercial view, mayhap in a classical one; perchance enable a Layard or a Kean to dramatise some reminiscences of it from Virgil, and give a mise en scène, with appropriate music, of our new annexation at the Princess's Theatre. France was next tried with equally as specious arguments and offers; and finally failing with both, our milk-eyed Pope even offered the Turks 400,000 men to go on some marauding expedition—no one knew where, or how—to lay waste some kingdom—say Spain, Portugal, Austria, or Sardinia—so long as Turkey

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. xv., pp. 135 to 140.

made herself unprotected, and the Czar could have his wicked sway! Let us pause here, and inquire whether the 9th chapter of the Romans and 17th verse might not immediately point to Nicholas Romanoff. For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh: "Even for the same purpose have I raised thee up that I may show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth."

All diplomatic attempts thus failed the Czar. So, in the words of Holy Writ, "whom he will the Lord hardeneth;" and the heart of this modern tyrant became hardened, and "*the opportunity*" was only wanting unto him! The year 1853 was ushered in as quiet as it well could be; except by an antecedent storm on Christmas-eve, which blew such a hurricane as will ever be known as one of the mile-stones of time; yet the year was to be the "*opportunity*" that Nicholas selected on which to gain his ends. It had certainly these advantages—Lord Aberdeen was Premier of England, an old and tried friend of the Czar's of forty years' standing; the ministry was a coalition one; England feared an invasion from France; the newspapers, especially the *Times*, teemed with such rodomontades (it was not probable, therefore, the Saxons and Gauls would "kiss and make friends" so readily); we had actually no navy; and Madame B—— even wrote to her imperial master: "The British have no army either, only a few dandies and burgesses, dressed in fine clothes." Austria owed Russia a debt of gratitude since 1849; that state will remain neutral, so thought Nicholas. And as for Prussia, why—'umh! Alas! we are compelled to state the king was married to a most imperative woman, who, to use a more expressive than elegant idiom, "hen-pecked her husband to imbecility;" but more sad still to relate, the king had become an inordinate drunkard; his love for Cliquot champagne had increased to such an extent, that it was rarely he tumbled less than a bottle a night. Unhappily for a noble nation, which every one must allow the Prussian nation is, our "mild-eyed Pope" excited the vice of his much-to-be-pitied brother-in-law, besides urging daily the "matrimonial torture," until the poor king's impaired nature became *lost*, and the once respected Frederick of Prussia himself became as near the perfection of an idiot as the rules of civilisation permits even a king to be at large.

Such was the state of Europe in Russia's own idea, whilst she herself was thoroughly prepared; her army immense; her fortresses impregnable; her commissariat amply supplied.

Let us inquire what was the state of England. We, fearless of contradiction, assert, the most "careless indifference." "Oh," says one, "we know Talleyrand's famous speech, Russia is une monarchie absolue, limitée par l'assassinat." Then says another, "You know the whole Russian fleet is eat up by torredo navalis; besides, they have *no army*. Faugh, sir!—a parcel of serfs." "Faix, sir, their artillery could not hit the Hill of Howth three yards off," said an Irishman. "Then you know, sir," said a Scotchman, "what Monsieur Ducos said to Kisseleff when he vaunted of the Russian fleet: 'C'est bon, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, mais en vérité je ne savais pas que vous aviez tant de bois à brûler.'" With these, and such as these—the most silly fictions—the British nation lulled themselves into the most torpid security. Was it not the working out of that prophecy in the 39th chapter of *Ezekiel*, 6th verse,

where judgment cometh against "them that dwell carelessly in the isles," for "they shall know that I am the Lord?" We greatly fear it was.

At military club-houses "war" was pooh-poohed at the mess-tables. "Faugh! Fight the Russians? Bosh, sir! We should have France, and Portugal, and Austria, and all the Poles, on our side; and even America, though she may try to 'rile' us, would stand by us if any one attacked us." Some said it would only be a naval warfare; and others, a peace campaign, the change of the venue of a grand review from Chobham to Turkey. Even up to the Christmas of 1854 the same careless indifference reigned throughout the army. In a regiment the "noes" and "yesses" were pretty equal, and the betting invariably even; whilst the more thinking and best-read portion of the officers merely thought the storm would pass over "in diplomacy." One regiment would not even believe the purport of a private note from their lieutenant-colonel in town, saying he had that day seen the adjutant-general at the Horse Guards, and an expeditionary army of ten thousand men were to be sent to Turkey immediately—nay, the odds were taken, "Dublin against Turkey." Forty-eight hours afterwards a letter of readiness arrived, and they embarked in a week. Since then—barely twelve months—many sleep the calm and glorious sleep of a soldier's death; others have fallen victims to the insidious foes of disease, cold, hunger, and snow; but some remain to reap the rewards of untarnished glory when they planted the British standards on Alma's heights, and victory proclaimed that English blood, and English courage, and English steel, had won the day!

We could tell a score of such tales as that—How a fond mother wrote her only son, "she herself, although no Spartan mother, had no fear for him, her child, for she knew positively the Queen had assured the young wife of the Duke of Saxe Weimar *not a shot would be fired.*" An Indian officer, who had seen some service, wrote to a friend in the expeditionary army: "You will have a nice trip to Constantinople; and Turkey, I opine, will be better fun than 'jingling' about in 'country quarters,' and cruising up the Mediterranean or Bosphorus far preferable, surely, than beating up the Shannon. But the bark of the Czar is far more dangerous than his bite; and as for seeing a shot fired in anger, that is all twaddle." Another lady of title and education assured her friends she had no fears for "her boy." "For," continued she, "as soon as Nicholas hears the French and English armies combined have landed, he will *make his troops run away*, and no blood be shed." But why go on multiplying instances that every one must know, as well as those written here? Many assured us the Russian ambassador would only go to the Hague. Some said not further than Brighton, and that peace and industry would succeed anxiety and despotism before spring! The monthly periodicals first scouted the idea of war, then spoke with certainty of its ultimate results, and, finally, when the expedition had sailed, said it "would be a race to the Balkans"—a race that caused more anxiety than ever did a Derby or a St. Leger, and which, by-the-by, never came off.

How was our government preparing themselves? Well, except raising the artillery to a war establishment in the Christmas of 1852, and not sending the reliefs from the Mediterranean, but to those garrisons on

that coast, and *talking* about mobilising the militia, they did NOTHING! The cavalry and infantry were *not* augmented, and the commissariat and medical departments were only a *name*!

Now the chief mover in this aggression was the high-priest of the ecclesiastical synod, his Holiness Prince Menschikoff, the gentleman who so far forgot his *rôle* as to introduce "a lady" to the battle of Alma, who so shortly became *hors de combat*. Menschikoff is a man of restless and arbitrary disposition.

We shall here introduce two rather amusing anecdotes relative to the Russian commander-in-chief:

"Sur l'un des vaisseaux qu'il commandait chaque jour, le prince Menschikoff inventait quelque exercice d'ensemble pour mieux assouplir ses soldats. Un jour, lorsque le vaisseau filait à toutes voiles, il ordonnait, à un signal donné, à l'équipage de se livrer à l'exercice de la pêche : à ce commandement 1500 marins et soldats, y compris les officiers, s'armaient de lignes improvisées ; à un second commandement, toutes les lignes étaient plongées dans l'eau, et tous les bras restaient tendus jusqu'à ce qu'un troisième commandement vint les relever de cette position. Puis le prince ordonnait le repos et rentrait satisfait dans sa cabine, où aucun soldat ne devait pénétrer sous les peines les plus sévères."

On another occasion : "On simulait un branle-bas de combat. Tout le monde était à son poste. Canonniers aux pièces, chirurgiens au fond des batteries à l'ambulance avec troussees déployées. Avant l'action le prince Menschikoff, muni d'un bâton de craie, parcourait les postes, puis, prenant çà et là quelques soldats, il indiquait à chacun, par un signe, l'endroit où, à un moment donné, il devait être blessé, et conséquemment exprimer la souffrance jusqu'à ce qu'on le portât à l'ambulance, où le chirurgien devait simuler le pansement ou l'amputation, selon le caractère assigné d'avance à la blessure. Une fois un artilleur, désigné pour faire semblant d'être blessé au bras, n'en continuait pas moins à charger sa pièce contre l'invincible ennemi. Le prince Saint Hors-de-Combat d'Alma, croit voir en lui un récalcitrant : 'N'as-tu pas compris,' lui dit-il, 'que tu es blessé au bras droit?' L'artilleur répondit : 'Je vous demande mille pardons, seigneur, mais j'ai encore *le bras gauche* pour combattre.' [Was this a hit at Menschikoff's "Corinthian" propensities?] Enthousiasmé d'une si noble réponse, le prince Saint Hors-de-Combat d'Alma tire sa craie et de suite trace une large croix (?) sur la poitrine de l'artilleur, en lui disant : 'Tu es brave [query *rusé*]; je te récompense.' Et tout le temps de sa campagne postiche en mer, le soldat fut forcé de porter sa croix blanche sur sa capote."

On the 27th day of March, 1854, WAR was proclaimed. The announcement, however, was received as a mere every-day sort of affair compared to that of the massacre at Sinope, and the retirement of Lord Palmerston from the cabinet in the previous December. *Then* excitement—a thorough Saxon excitement—evinced itself in London, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow! The victories of the Ottoman troops over the Russians were Kalafat, Citate, Giurgevo, and Silistria. Of these, glorious as they are to the Osmanlis, we shall not offer any comments thereon in this our present paper.

The occupation of Bulgaria by the allies presents, at first, no subjects worthy of mention in this cursory glance at things in general in

1854. We must not, however, fail to mention the thorough "fraternisation" that existed between our own troops and those of our good allies the French—games, fun, jokes, and hurdle-races were the order of the day; whilst the first attempts at campaigning of the English were so truly ridiculous, and such apt subjects for the good-natured satire of our light-hearted comrades of war, that we were caricatured in no time. "I remember," writes one gentleman, "old — of the —, six feet four, trying to curl himself up into his tent, and, when he had taken his rest, awaking suddenly in the morning and forgetting where he was. He used to jump up and boldly carry off his tent, looking just like the Cock-lane ghost, with a canvas extinguisher on his head. The French surnamed him 'le grand dindon.'"

By-the-by, that same officer showed the Irish gallantry of his family, and, although severely wounded, cheered on his men up the heights of Alma until victory crowned their efforts. The only attempts at anything offensive or defensive, on our part, against Russia, were an excellently well-executed reconnaissance of the light brigade, under Lord Cardigan, and the naval affair at the mouth of the Sulina river. At the latter a Russian officer was taken prisoner, and sent to Lord Raglan's cantonments, where, of course, he received every attention, and was even offered rooms in the commander-in-chief's quarters; but these he refused, preferring to bivouac in his lordship's *stables*! Our officers had many opportunities of conversing with him, and found he was very intelligent and gentlemanly, a good linguist, and well educated. Our officers, too, had many opportunities of making him, besides, little presents of flannel shirts, boots, and socks, for all which he expressed himself deeply thankful. He was fully impressed we were fighting solely for the Turks, and said what a pity the great nations of the world should fight for such a degenerate race. When he spoke of his release he was deeply affected. He loved his country; he had a mother, sisters, and a fiancée, but yet he must fight for his Emperor, perhaps against those very English who had shown him so much kindness! Alas! such was war! His release shortly arrived, being in exchange for one of the officers taken in the *Tiger*. He left the camp of the allies full of hope and of protestations of gratitude and love to his noble benefactors. If ever they had the misfortune to be taken prisoners, he trusted he should be able to repay their kindness. He should cherish their presents for ever as mementoes of many happy hours past. He should once again see his mother, his sisters, and his fiancée! Poor fellow! He little knew the fate that awaited him. On his return he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot, which sentence was carried into immediate execution!

The love of ammonia arising from stables evinced by this unfortunate and gallant young soldier, is curious enough—not singular amongst his country people. In the district of Esthonia, in Russia, the most approved season for making love is when the meadows are being dressed for future crops; and many marriage contracts are signed during that month!

During the occupation of Varna by the allies, the cholera broke out fiercely amongst the troops. The cavalry and Household Guards suffered most, whilst the French lost somewhere about four times the number of the English. By an official return on the 21st of August, the French had about seven thousand men dead and about six thousand sick, but our

loss hardly reached to six hundred. It is, therefore, apparent, as was always said, that no constitutions are so good as the Saxon-Celt of the British army for any climate, and it was only by extreme and disgraceful neglect that we subsequently lost so many by disease.

In August, the cavalry horses at Varna began to fall off, for the English horse was found unsuited for the climate and country, and power was therefore sent to Lord Raglan to send for the 10th Hussars from Bombay, all mounted on Arabs.* This, however, was not done until the end of the following winter.

The commissariat was even here infamous and scandalous to a degree. You had an official communication to make and an official receipt to give, and a hundred-and-one other official things to do before you got a ration of bread and meat to satiate your hunger. Gentlemen who live at home and at ease, and have piquant entrées, marmalade, eggs, bread, rolls, toast, tea, and coffee, served at ten A.M., and sit down, eat, and ask no questions, will naturally feel surprised that a poor soldier had as much trouble in getting his miserable ration as they would have in settling the whole of their Christmas bills! Yet such was the case. "Oh, for a Beresford!" wrote an officer, in the bitterness of want: "we can beat the Russians, but we cannot beat hunger!"

The Russians retired beyond the Pruth, evidently expecting the attack on the Crimea, although so "dark" had the intended descent on Sebastopol been kept, that Lord Raglan's personal staff were as ignorant of what was intended as the "last-joined recruit." On the 7th of September the expedition started, and independent of cavalry and artillery, about 24,000 effective British infantry embarked without any mishap. We shall pass over the landing of the allied army, and the long, severely-trying march, for do we not read of all this in every newspaper and periodical we take up? On the 20th of September the famous battle of the Alma was fought. On the extreme right of the allies was the sea; next came those gallant campaigners the Zouaves, then the French army, with a contingent of Turks, whilst the left of the line was held by the British, whose flank was protected by cavalry. On the opposite lefty cliffs and precipitous slopes were posted the Russian army. The sea also protected their left, whilst their right rested on the little village of Boulouk. This memorable battle lasted for two hours and a half, when such a complete rout, such a terrible confusion ensued, as any veteran soldier or deep-read historian can call to remembrance. The terror-stricken Russians fled in all directions, throwing away necessaries, kits, arms, ammunition, and knapsacks, saving alone their heavy ordnance, and the British and French troops, the eagle and the lion, remained victors of the day.

Is not this verifying the words of the Prophet Ezekiel (chapter xxxix. ver. 1-4): "Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal: and I will turn thee back, and leave but the sixth part of thee, and will cause thee to come up from the north parts, and will bring thee upon the mountains of Israel: and I will smite thy bow out of thy left hand, and will cause thine arrows to fall out of thy right

* During Lord Keene's campaign, the 4th Light Dragoons, mounted on Arabs, were far more efficient than the 16th Lancers or 3rd Light Dragoons mounted on stud horses.

hand. Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel, thou, and all thy bands, and the people that is with thee: I will give thee unto the ravenous birds of every sort, and to the beasts of the field to be devoured."

Then in the previous chapter (chap. xxxviii. ver. 8-6), where the prophet says, "Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal: and I will turn thee back, and put hooks into thy jaws;" and after describing the army, horsemen in armour, and a great company of swordsmen, the prophet adds, "Gomer, and all his bands"—France—"the house of Togarmah of the north quarters, and all his bands: and many people with thee." Again, in the 16th verse of the same chapter, when denouncing judgment against Gog (Russia), Ezekiel says, "that the heathen" (the Turks) "may know me, when I shall be sanctified in thee, O Gog, before their eyes."

It will be very naturally asked upon what grounds we have passed over so glorious a victory as that of Alma in the cursory manner which we have done. We simply must reiterate the former reasons we gave for passing over in the same cavalier manner the landing of our army at Eupatoria and the march to the Alma, because every incident of this great battle, through the newspapers and periodicals, is as familiar to us all "as household words." We must, however, pay our humble tithe of admiration and praise to the brave 23rd and 33rd Regiments, and to the rest of the brigade commanded by General Codrington; to the gallant Highland brigade, the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd, commanded by Sir Colin Campbell; and to the noble Zouaves, who turned the left flank of the enemy.

Let us now mention two "incidents" that occurred during the battle of the Alma. With every respect for our good allies the French, we must not pass over their faults, and one of their great blunders was the appointment of Marshal St. Arnaud. A comedian in early life, he had too much of "the effect" in his nature, too mindful of "the clap-trap of the gas-lamps and sawdust" for the steadiness and judgment of a great commander. In the heat of the battle he sent two or three excited messages to Lord Raglan, assuring his lordship that "*nous sommes tous massacrés*." Against his better judgment, and overthrowing the original plan agreed upon in the council of war, his lordship gave the order "to advance"—the old British command, "*fix bayonets—charge!*"—and up those lofty heights yon towering masses, with a clear blue Italian sky overhead, and a deep river to be forded at the foot of the steppes, "the British Grenadier" charges onwards—upwards—grape and shell throwing in their deadly showers amongst their ranks until they reached the rugged heights, and drove the enemy before them at the bayonet's point, like sheep to destruction, and victory once again crowns the British arms, and proves to Britons that the sons of the heroes of Cressy, Poitiers, the Peninsula, Waterloo, and the banks of the Sutlej, have in nowise degenerated from their ancient valour, or disgraced their fathers' names!

Poor Sir John Young! He deserved a better fate—a more noble enemy! Escaping the dangers of the battle, when his regiment, the Welsh Fusiliers, were mowed down on every side, he passed over the bloody field when the fight was over; seeing a wounded Russian moaning deeply, and with gestures earnestly craving a little drink of water, this kind and Christian officer rushed to a stream hard by, and filling his can-

teen, gave his enemy drink. The Muscov drank fiercely, quenched his thirst, felt relieved, and drawing forth his loaded firelock, hitherto concealed under his body, the savage brute took deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, and cowardly assassinated his benefactor! Poor Younge fell mortally wounded, and in five minutes breathed his last breath! Tragic as this incident is, how much more will its sadness be heightened when we tell our readers the gallant soldier had only just wedded, in Cornwall, a lovely girl of acknowledged beauty, and of a mind and manners equalling, if not surpassing, her features!

On the 23rd the allies again commenced their march, after achieving the victory of Alma, but singular to state, only possessing two guns as trophies after so complete a rout of the enemy,* and crossing the Katsha and Belbeck (from beck, ancient name of brook, and now used in Yorkshire, and Bel-Baal, the heathen god of that name) by a flank march, reached Sebastopol. Here a council of war was held; Sir George Cathcart was for a *coup de main* assault, and offered to lead on his own division, who were ready to follow, and only asked for one other as a reserve. This advice was overruled by the majority of the council of war. Under this head much has been written and said. There is no doubt the army in Sebastopol were unprepared, and, moreover, unarmed, and that none of the earthworks since raised had been begun; but then the town was filled with old men, women, and children, and the massacre would have been terrible. Supposing, again, the allies had become masters of the southern part, it is a question for generals, not newspaper reporters or magazine writers, to say whether they could have held their victory, or have blown up the northern side, which, after all, seems the most impregnable. We offer, of course, no opinion on this head.

On the 7th of October about 1500 to 2000 Cossacks, detached in front from the main body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, crossed the Tchernaya and approached our lines. Our cavalry were immediately ready, and prepared, and earnestly prayed to be allowed "to charge." Their wishes were not granted, and the Cossacks retired. From this time the Light Brigade became surnamed "The Look-on Dragoons," "The Irregular Horse," "The swells who cannot dance *or* fight." It is a great pity our cavalry were not allowed to charge, as there is no doubt, as they outflanked the enemy, that if properly directed they could have completely cut off the retreat of the Russian horse; but still more is it to be pitied that this "camp chaff" was taken so seriously, or so feelingly, by the Light Brigade, for there is no doubt the fatal charge on the 25th may be entirely attributed to these circumstances.

On the 25th, the redoubts near the Woronzow road were guarded by Turks, which every one of our readers knows as well as ourselves gave way before a Russian attack. These redoubts being carried, the Russian cavalry and artillery divided into two bodies advanced; one portion made towards the 93rd Highlanders, which gallant regiment deployed into line, and prepared to receive some 500 Cossacks in this position. A volley from the Minies of these sturdy Highlanders threw the Russian cavalry into extreme disorder, and they retired in confusion; many

* We understand the Czar has issued a ukase that no amount of human life is to be spared, so long as the guns do not fall into the hands of the allies.

assert without any loss. This we have reason to believe was not the case, for an eye-witness informs us he was certain the volley was most "effective." We cannot credit a body of Russian cavalry, 500 strong, would be turned back at the reports of the muskets of one regiment drawn up in line. Our informant further says he saw many Russians fall back on their horses, although none fell off. It was, therefore, generally believed that they were strapped on to their horses, so that the returns of killed and wounded of cavalry, given in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, should be "nil." The other division, about 1000 strong, advanced towards our camp, but were received by the Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons, supported by the Royals and 5th Dragoon Guards, whilst the 4th Dragoon Guards at the same moment made a descent on the flank of the enemy. It was a glorious sight to see the onslaught of the British Dragoons! The poor Russians made one feeble attempt to rally, and then fled in terrible disorder! From a letter received from one who took no mean part in the affair, it mentions the extreme inferiority of the Russian cavalry. "The men were perfectly placid, and made a poor attempt at defence. They were either awe-struck to imbecility, or stupid from the effects of raki."

Where so many were brave it might be invidious to mention one, but a slight anecdote of a "gallant spirit" shall find a space here. Corporal Ryan, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, a six-feet-four-inch "Tipperary boy," immediately on the command "Charge!" being given to his corps, rushed to the front, and spurring his horse to madness, and screaming a wild Irish hoo-rush, dashed single-handed at the flank of the 1000 Russians! For a moment it was a scene of breathless excitement; alone, unsupported, he fought hand to hand with the Cossacks, dealing death and carnage around—the clashing of steel, the mingling of horses. Seven men are said to have fallen under his broadsword before the brave fellow fell himself—dead, pierced by twenty wounds! Rash as he was, he deserved a better fate!

Well—alas! well indeed—would it have been had the victory of the "Heavies" been deemed sufficient for one day. Lord Raglan, under an impression that the enemy was removing the guns captured from the Turks, ordered the Light Brigade to advance, and endeavour to prevent them. The order was confided to Captain Nolan, on whose head the whole blame has been placed. Justly or unjustly, he has to answer before another and a greater Judge. He fell, cheering on the men in their "death ride," mortally wounded in the breast. This we can, however, say in defence of his memory: the order was a written order, and in the handwriting of the quartermaster-general; and this document, we believe, Lord Lucan has preserved until this day. The Earl of Lucan gave the order "to advance;" Lord Cardigan opposed such madness; he had that morning made a reconnaissance, and he knew the enemy was in force. Again the order "to advance" is given, and British cavalry OBEY. Characteristic of their ancient valour, they ride to certain destruction. A splendid brigade, the finest, perhaps, ever sent into the battle-field, charge the whole Russian army, exposed to a murderous fire from both flanks! How any single man escaped is alone an interposition of Almighty God. It was a miracle which the friends and

relations of those who *did* escape, as well as they themselves, ought ever to bear in remembrance, as a proof of the greatness and loving kindness of the Lord. Such barbarous cruelty as the Russians evinced on this occasion must for ever remain an eternal stigma on their name. In the agony of wounds our poor soldiers were coolly butchered and murdered by these cowardly savages, or defenceless and dying, stripped of their clothes, and left to perish from cold and exposure by these cruel assassins!

To enumerate the courage and daring of any individual when all were so brave, is, perhaps, partial, but we cannot resist giving a portion of a letter relative to Lord Cardigan's conduct on this memorable, though melancholy occasion: "Lord Cardigan, having remonstrated, now prepared to obey, and rode 'his death ride' as coolly and as unconcerned as I have seen him in days of yore ride a fox hunt with the Quorn from Kirby-Gate, or with the Pycheley from Crick Gorse, when we were quartered at jolly old Nottingham or Coventry. He is *indeed* a brave man, and we have named him my Lord Charge-again. . . . He had a new suit on that day worth a hundred guineas—what spoils for the Cossacks had he fallen."

Colonel Low of the 4th Light Dragoons, and Major Morris of the 17th Lancers, deserve special notice. The 17th Lancers were cut up almost to a man! It was the first action this regiment had ever been in, and rightly have they deserved the insignia* they bear, and "*Balaklava*" will surely be sufficient emblazonment for twenty actions. For three years they had been quartered in Dublin, and enjoyed unequalled popularity. It was heartbreaking and fearful, therefore, to see friends, relatives, wives, and children, crowding round the newspaper offices in that city, on the day when the terrible news was telegraphed. Few but had lost a son or a friend, and Dublin was indeed a city of desolation and mourning.

Many "camp shaves" were of course told of that charge. We select one as rather amusing, which, of course, we need not say is only an "army canard:"

"Well, George, inquired Lord Baglan of a distinguished officer, "how did you feel under fire?"

G.—"At first rather queer, my lord; especially when the second shot killed my major."

Lord R.—"Come! come! that could affect you but little. Yourself and your major were always at enmity."

G.—"The next shot knocked over my trumpeter."

Lord R.—"Well! that would have effected you still less, methinks; for, egad, I always heard you were your own *trumpeter*. Never mind, it was a *gallant charge*, and you rode it as your ancestors ever have done before you—bravely—nobly!"

This canard, we opine, would suit some of our German or French almanack writers.

It was indeed a glorious and noble charge! Our French allies call it "*un héroïsme magnifique—mais pas la guerre?*"

Elated with the success of the 25th, on the following day several

* The insignia of the 17th Lancers are a death's head and cross-bones, with "*ON GLORY*" written underneath.

Russian divisions made an attack on the right flank of our position. These were most nobly repulsed by the gallant veteran, Sir De Lacy Evans, who, with a mere handful of men, killed 160 and took 30 prisoners of the enemy. We may perhaps observe here, *en passant*, that no officer in the British army has seen so much service, or been so severely wounded, as Sir De Lacy Evans.

We now come to Inkerman. Adhering strictly to our "plan of operations," to avoid giving full particulars of any event, but only allude to "incidents" of the campaign, we shall simply give a cursory sketch of this the greatest battle ever fought, and the greatest victory ever achieved, "by the British arms."

To tell our readers that our right was unfortified would be to tell them those things they may read in every magazine and newspaper that lately have teemed with such prolific news on this head. The Russians were aware of our weakness as well as ourselves, and through this cause Prince Menschikoff applied for immense reinforcements, which, through the agency of cars, carts, sledges, and even private carriages, were sent down to him in an incredible short space of time. Not satisfied with these, and certain of victory, he applied to have the Emperor's two sons sent to be spectators of the destruction of the invaders of the holy, "mild-eyed" Pope's domains, when the infidels were to have been "crushed, or driven into the sea!" To this appeal his Imperial master immediately despatched his two sons, and a *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men.

It was on Sunday, the 5th of November (a day still memorable for our deliverance from popish treason through the interposition of Almighty God), under cloak of a thick autumnal fog, that the enemy commenced the attack on the front of the second division of the British army. To describe the battle an eye-witness has assured us was impossible. The English were completely surprised, and the Russians were actually within our lines before any one had an idea but that they were chanting *Te Deum* in Sebastopol. The rush to arms was very quick; so much so, that the Guards had not even time to take off their great coats, in which they had to fight the whole day. Owing to the suddenness of the encounter and the nature of the ground, covered with short stunted oaks, the battle became a complete *mêlée*, one regiment became mixed up with another, nearly every man fighting indiscriminately; for which reason it has been justly named "the battle of battalions"—"the soldiers' victory." Each Englishman on that day was indeed "a hero!" Outnumbered—five to one were the Russians stronger than the British—both armies found they had expended all their ammunition, and nothing now remained but the bayonet. The English, supported by their "bull-dog courage," the Russians mad with raki, both lines came to a hand-to-hand engagement, and next day many were found locked together in the stern and vengeful grasp of death.

The ultimate advantage was sad to relate—small, beyond the loss of the Russians, which was upwards of 20,000 left dead on the field. Such a sight presented itself next day as no pen can depict; the Czar's troops lay in heaps, pile upon pile, over the bloody plains! Again no guns were captured; any number of lives were to be sacrificed rather than lose one piece of ordnance.

On this occasion we lost General Sir George Cathcart, and many other

brave spirits. Sir George Brown was wounded, and several besides, whose names have already appeared in the war-office gazettes. Of the brave, where all were brave, where each private soldier was a general, let us mention Sir De Lacy Evans, who, rising from a bed of sickness, careful not to detract from his junior officer's glory, the gallant Evans left him in command of the division, advising and cautioning, meanwhile, until the victory was gained, when Sir De Lacy retired modestly to his invalid's tent, and left his junior to reap the meed of honour and glory! For this Sir De Lacy received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Let us not forget, either, the brave Wilson, the assistant-surgeon of the 7th Hussars, who rallied the Guards, and cheered them on to charge again and again, for which he received the grateful thanks of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge on the field of battle. In contradistinction, let us tell how the youthful cubs of the Russian bear, who had travelled so many leagues to see the infidels of the allied armies "driven into the sea," behaved. "They cut, sir," says one letter, "as fast as ever their horses could gallop, rushing over their poor soldiers without the slightest compunction."

Mayhap their Imperial father had included them also in the same category as his ordnance. Be that as it may, at all events the Russians did not take better care of the Imperial cannons than did these illustrious whelps of their precious lives. On their return to St. Petersburg they were decorated with some order—the blanche plumes or white feathers we presume. Another instance of cowardice was a monster in the human form of a Russian major, who, although wounded himself, went about the battle-field stabbing those who lay in the agony of their wounds. The brute was taken in the very act, and an offer was made to Prince Menschikoff, that he should be handed over to the Russians! Faith he was not a meet subject for even the English hangman's rope! The high priest refused, and the Russian assassin was to be brought to trial on his recovery; the monster, however, anticipated public indignation, and died in hospital. A young Scotch surgeon preserved his skull, which we conclude will find a place in some prison museum of horrors, beside those of Hare, Burke, Greenacre, Good, and Courvoisier! Alas! this was not a solitary instance, for, as many of our gallant soldiers lay writhing on the ground, the Russian savages, more barbarous than the Sikhs, pierced them with their spears; and although an Imperial ukase has been issued by his mild-eyed Holiness Nicholas that none of "the infidels" are to be killed *after* the battle, they still attempt to murder the wounded and resistless, and demonstrate to the world the utter blasphemy of their religious asseverations! Again let us ask, whether the defeat of Inkerman was not that spoken of in the book of Ezekiel, in the 39th chapter—"Behold I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal"—when we consider Russia brought into the field an army of 60,000 men, with artillery acknowledged by every one to be vastly superior to our own, opposed to a mere handful of men, 8000 English and 6000 French soldiers, surprised and unprepared. Blunders were made on both sides. We know the hackneyed adage attributed to every general, from Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico's* fame, down to Napoleon Bonaparte, "that that general who makes the fewest blunders wins the day;" but there must have been

a great unseen and divine influence that gave a victory to so small a force over one so large, that defends the righteous and just cause, and that proves to his people, whether they be the Czars of all the Russias, clothed in purple, seated on their imperial thrones, or the miserable serfs who drag on their wretched existence in cruelty, ignorance, and want, that "l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose!" Since that day, sad, horrible, and heart-rending have been the accounts—starvation, fever, dysentery, and death, day by day, stare each man in the face. No medical, no commissariat departments. "Three or four ounces of pork and a reduced allowance of biscuit is bad feeding for a man who has eleven nights out of fourteen in the trenches up to his knees in water," says one letter. "An adjutant-general the other day had to wait five hours for a dose of castor-oil," says another letter. "If one of his rank, how long do you suppose a poor private soldier would have? But, then, there is plenty of copaiba in the hospital tents."—"We are entirely without clothing," says a third letter, "and our men are dying like rotten sheep from neglect. There is plenty at Balaklava, but we can get nothing up to the lines. The poor 46th lost seventy men in five days. It would do your heart good, however, to see the Zouaves; they are noble campaigners."

These are no concoctions from Printing-house-square, nor political grievances culled from the *Morning Herald*, but private letters written by officers, who are in verity suffering greater hardships than their noble natures will allow them to confess.

ITALA OF VALENCIA.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

I.

Thus spoke the brave Itala, with faltering voice and slow,
As he left his native city, seven hundred years ago:
"Now fare thee well, Valencia, fair city of the plain,
I look on thee as one who feels he ne'er may look again;
Thy waters, Guadalaviar, shall roll brightly as of yore—
My limbs shall cleave, my shallop skim, thy blue waves never more;
And thou, too, sweet Huerta, thy groves and gliding streams,
From this hour forth my aching gaze shall see them but in dreams;
For the Moorish banner flutters from El Real's lofty walls,
The Moor now holds him master in my murdered father's halls.

"Valencia! oh, Valencia! curse on this luckless day,
Those whom on earth I held most dear have perished in the fray.
What boots it if for thee and them I battled long and well?
Oh, would that I had fallen when my sire and brother fell!
I leave thee, and for ever, for my spirit brooks no chain,
And one against a countless host my single strength is vain;
I leave thee, and for ever, the last of all my race
Must win upon a foreign soil a name and resting-place;

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But wheresoe'er my fate may lead, my heart shall ever be,
 Thou best beloved and beautiful! turned yearningly to thee:
 Nay, Xucar! never champ thy bit, and toss thy flowing mane;
 Old friend, our sun of pride is set, and ne'er shall rise again."

The autumn day was waning, the red sun's parting rays
 Cast over stream, and tower, and town, a veil of golden haze;
 But the green herbage near the walls with valiant blood was dyed,
 And Moor and Spaniard, stiff and cold, were lying side by side.
 The shivered lance, the broken sword, the helmet, and the shield,
 That oft had served their masters well on many a hard-fought field,
 Gleamed idly in the trampled grass, shattered and worthless now,
 No more to stem the battle tide, or gleam on breast or brow;
 And as Itala's gallant steed fast through the valley flew,
 His rider saw amongst the dead full many a face he knew.

Oh, beautiful Huerta! thy vineyards droop with fruit,
 But in their sunny alleys the vintage song is mute;
 The olive and the cheanut, laden and ripened stand,
 But forth to glean their treasures comes no jocund peasant hand;
 As far around as eye can see the yellow corn-fields spread,
 Unreaped the bending, bursting ears their mellow burden shed;
 The happy voice of labour, its merry laugh is hushed,
 For the land hath changed its masters, and the reaper's heart is crushed.
 Speed on, speed on, Itala! thy foes spur fast behind;—
 Dost thou not hear their eager cries borne faintly on the wind?

Xucar, no steed that Spain can boast may match thy strength and speed;
 Thou'st borne thy lord through mimic fight, thou'st served his sorest need;
 But not to joust or tourney now, not to an equal strife,
 This eve ye go—Itala flies for liberty and life.
 Brave courser, art thou flagging? What marvel! since the morn,
 Without or food, or drink, or rest, the shock and rout thou'st borne;
 But brace thine iron sinews—faster, and still more fast;
 Oh, bravely done! the stream once crossed, peril and pain were past!
 Thou fliest with the speed of thought, thy proud hoofs spurn the plain,
 And now upon the water's edge Itala slackens rein.

Nay, pause not, pause not, Xucar! what though the stream be wide,
 Though fast and deep along doth sweep the Guadalaviar's tide,
 With the rage of famished tigers, that fear to lose their prey,
 The Moorish soldiers, fierce and wild, know neither stop nor stay;
 They deem the prize already won; they bend, they spur, they strain—
 Oh, Xucar! Xucar! fleet and strong, is all thy fire in vain?
 No! death alone can tame thee! "On! on!" Itala cried:
 A plunge—a snort—and horse and man are struggling with the tide.
 The Moors have reached the level shore, they loose a fisher's boat,
 And rest a moment on the oars, Itala's course to note.

Thy dark sides heave, and pant, and reek—oh, Xucar, gain yon beach!
 And thou art safe, far, far beyond the dark Morisco's reach;
 But thou art faint and weary to stem the current's flow;
 Itala trembles, for he sees thy small head drooping low.
 With frenzied look and fainting heart he grasps thy bridle-rein,
 But try to aid thee as he may, his help is all in vain;
 A dying bound, a long fierce neigh, the waters o'er thee close,
 And a glad yell bears witness to the triumph of thy foes.
 The wave was red with sunset's flush, 'tis redder now with gore,
 The heart's blood of a trusty friend—brave Xucar's flight is o'er.

Itala, were it thine to choose, 'thou'dst share thy courser's grave,
Nor grasp the cruel hands that seek a hopeless life to save;
But pale and cold as winter's snow, senseless as are the dead,
They snatch thee, not in mercy, from the troubled river's bed;
They bear thee swiftly back to land, back through the gathering night,
Over the dim and corpse-strewn plain, beneath the stars' faint light;
They load thy limbs with heavy chains, the dungeon's deepest cell
They deem meet place for thee whose deeds the voice of fame doth tell;
And when the broad and queenly moon through the blue heavens rolled,
The prayer of anguish and despair rose from that dungeon-hold.

II.

Oh, weary days of hopeless toil!—oh, nights which bring no rest!
Oh, time! that hath no healing balm for one indignant breast—
Oh, chains! ye gall the listless limbs less sorely than the mind—
Oh, bitter, bitter memory, that ever looks behind:
Yet courage, brave Itala! though thou art sunk so low,
A loving heart hath felt thy wrongs, and bright eyes wept thy woe:
The daughter of thy conqueror—the gentle and the fair—
Enshrined within her soul the Christian captive's name doth bear;
And thou hast marked the tender gaze those soft black eyes have cast,
And felt thy cheek and brow grow hot, thy heart throb loud and fast.

Love owns no cold and guarded rules—love heeds no pride of place—
Thy thoughts are with a daughter of thy Moslem foeman's race;
Thou lovest as thou art beloved—what need of words to tell
The passion which a look, a sigh, a flow'r can show so well?
And *they* have told thy tale to her, and answering tokens lent
New strength to hope, new light to life, when both were well-nigh spent.
In the early light of morning—in the glowing heat of noon—
When from the cloudless midnight sky looked forth the pallid moon—
In secret they have wandered, and his fetters were unfelt,
When low before Zuleika he mute and trembling knelt.

But jealous watchfulness had read the love in either face;
Sure feet and swift one summer night sought out their trysting-place:
Scarce were the first low whispers of tender greeting breathed,
When Hafiz and his guard rushed forth with yataghans unsheathed.
In vain, in vain Zuleika's prayers—in vain her thrilling cries—
"But for thy mother's spirit that looks on me from thine eyes,
This blade of mine had pierced thy heart—polluted and defiled;
False daughter of the Prophet, thou art no more my child;
And for thy gallant lover—by Allah I have sworn
The dogs shall tear him limb from limb before the dawn of morn!"

Hark! from those dim and silent groves come shrieks of pain and fear—
The voice of utmost agony, they palsy those who hear.
What corpse is lying motionless beneath the laurel's shade?
What blood is dropping on the grass from Hafiz' reeking blade?
Thine, thine, oh, young Itala—and thine the breaking heart,
That heaveth in Zuleika's breast to feel thy life depart.
Thy slavery is ended, thy brave, bold heart is still,
Thy tyrant's hand hath placed thee far beyond the reach of ill.
Oh, lorn and wild Zuleika, press thy last kiss on his brow—
Yield up that stiff and bloody corpse, it will not heed thee now.
She followed, as Itala to his nameless grave they bore,
And ne'er did mortal eyes behold stern Hafiz' daughter more.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

A Classical Excursion to Albano and Nemi and their Lakes, intended for those fond of the History of the Past.

WE started four—a delightful party—on a fine, fresh, sunshiny morning, in “the merrie month of May,” for Albano. We were all well acquainted—all liked each other; and the gay jest and the piquant rejoinder went round freely, as becomes friends. We laughed at each other, at ourselves, at all the world, going forth into the Campagna through the heavy portal of San Giovanni Laterano, jealously guarded by carabinieri—that being the great high-road to Naples—with the joyous light-heartedness of young birds, roused by the bright beams of the rising sun to dance and bound and shoot over the blue expanse over-canopying this fair land.

Our party consisted of various ingredients. There was an elderly friend acting Duenna to our wilder spirits; calm, pleased, silent herself, but ready to share and join in the mirth of others. There was one highly gifted, the son of a poet—a poet himself, an antiquarian, an historian, a theologian—nothing came amiss to his well-stored mind; each stone had its suggestive interest, every monument its eloquent history, every lovely phase of Nature its idyl; art, and nature, and antiquity, through his mouth became simultaneously articulate. I always said, if the dry bones of “Murray’s Guide” could be revived, animated, and clothed in less “dry as dust” garments, the result would be *him*, as we rejoice in him revealed in the flesh, the most instructive compendium and agreeable companion that ever turned over the moss-grown remains of antiquity. Our *third* was a young sculptor, quiet and gentlemanly, looking for *form* in all things, and disdaining colour and gradations of shade as things of nought, full of his art and of the antique, and withal eminently good-natured and obliging. As for the fourth, so delicate a subject as a description of myself must be eschewed by me. I cannot take my portrait, as the painters did in the Florence gallery of celebrated artists, looking into a glass—for where can I find a mental mirror, “showing the inmost part,” by which to draw myself? I must leave my readers to make their own sketch of me, first imploring their good offices not to paint me too black.

Well, on we rattled along the paved road, traversing the Campagna “dans tous les sens,” as the French have it. Nowhere else, I believe, in the world does one drive out into a perfect wilderness, devoid of houses or inhabitants, on a paved road, rough and jolting as in a country-town, except in this singular and exceptional place. A few miles and we were sailing along on the waveless expanse of that grassy ocean, the turf bright as unset emeralds, its uniform colour broken by unenclosed fields of corn, with here and there tufts of luxuriant poppies, with a dash of yellow buttercups or great staring daisies, with a universal scent of violets, like the perfumed breath of Aurora ushering Phœbus and the attendant Hours through the saffron clouds. To the left lay the solemn lines of the Claudian aqueducts, flanking the Alban Hills and the pale

springs that rise in their deep bosoms to the service of that great queen of cities reposing below on her seven-hilled throne. Each arch forms as it were a separate picture, presenting new scenes of beauty—a gallery unique as it is singular.

Beyond the fair face of monotonous nature nothing arrested our attention for some miles; to the right was the distant outline of the Street of Tombs, mound after mound of dark ruins marking the successive monuments. A mass of ruins, void and without form, close on the Appian Way, was pointed out by H—— as “Roma Vecchia,” so named because the *contadini* firmly believe this to have been the site of the ancient city; the why or the wherefore being utterly obscure. It was probably a temple or a villa bordering the “*Viarum Regina*,” along whose pavement the chariots and the horsemen went and came, thick as the falling leaves in an autumnal gale.

We came at length to the foot of the Alban Hills, which rise abruptly out of the plain. Before ascending, the modern road (on which we were to journey sixteen miles from Rome to Albano) is joined by the old Appian Way, shooting forth out of the city and the Porta San Sebastiano straight as an arrow launched from a bow. If we had had eyes sufficiently long-sighted, we might have seen the sentinel keeping guard over the crumbling arch of Drusus.

Where the ancient and the modern road amalgamate is a wretched tumble-down wayside Osteria, called Frattocchie—a cut-throat-looking place enough—redolent of fleas and sour wine, and dirt and bad smells, specially by reason of its *cucina cucinante*, in which decidedly garlic would predominate. H—— here stopped the carriage, not from any uncharitable purpose of making us eat in such a hole, but to call our attention to the spot as being the supposed site of Clodius’s murder by Milo, the friend of Cicero, whom he chose for his advocate on his trial for the murder; but on arriving at the Forum in a litter, Cicero, seeing the space invested with soldiers bearing arms, and Pompey himself seated on high as president, was so confounded and terrified, that his body shook, and his tongue failed him to such a degree he could scarcely give utterance to that celebrated discourse, “*Pro Milone*,” which would alone have immortalised his eloquence.

H—— recalled our early recollections of that most fascinating of books next to the “*Arabian Nights*,” “*Plutarch’s Lives*.” “It chanced,” said he, “unfortunately, that Milo, going to Lanuvium to create a priest, met Clodius, surrounded by his clients and retainers, on this spot, where then stood a temple to the Bona Dea. Milo was quietly reposing in his coach, like a luxuriant Roman gentleman, in company with his wife Fausta, the daughter of Sylla; but, as in the subsequent mediæval days, when the feudal barons made Rome tremble, the servants of either party took up the well-known feud of their masters, and commenced fighting, when one of the servants of Milo pierced Clodius’s shoulder; upon which Milo, considering that he would eternally devote him and his house to the furies of revenge, ordered his attendants to finish him. And so fell Clodius.”

Clodius, the most daring and profligate of the Romans of that day, dared to penetrate, disguised as a female musician, into Cæsar’s house during the celebration of those mysterious rites from which men were

excluded, prompted by a passion for his wife, Pompeia. Clodius might have escaped punishment by that favourite mode of defence recommended by another celebrated but widely different character, Mr. Weller, senior—viz., proving an *alibi*, had Cicero (to please his imperious wife, Terentia) not insisted that he had transacted business with him that day in Rome, which cemented a friendship with Milo, and caused him to select Cicero as his advocate for the trial. It was on account of these occurrences, causing what in modern Italian parlance would be called *uno gran scandalo*, that Cæsar repudiated Pompeia, replying to the observations of his friends, "That the wife of Cæsar ought not only to be clear of crime, but also of the *suspicion* of it."

We drove on rejoicing in the knowledge of bygone times; we were thus pleasantly picking up like flowers along the hedge-rows, and began to mount the ascent at a slow pace. S—— got down to smoke and to ruminate, as he said, on what a fine group might be made of Milo murdering Clodius; H—— fell to studying "*Childe Harold*," which he produced from the recesses of his pocket; our quiet duenna was silent; and I set about examining the glorious view that grew and multiplied around as we mounted higher and higher on the classic Alban Hills.

The road was bordered on the left by low rocky banks, with here and there a mass of ruins under the shade of great spreading pine-trees, whose sharp lines cut against the radiant sky with the full force of Italian contrast. Flowers wreathed many-coloured garlands over the reddish rock; the little green lizards rushed to and fro amid the perfumed cups, the gay butterflies fluttered, and the spring birds sang, all nature joining in the audible chorus of jocund spring. A little shrine to the Madonna was cut out of the tufa rock, and decorated with flowers; a lamp burnt before her dim image, enshrouded in glass; in front kneeled some contadine in the pretty costume of the country, with rich red folds falling from their head over white shawls of muslin.

Before and to the right lay vineyards and gardens, looking like gigantic patches of basket-work from the yellow *canne*, or reeds, to which the young vines and just opening plants were trained; olives waved their pale, shadowless boughs among the vineyards, spreading their fresh, whitish leaves towards the sun, on the sunny nooks where they grew. Here and there a valley sank deep down, and a stream rushed away, in the direction of the Campagna, over great masses of rock, cooling the air around. This was the near view.

Behind lay the Queen of Capitols—she who can alone bestow the imperial crown on the Cæsars of the nineteenth century—thus, even in her decline, still asserting her universal sway, and who also is the sole arbitress of the man to be entrusted with the sacred keys, and reign by their authority Vice-Regent of Christ on earth—there she lay—her domes, towers, spires, and walls thickening among the buildings on the low hills—vast, shadowy, dreamy—melting into the fleecy clouds, motting the blue heavens from whence she draws her inspiration—her white glistening robes, falling in majestic folds over the green Campagna encircling her throne, laying between us and her. At hand, distant, within, without, in recollection, in youth or age, who can resist her fascinations? what soul could not acknowledge her sway? The great Eucharistress lay before us, linked to our path by the Appian Way, with

its border of tottering tombs, hallowed by the remembrance of the golden age when man was young, and Rome fair and unsullied as that bride sent forth from God's high throne "in garments of needlework."

The rich and many-tinted wilderness spread around in its vast length and breadth, on whose soil uprose the many cities of Latium; and to the far right a long monotonous line marked the shore towards Ostia and Antium (Porto d'Augio), the Thyrrinean Sea visible like a sheet of burnished gold, from whence the sun drew forth streaks of light and glory, radiant pillars, as it were, supporting the dark bank of clouds shutting in the horizon. There was immensity in that view, suggestive of chaos and eternity; the land ran into the glistening sea undefined, and the mountains melted into the clouds, knitting the elements together in one great mystic whole around the Eternal City, throned on those blue hills! What takes me a certain time to write I drank in with a few delicious glances on this paradise of art and nature. Like Mahomet's ascent to the seventh heaven, it was soon over; and S——'s cigar, which he had finished, causing him to turn his vision wonderingly on me, by reason of the star-gazing look my face had assumed, which caused a general laugh—as also that our quiet friend had fallen asleep—I was rapidly landed again on *terra firma*. We had now approached within sight of Albano, scarcely to be perceived until under its gateway. As to the lake, no traces are to be imagined of it; and one would be ready to venture one's life that no lake nearer than Thrasymene existed, from the outward aspect of the deceiving hills, which shroud its blue expanse so closely in their bosoms.

To the left, close on the many villas standing in rich orange and lemon groves are the massive ruins of a tomb, second only in size to that of Cecilia Metella, once encased with white marble, now but a mound of crumbling brickwork crowned with a perfect diadem of plants, and shrubs, and grass. That tomb, H—— informed us (and so do the Guide-books, only they want his pleasant well-turned sentences and interesting details, giving as 'twere the day and hour), was now admitted on all hands to be the resting-place of Pompey's ashes, borne by the hands of his wife Cornelia from Egypt, she never resting until she had deposited the monumental urn within sight of the city over which he had ruled, and where men had surnamed him "the Great."

Pompey, defeated in the final struggle at Pharsalia, fled an outcast and an outlaw from the power of victorious Cæsar, who, in his turn, fell prostrate at the foot of the same "Pompey's statue" by the murderous hand of Brutus and his party. Pompey fled to his fond and faithful Cornelia, who fainted as she heard of his mischance. Together in one Seleucian galley they sought the hospitality of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, at Pelusium; for Pompey, Roman though he was, could not bring himself to ask safety and mercy at the hands of conquering Cæsar. A council was called among the Egyptians, and it was resolved that Pompey must perish, on the mean principle of subserviency to Cæsar. He was brought from the ship where he had left Cornelia, whose eye followed his every motion, suspicious of the event. She saw him, seated in the little craft—a fishing-boat—take out to read a speech he had prepared to address to Ptolemy. As the boat approached the shore, hope shot into her sinking heart; a crowd of persons advanced (as she thought to do him honour),

but at the moment when stepping from the boat he placed his foot on shore, a base assassin came from behind and stabbed him in the back. She saw him fall, like an ancient Roman, covering his face in his mantle, and she saw no more; she too fell, and a shriek so piercing rent the air, it reached the cruel group on shore gathered about the dying hero.

"That shriek," said H——, "chronicled by Plutarch, the lament of a loved and faithful woman, has come down to us sharp and clear through accumulated centuries. I never pass that grey ruin without picturing to myself the stately Roman matron landing at Antium, followed by a long train of mourners and retainers—pale and worn, yet dignified and composed, shrouded in her mourning robes—bearing the urn containing the ashes of her husband to this very spot—on his broad lands near ancient Alba."

The modern town of Albano is as ugly a place as I would not wish to see, consisting of one long street, where everybody can see everybody else, a great deal of dust, some tawdry shops, and two tolerable hotels—which to me, however, would be unbearable—because standing in the centre of the town. I had pictured to myself an elegant classic Locanda, on the borders of the lake, overshadowed by evergreen woods. To be sure there are the very pretty gardens of the Villá Dorin always deliciously cool and shady, and at all hours hospitably thrown open to the public—in favour the more to be esteemed as the family spend there a portion of every autumn. Ruins are said to be discerned, marking the villas of Pompey, Clodius, and also of Domitian, who built an amphitheatre here, and committed horrid cruelties. The site of Alba Lunga, however, must not be sought for in the modern town, but in a quite different situation, which we shall reach before the day is over. We drove through the long street out on the further side of Albano: still no signs of lake, not even a *souppçon* of where a lake *might be*. As we descended a steep hill through rocky banks overshadowed by trees, the country looked wild and pretty, tossed about in a picturesque manner.

Close on the gates of Albano, on the brow of the descent, H—— called our attention to a most remarkable tomb—a square mass of majestic proportions—surmounted by four low obelisks at the corners, and a pedestal in the centre. Two of the obelisks have disappeared, and the summit has become quite a little grove of low shrubs and young trees and creepers. "From just such a tomb a voice might thunder forth as Ariosto describes," said H——, "when he makes the soul of the departed warrior become audible and speak terrible words from his sepulchre!" H—— laughed at the idea of this tomb being the burying place of the Horatii and Curiatii, as has been affirmed: their celebrated conflict took place much nearer Rome. "There is no doubt," he said, "that it was of Etruscan workmanship, erected to the son of Porsema; that same king we all know well, from Macaulay's spirited lines beginning—

Lars Porsema of Clusium by the nine gods he swore,
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more.

This monument was erected by his Etruscans to the memory of his son Aruns, killed by Aristodemus in his attack upon Aricia; and a truly imposing idea it conveys of Etruscan architecture, second only in massive grandeur to that of the Egyptians.

On a precipitate hill opposite, and about a mile distant from Albano, the small town or almost village of Aricia crowns the height. Between, sinks a deep valley, but the twin hills of Aricia and Albano are likewise cemented by a stupendous viaduct, at least 150 feet high, with four or five rows of open arches, a most striking evidence of the present papal government, by which, at an immense cost, it was erected. Although apparently finished, it is not yet open for carriages, so we were obliged to toss and jumble over the very uneven road which has for centuries led through the ravine from town to town. To the left an oblong and strangely-marked plain of grass appears, many miles in circuit, surrounded by low, square-shaped hills, unpleasing in aspect, but curious as being the site of an extinct volcano—afterwards a lake, similar to those of Albano and Nemi, now, however, entirely dried up. We followed the course of the ravine to the foot of the viaduct which towered above our heads, as it seemed in the very clouds, and then reascended on the opposite side towards Aricia, looking pretty and oriental, with its white walls and large-domed church, designed by Bernini, which might well pass for a respectable mosque at a distance. Aricia, once one of the confederate cities of Latium, must go back to the days of Aneas for its interest and celebrity. H—— reminded us that Aricia was the birth-place of Turnus Herdonius, who, at the meeting of the Latin tribes at the grove of Ferentina, fell a victim to Tarquinius the Proud, whose anger he had excited by too free remarks on his imperious conduct, and animadverting on his disrespect towards the assembled chiefs, whom he kept waiting a whole day for his arrival.

It is wonderful to see such a vulgar, dirty, modern little place, and think that it has been sung by Horace and Virgil, and chronicled by Livy and Plutarch, none of whose writings will certainly gain in pleasing associations by a near knowledge of Aricia as it is. There is a miserable inn, where strangers resort during the malaria season in Rome. We left the carriage and walked along the road, crossing the viaduct, and admired the fine views over the Campagna, the sea, and the vast unfathomable woods; but we could still not discern a trace of the cosy lake, whose deep waters are buried under the overshadowing hills.

On leaving Aricia, another valley lies between it and an adjacent hill, half a mile off, on which Genzano, whither we were bound, is situated. The road winds terrace-wise along without descending into its depths, which are to be traversed by another viaduct, now in course of erection. At the time we passed, the arches stood out in mid-air, *à propos* to nothing, and looking exceedingly eccentric. We had now penetrated into the deep primeval woods of aged oaks and gnarled ash and elm, that clothe the lower portion of the Alban mountains as in a great mantle, the entire range ending in the elevated point of Monte Cavi, now conspicuous to our left—a white-walled convent on the extreme summit, where once stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, built by Tarquinius the Superb, as the solemn gathering place of the forty-seven cities of the Latin Confederation—a splendid position, commanding the entire land from Soracte to Antium. “No profane hand,” said H—— (who had become more and more eloquent and interesting as we advanced further and further into the classic scenes of Rome’s early history); “had dared to desecrate or to injure that sacred shrine, the renowned scene of the

Feræ Latinæ, endeared by the superstitious remembrances of all Latium, where Julius Cæsar had celebrated his triumph as dictator, and thousands of less illustrious generals enjoyed the honours of the Ovation. Even in the beginning of last century ruins remained, stupendous enough to mark the temple's original size and magnitude; but they were all destroyed and obliterated by the vandalism of Cardinal York, for the purpose of erecting that hideous passionist convent now visible like a white spot on the summit. Ruins, marbles, columns, statues, all were ruthlessly swept away, leaving the consecrated site of Rome's early triumphs without a vestige of the past—an act of destruction the more extraordinary, as the reigning pontiff, Pius VI., both understood and admired art and antiquity. All that remains to lead the mind to the departed scene of such thrilling and pompous rejoicings is the old Via Sacra, vestiges of which are to be still traced through the chesnut woods on the face of the mountain opposite Rome, in the direction of Rocca di Papa."

The venerable primeval forests, enveloping Genzano and Arima, are exquisite; fine single trees stand forth in grassy openings, where early spring flowers of the bright hues peculiar to the south spring out of the moss-grown rocks that break the surface of the ground in picturesque confusion. Here and there the wood deepens under the lower growth of ilex, laurel, box, and arbutus, their dark boughs lending a strange and mystic character to a sylvan region, associated with the most poetical classical recollections.

Here Numa wandered in retired and secret places, haunted by the nymphs, whose soft voices he loved, joined to the sounds of Zephyr and Echo, and the sylvan gods, with the low murmur of trickling streams, leading the mind to contemplation and repose. We had no time to dwell on these bewitching fancies, but were turned along the magnificent terrace-road—once the Appian way, now the high-road from Rome to Naples—and thundered through the splendid avenue of fine old trees (rugged and ancient as those sweet woods, endeared to every one by some peculiarly pleasant days, stolen from the bustle of London—Burnham Beeches) called the Olmata, leading into the small town or paese of Genzano, the last of those attractive outskirts of Rome to which its inhabitants escape during the dangerous summer heats.

"Look," said H—, "at that round hill just in advance of the town and nearer the plain, covered by vineyards and crowned by a mediæval tower; that is the site of ancient Corioli, whither Coriolanus fled when exiled from Rome; from thence he issued, leading the Volscian forces against his native city; and there he returned, when, overcome by the entreaties of his mother and wife, he withdrew from the siege. No ruins remain of the ancient city where the Roman general ended his days—some say murdered by the Volscians out of resentment at his conduct—others that he lived to be an old man, and was heard often to complain, 'that the evils of exile bore much heavier on the aged.' Pliny says that even in his day no traces of Corioli were visible. The hill is now called Monte Giove."

Genzano consists of one broad street, on the declivity of a hill. Below are hills crowned with feudal castles, remnants of the middle-age dominion of the stout Roman barons, now ruined and romantic adjuncts to a landscape both grand and beautiful. The valleys lead down into the

vast expanse of the outlying Campagna, encircled by a shining circle of gold—the suggestive Mediterranean, along whose unruffled and tideless shores may be discerned an epitome of the world's history.

By the time we had reached Genzano, we were just in that state of mind and body proper to appreciate a good dinner; even our poet and antiquarian so far descended from the "Parnassian heights" he loved so well, as to express the pleasure he felt that our long fast was to be broken.

We were received by a most kind and hospitable host, whose "casa" is the only decent residence within the precincts of Genzano, by name Jacobini, nephew to the late minister of finance. When Italians are hospitable and cordial the Red Indians themselves cannot exceed the heartiness of their welcome, the boundlessness of their household generosity. Jacobini's face beamed with genuine delight as he conducted us up long flights of stairs to the "piano nobile" of his house, near where the swallows build their nests—the modern Italians and the birds having a decided *simpatia* for an elevated situation just under the eaves. The Queen of Sheba was not received by King Solomon, in all his glory, with more *empressment* than we: the best chambers opened—the hospitable board spread by an old Contadina in full *teg*, wearing a red petticoat edged with green, a green boddice laced with red, bows of the same colour as shoulder-knots, a lace apron and tucker, and yards of snow-white dimity stowed away in mysterious folds about her almost hairless head; great gold earrings and a large brooch finished her attire. Round the room, in which our refecton was served, hung four portraits of lovely girls—one too many for the Graces, but not less pretty and attractive.

"Ah!" said Jacobini, "those are the pictures of my sisters—*mie care sorelline*; when they were all at home we had a happy home. I loved them well; but they are all married now. She with the red rose in her hair, the best, the prettiest, went last—*e adesso son sola!*" and he sighed.

H—— whispered to me he should like to write a sonnet on that sweet beauty-sister, who never would grow old or faded, either she or the rose, under their glass frame, whatever the original might do.

S—— remarked, what a lovely bust she would make.

But Jacobini looked pained, and changed the conversation, saying:

"Oh Dio, quanto è cambiata adesso, povera mia Rosa tanto amata!" (How much is my lovely Rosa now changed!)

But there was no time for sadness, the soup, or *minestrone*, appearing under the beneficent auspices of the *donna di facienda*, who, in her red petticoat, skipped about, with a fervent desire of serving us, with the agility of a young ballarina. Then came a huge bowl of *succh* maccheroni, with savoury sauce as only Italians can presume to attempt, followed by the roast and the boiled meat, and delicious *frittina*, light and airy as crisp snow on highest mountains, and piles of savoury *salamè*, and ham and calad, and sweets and fruit; *succh* a dinner, to which, truth to say, we required not the hospitable pressing of Jacobini largely to enjoy. Bottle after bottle of wine was produced, the corks flying pell-mell around; wine sincero of Genzano, famous for its vineyards, to be drunk in tumblers (like strong sweet cider in taste), old sherry and claret, and

heaven knows what other beverages ; till I began to tremble for the heads of Poetry and Sculpture, who were obliged perforce to partake of all, no refusal being permitted by Signor Jacobini, whose broad face grew redder and fuller with every bottle. By the time dinner was over we were all the most warm and cordial friends that ever sacrificed to Bacchus under the classic shadow of Monte Cavi. We were to remain for a week?—No, we couldn't. For the night?—No, a thousand thanks; it was impossible; the strong walls of Rome would not contain our agonised and expectant families did we not return that night. "Ma supplico Lora, mi facciamo la compiacenza, il gran favore," &c., &c. Well, we came then to a compromise: we would return and spend another day, and eat another dinner—(small blame to us for the same); so the worthy Jacobini, who had eaten, drunk, and talked like ten ordinary men, was appeased; and we broke up, to view under his chaperonage the classic beauties of the Lake of Nemi, like its sister of Albano, so enshrouded that not a glimpse had we of its existence, although positively on its shores. At the top of the straggling street an imposing old palace obtrudes its gloomy, heavy front between us and the green woods around, belonging to the Duca Cesarini, an Italian magnifico, married to an English lady. Jacobini told us a mighty pretty story about their wooing, which I can't here transcribe, feeling myself in honour bound to chronicle the classical souvenirs of "*Lacus Nemorensis*," rather than its legends of the nineteenth century, however enticing. Suffice it to remark, they are young, handsome, rich, and fond, and live in these umbrageous solitudes, happy in each other's society, no malevolent fairy being there to cast a curse on their many blessings. Passing along another of the grand avenues, or galleries, surrounding Genzano, whose overarching branches formed a long-drawn aisle of that mighty cathedral whose arch is heaven, mildly blue as a fair turquoise, we reached a gate opening into the recesses of the duchesse's garden, by means of the intercession of our good genius Jacobini, who stood as well in their graces' esteem as that of other and more humble members of the universal family. Would I could describe the scenes of exquisite beauty that broke on us as if by magic!

The gardens of Circe Arnuda, nay, Elysium itself, I do not believe could be more wondrous fair than these scented woods, encircling the Lake of Nemi lying at our feet. It opened before us a secluded, unruffled expanse, five miles in circumference, its waters of a peculiarly deep colour from the overshadowing richness of the wooded hills, which so jealously guard its banks, clothed in their leafy mantle, now bursting into the brilliant colours of opening spring, like the encircling leaves of a gigantic lily—the waters its cup-like petal. A more romantic, lonely scene, embosomed in silent hills, never opened to human eye; one might fancy oneself on the untrodden shore of an unknown Indian lake, deep in the recesses of a primeval forest, so silent and desolate are its quiet shores. It carries with it all the character of that sacred grove which consecrated its shores; the spirit and worship of the old gods of Greece cling to the shades, sanctifying these recesses with a mysterious awe, and strange, dim thoughts of those days when Time was young, and the Gods loved to descend from high Olympus, and drink the merry wine and crush the gay flowers that grew on the fresh planet, new and bowled

forth from the hands of Chaos and of Nox, where dwelt the fair daughters of Oceanus, and many other soft-sounding names chronicled in the calends of the poetic past.

Her grace's garden was English, and admirably disposed on the brow of the hill and the precipitous banks of the lake, adapted fully to display the natural beauties of the lovely spot, "where mountain, brake, and the blue waves before" unite in harmonious unison—altogether a *bijou-scene* of miniature beauty one may have dreamt of, but never before seen realised. Jacobini, dear good-natured creature, neither caring nor remembering the classicalities, dragged us about to admire the fountains flinging their sparkling pillars into marble basins, forming never-ending stars and irises as they caught the sunshine; and the swans, under the willows reposing in their little emerald island; and the camelia shrubbery, where the waxy flowers of mingled red and white blushed from out the shining leaves; and then led us by long galleries of green, formed of laurel and ilex, and all dark and fragrant trees, down towards the lake, into a woody labyrinth of paths, that came and went up and down in all directions.

All at once I missed H——, and as I wanted to hear all his lore, I anxiously hunted him out. He was at last discovered, seated, book in hand, in a delicious arbour formed of laurel, bay, and oleander, surrounded by a phalanx of great camelias loaded with blossoms, opening to the lake deep below.

To our demand of "what he was reading?" he replied:

"Byron, of course;" and then repeated those lines we heard here on the very spot with renewed and particular pleasure, as if they had been composed expressly for *us*:

"Lo, Nemi! navelled in the wooded hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from its foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake."

"That is a happy idea," continued he, "of a calm like 'the sleeping snake,' when we remember that this fair scene was once the mouth of a roaring volcano, pouring destruction to all around."

Poor Jacobini, looking terribly bored at our national enthusiasm, to him utterly incomprehensible, begged some of the party to descend through the winding paths to the edge of the lake. I preferred remaining and baying: my memory refreshed by H—— on the many graceful mythological legends, lending such a charm to the solemn stillness of these now desolate shores, singularly suited to the mysterious sites celebrated in honour of the presiding goddess.

On the sides of the lake, opposite where we sat, shrouded from the heat by the overhanging berceau, appeared the very picturesque village of Nemi, half-way up on the hill side. H—— said that there were near it some vestiges of a temple, supposed to be a shrine dedicated to the Ephesian Diana, to whose worship all the woods bordering the lake and extending to Aricia were dedicated. Here Diana was worshipped, in conjunction with Hippolytus, the unhappy son of Theseus, by his first queen, who having inadvertently excited the anger of Venus, incurred the signal vengeance of the goddess. Theseus having escaped from the

infernal regions, whither he had descended for the purpose of carrying off Proserpine, married, on his return to earth, Phædra, the daughter of Minos—Hippolytus being absent at the time. But when he returned, Venus, mindful of her injury, inspired Phædra with a guilty passion for her son-in-law, who—like a second Joseph rejecting her suit—was represented to his father as guilty of an incestuous passion by his cruel mother-in-law. Theseus consigned him to the fury of Neptune, who sent a hideous chimera, in the shape of a sea-monster, to assail him as he dove disconsolately along the shore. Flames issued from the creature's mouth, and roars like a lion, which so terrified the horses, that, rushing forward, the unhappy Hippolytus was thrown headlong to the ground and killed. But it is said Esculapius subsequently brought him to life and cured him, and Diana, covering him with a cloud, bore him to her temple, where he was ever honoured and worshipped with the goddess of Chastity. Racine has immortalised this story in his noble verses, and Rachel has in her turn immortalised the verses of Racine by her magnificent acting.

To this temple Iphigenia and her brother Orestes, and Pylades escaped from Tauris, carrying away with them the statue of the goddess, which the Delphian oracle had commanded the wretched Orestes to transport there, when consulted by him in what manner to appease the Furies, to whom the gods had condemned him for the murder of his mother, the guilty Clytemnestra. The attempt would have cost him his life had he not been recognised, and saved by his sister Iphigenia, priestess to Diana, in her temple on the Tauric Chersonese. Under the shade of these sacred woods his spirit sought repose, although he never entirely shook off the furies (of remorse) for his mother's murder.

In these groves the nymph Egeria wandered when death separated her from her human lover Numa. Inconsolable for his loss, she woke the echoes by her lamentations, and fed the flowers with her tears, until all-merciful Diana, pitying her grief, changed her into a fountain bearing her name, which trickles down into the lake near by the village, formerly the site of once "Glorious Diana's fane." Within such groves, and beside such a tranquil lake, Ateon might have gazed—with that fatal curiosity which cost him so dear—on the fair form of the goddess while she bathed in the placid waters; and here, on the clear summer's nights, when the amorous breath of Zephyr alone fanned the breeze, and Boreas and his band were deep buried in Ocean's caves, Diana may have awoke Endymion sleeping on the mountain tops, in the symbolic presence of the chaste moon, sole witness of their meeting. Oh, this was a scene wherein to weave a thousand fancies from that endless mythology, which lends a poetic interest to every fountain, rock, or tree, in this its favoured haunt.

Our party once more assembled, we wandered awhile along the shady walks in the overhanging woods, carpeted with purple violets, and a peculiar kind of bright blue aster, contrasting prettily with the moss-grown ground. It was difficult to tear oneself away from this Arcadian paradise, but on my remarking to Jacobini what a charming place this would be for passing the summer heats, he quite astonished me by saying it is more than suspected of malaria, and therefore little frequented. Malaria, that curse on southern nature's loveliest scenes, ever present, where antiquity and classic recollections are enriched by a too fecund and luxuriant vegetation, to canker and to destroy!

It was with much regret that I left Genzano and its pellucid lake, but the good Jacobini's feelings amounted almost to despair. Again he entreated us to pass the night, but finding that impossible, contented himself by mounting into the carriage with us, and escorting us on our way. We returned by the same road as far as Aricia, when he departed, bidding us many *addios*, "*buon viaggios*," and *rivederlas*, and bearing from us solemn promises of speedy return.

Leaving Aricia below, we mounted by an ascending road into the recesses of those great woods clothed the lakes of Albano and Nemi, and the lower spurs of Monte Cavi, in one luxuriant mantle. In such woods, among the mountains of Greece, stood in old times Jupiter's famous temple at Dodona, enshrouded in the sacred oaks, where every tree was imbued with a human voice, and the sylvan glades broken by altars and statues, and offerings to the presiding deity. The slanting rays of the sun cast a chequered shade on the ground, covered with every blossom of the spring: violets and the yellow daffodils and blue hyacinths, dedicated to melancholy and the dead, in memory of Apollo's luckless friend; the anemone, with its dark petals, sprung from the blood of Adonis; and snowdrops, called here "the tears of the Madonna." A gentle wind rustled among the lower shrubs and saplings—Venus's trees, the myrtle and the laurel, with here and there a tall cypress, like a shadow—across the bright-leaved ash, hazels, and alders; the murmur of bees busy among the flowers, and specially among the gay patches of yellow broom; the song of birds, and in particular the nightingale's, never heard to such advantage as in the Italian woods, where, like the cicada, they seem literally to warble away their little throats, and kill themselves with sweet songs.

It was a delicious and beautiful scene, to be peopled in imagination by a happier, freer, diviner race than people this earth. The living rocks here and there protruded bare, or covered with emerald mosses, and the delicate varieties of the fern plants, while overhead waived the ancient trees of chestnut, elm, and ilex, twisted into strange shapes, like spirits writhing in the torments of Hades. For about an hour's space we wound among the mazes of this enchanting wood, and then emerged on the summit of a hill to another phase of all-beauteous Nature. Below opened the lake of Albano, unruffled, waveless; its precipitate wooded banks mirrored in the calm waters. Light broke into my soul at the sight of that beautiful lake I had so long looked for in vain—it came before me like the image of a beloved and long-sought friend, and I prized it all the more. Before us Monte Cavi rose in one long line from its shores; to the left lay Castel Gandolfo, romantically crowned, a precipitous point, embowered in dark woods. The character of the scenery greatly resembles that of the lake of Nemi, but on a larger scale: the same deep untroubled waters, enclosed in a deep cup-like basin—the same soft harmonious beauty—the same richly-wooded mountains, rising steeply around—the gorgeous colouring, peculiar to this "land of many hues"—the same solitude, and almost mystic repose—the same absence of any living being, or houses, or signs of life. Beautiful as it is, there is a melancholy plaintive look about it eloquently suggestive of a brighter, happier time; the shores seem heavy with sad memories of other days, and legends of departed glories from out the chronicles of bygone ages.

Had I not known the lake of Albano to be rich in classical traditions—the fabled land whence came the first germ of Rome—I should have guessed from its aspect that the past had there left its indelible imprint, and that the history of its fair, sad lines, which even under the sunny sun look ominous and foreboding, was to be sought in other centuries than our own.

This lake also owes its origin to the crater of an extinct volcano, and its waters bear that dark look peculiar to fluid emitted as it were naturally, by a convulsion of nature. Few valleys or ravines break its green sides, descending in precipitous lines to the margin. There is the monotony of perfect and exquisite beauty, such as one remarks in the classical works of Grecian sculpture, where a slight defect or shortcoming would be almost a relief to the overtaxed eye. An indication of rock on the opposite shore, slightly basaltic, is, as H—— informed us, the supposed site of Alba Lunga, since the researches of Sir William Gell have settled finally that much-disputed question; where, as goes the legend, once stood the palace of a mighty king, who, in punishment for his pride, was destroyed by fire sent from heaven by the gods—a catastrophe supposed to have some obscure connexion with the volcanic explosion to which the lake owes its origin. The ruins of his palace are yet pointed out in the dark bosom of the waters, when from long drought they sink below their usual level; and the contadini tell many fearful tales of these marvellous remains—not visible to all—of immense grottoes, and arches, and columns; of a whirlpool in the centre, which renders the lake dangerous for boats; and of the spirits of the dead, who still linger about the submerged walls which they once inhabited.

Alba Lunga, or the “White Long City,” was founded by Ascanius, the son of Æneas, who himself was excluded, like Moses, from the “pleasant land” promised to his followers. Æneas dwelt on the Latin plains, near the shore on which he had landed, on the sandy barren spot where the white sow had farrowed her thirty young. After Ascanius, surnamed “Julus,” or the “soft-haired,” who founded the city by the calm lake (which nursed in its bosom the ruins of the proud king’s palace), came Numitor and Amulius, who divided the sway; but after a time Amulius wickedly prevailed over his brother, and appointed his daughter Sylvia, who had been born and reared within the new city, to be a priestess of Vesta; but Sylvia forgot her vows, and produced the twins Romulus and Remus, who, to conceal her shame, were borne away into the plain below by her servant Faustus, and consigned to the great river “Father Tiber,” dividing the level lands, whose current bore them to the wild fig-tree called the ruminalis, which grew beside the forum, and thus Rome came to be founded by the twins, and Alba Lunga fell into decay, and was forgotten, until all that now remains is that faint line of dark rock breaking the green sward. But the Romans remembered always the old cradle of their race sprang from the godlike Æneas, and therefore they founded the great temple of Jupiter Latialis, whose majestic portico once crowned the summit of Monte Cavi, the highest point on the Alban Hills, rising out of the depth of lake; and there all the tribes worshipped, looking over the broad lands of ancient Latium spread beneath.

As we gazed on the scene of fairy beauty around, sitting among the

Box-trees, the recollections inspired by the place arose. H—— also reminded us that afterwards these wooded heights had been appropriated to the villas of Pompey and of Domitian, traces of whose summer palaces are still distinguishable. We followed the magnificent avenue of Box-trees leading along the summit of the heights into the small town of Castel Gandolfo, where the Pope has a villa, to which he retires during the summer heats. We walked hurriedly through the small town—a poor and poverty-stricken place, spite of the occasional presence of “the holy father”—and descended the steep banks by a winding tortuous path leading to the shore, as H—— was determined that we should see the Emissary, one of the best preserved and most striking monuments of republican Rome, spite of the expostulations of our “quiet friend,” who by no means fancied the excursion and the climbing. Her voice was lost in the majority; I was for it, and so was Sculpture—three to one—so we carried the day, and down we rapidly descended along a difficult rough path, escorted by a ragged boy, who amused his leisure time by whooping and screaming to his comrades on the shores, in an unintelligible patois. After a long and winding descent we landed on the shores of the motionless lake, and looked round on the unbroken fringe of the finest turf encircling it.

I would have wished to wander for hours on that peaceful shore, populated by thick-coming fancies and poetic memories; but H——, now become practical as I had become fanciful, hurried us on, and we were fain to follow. Vineyards and fruit-gardens skirted the water, the latter loaded with delicate pink and white blossoms of the peach, the almond, and the apricot, promising a rich crop. The water's edge was strewn with stones, among which we picked up specimens of rare marbles and fragments of terra-cotta, evidences of the palaces once standing here, inhabited by Pompey and Domitian. Lines, too, of solid foundations, like half-sunken stones, run terrace-ways into the lake, as we still see in those water-palaces at Como, whose waves literally wash the marble stairs descending from the open porticos and colonnades shrouded in the orange groves.

The fancy might run riot in rebuilding the magnificent edifices which once cast their shadows in the blue water—Palladian scenes of almost unearthly grandeur! But all is vanished and gone along with the centuries that saw them rise, and the image of the second palaces are effaced like that first abode of the mighty king on the old site of Alba, whose pride brought down the thunderbolts from heaven!

A large rock juts into the lake, a great tree bends down over the rock, dipping its dark branches in the waters, and a small door appears in an old wall—a suggestive door, that might lead one to Fairyland, or Lethe, or Purgatory, or any strange and unreal place. The custode, a rough shepherd, clad in goats' skins, was there before us, and had opened it. We passed into an open enclosed space, walled in with massive-looking Etruscan blocks of stone, matted with ivy, and piled above each other as if the Titans had placed them there, and poised them without cement or mortar. This mysterious nymphaeum, dark and cool even in the hottest day, filled with the sound of rushing waters, must have been the very trysting-place of the nymphs and sylvan deities. The spirits of the woods and the spirits of the waters, in bygone times, must have met

here, and many a jocund measure been danced to the sound of the reedy pipes, under the encircling walls beside the pure water. A low arch opposite the entrance, similar in construction to that of the Cloaca Massima, but infinitely grander and better preserved, appears, carrying through its depths a rushing, rapid current, clear as crystal, but soon lost under the dark arching recesses beyond, as the water flows and flows into the gloom—a path leading to the floods of Tartarian Acheron—recalling those realms of Pluto described by Virgil, whither Æneas, in obedience to the commands of the Sybil, descended “a cave profound and hideous, with wide yawning mouth, fenced by a dark lake, and the gloom of woods.” A singular and quite original place it is, much more like the ideal scene of an unnatural legend or fantastic spirit-tale than a *real, positive* fact. It has a poetry of its own, however, for it is the Emissary of the Lake of Albano, dating back to Rome’s early history and the siege of Veii, that obstinate neighbour, who for ten years disputed her arms.

After the many episodes in which my subject has tempted me to indulge, I will not particularise that well-known siege, but only mention the prophecy of the old soothsayer, who during the siege, standing on the walls of the rebellious city, declared in derision to the Romans encamped beneath, as he laughed and mocked at them, “that they might think they would take Veii, but that they never should succeed until the waters of the Lake of Alba were all spent, and flowed out into the sea no more.” And when the old man was afterwards captured by the Romans, who believed him to be a prophet, by stratagem, and conducted to the generals, he repeated the same words; because, he said, that it was the Fates who prompted him to declare what he spoke, and that “if the waters ran out into the sea, ‘woe is Rome!’ but that if they be drawn off, and the waters reach the sea no more, then it is ‘woe to Veii!’” So the Romans, unable to comprehend his import, sent to consult the Oracle of Delphi, which agreed in all things with the old man’s words. The Romans, therefore, who had been much molested at various times by the capricious rising of the waters within the lake, sent workmen, and bored a hole underground through the hills, and on the other side, where it emerged, made the waters obedient for watering the lands. So the Emissary was built, and Veii fell; and this far misty legend and the nineteenth century are linked by that low arch under which runs the rapid current into which, standing on a few rough logs of wood, we gazed! There is a popular belief, similar to that of the Indians on the sacred Ganges, that little barques charged with wishes, bearing a lighted taper, confided to this dark subterranean current, running no one knows where through the earth’s inmost caverns, will bring success to those who faithfully embark their hopes in these frail argosies, provided these tapers are not extinguished as long as the barques remain in sight.

I could not conceive why H—— had so teased and tormented the custode about bringing with him lights, seeing that the sun shone brightly, and had actually insisted on sending back a message into the town on purpose to bring some *moccoletti*. Now his purpose was revealed to me, as also his active and anxious desire to conduct us to the Emissary, spite of the expostulations of our duenna, who declared that the passage *down* “naturally suggested,” as Box says to Cox, “how we

ever should get up!" The little barques were lading; one for S——, and another for me and H——; and sent sailing down on the gloomy river, heavy with memories, where the waters flowed centuries before Christianity descended on the benighted Pagans. The deep low vaults and the rapid current received and bore them; and we watched their passage, and saw that the voyage promised fair, for the lights illumined the dark sides of the water-paved cavern for a long, long while, then dwindled, and at length disappeared. I wonder if my wish will be granted? and I would also know on what strange shores that little barque has stranded, and if the good spirits that came down to meet it on that dreary shore, and receive the votive offering of a taper on their altars, will hear my prayer? H—— was immensely anxious about his; but we all kept our secret, and no one knew the other's mind.

We left this place—the high road, as it were, into a visionary world—and, as "Pilgrim's Progress" says, "addressed ourselves to the ascent"—a labour not easy to accomplish, seeing that the hills are as straight as a house-side, and that, by way of hastening, we chose a path where there was little or no footing. Over stones, and briars, and holes, and rocks we scrambled, sitting down now and then to rest and laugh—not H——, who, ever since the launching of his wishes, was grave, absent, and silent, even from the legends of Old Rome. At last S—— hit on a way of dragging us up. The rough boy, our guide, went first, I hanging to his tails; then came our silent friend, sorely complaining, hanging to me; and S—— last, pushing us all. So, at length, we landed on the summit, breathless and hot, but merry as in the morning when we traversed the Campagna. We gave a look at the Pope's villa—an ugly, staring place; with a grand view over the lake on one hand, and the broad level regions of sea and land on the other—and Torlonia's villa; then seated ourselves in the carriage and wound down a rapid hill, shutting out effectually the lake and all its charms. A delightful drive through the cool evening air brought us towards Rome. We saw the sun set in sheets of gold and saffron over the sea, and light up the Campagna and the ruins with long streaks of glorious light; for a space the very heavens seemed on fire, then settled down in lines of crimson and deep blood-red, like mists rising from a volcano. These gradually melted too, and then came the pinks, and the blues and purples, reflected on the Sabine Hills, and on Mount Algidus, and ancient Tusculum, and the ruined villas of Cicero, Adrian, and Domitian. Then night—dark leaden night—gradually spread her sable mantle around, and the stars came out one by one, and the moon rose, and the heaven shone with a soft and mellow radiance, lit up by her pale crescent, as we passed by the overarching ruins near by the Lateran. What a pleasant day that was!

THE ADVENTURES OF A WEDDING-RING.

BY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL.

I BELONG to a numerous family circle. At the risk, perhaps, of being charged with an immoderate quantity of egotism, I am bound to say that I am one of its most distinguished members. I do not spurn my humbler brethren, for they all have their duties assigned them, and I believe these duties are faithfully and honourably discharged. Our occupations, it is true, are various; one binds the leg of the felon—another soothes the crying child—a third loops up the household drapery—a fourth serves as a pledge of love, constancy, and fidelity. I act in the last of these capacities.

I have recounted a few of our occupations, which will enable the reader, if he have any penetration, to form some opinion of my nature and character. Sometimes I have been called the emblem of eternity, because I have neither a beginning nor an end, but I am simply a small circle of gold—very thin, and bright, and beautiful—in a word, I am neither more nor less than a wedding-ring! My dear madam, how you start! A wedding-ring, I repeat. Is there anything horrible in that?—anything surprising?—or, perhaps, you think that a wedding-ring can have either nothing to say or too much to say? If you be in the former way of thinking, I can tell you a wedding-ring has a great deal to say—more than, perhaps, it would be prudent at all times to relate.

What hopes are centred in me! Oh! young ladies, am I far from the truth when I say that I am your coveted prize—the thing to which cling your fondest aspirations? Is not everything which you hold most dear associated with me—balls, routs, bridescares, and I know not what besides? Is there anything which you hold in comparison with me? If you speak frankly, your reply will be in the negative. This, however, is only one view of the question. I might appeal to some and ask them if I have realised all their anticipations. I might ask those who have obtained me whether they have not experienced more pleasure in my pursuit than in my possession. It is an invidious office, and will not, I fear, bear too close a scrutiny. Oh! how many hands have I united, and how few hearts! I am ashamed to think how often I am made the helpless instrument of cupidity, avarice, and shameless selfishness. Oh! what lying protestations sometimes accompany me!

I blush—or rather my metal is slightly suffused with a tarnish—to find that I should so frequently be the precursor of misery. The fault, however, is none of mine. I am surely not to blame if people make compact totally unsuitable to their respective interests. This subject, however, presents another phase, and I am compelled to confess that but for human selfishness and ingratitude, I might have healed many a broken heart, and snatched many a fair and fragile form from a premature grave.

I must leave these generalities, and speak of myself. About twenty years ago there was a very handsome jeweller's shop in Cheapside—it may be there yet for anything I know. It was kept at that time by a very wealthy Jew, who, I believe, has since been gathered to his fathers.

Upon a purple velvet cushion in the shop of that jeweller I was exposed, along with many other rings, for sale. I would give anything to hear the histories of those rings. I know they must be interesting—I know that from my own. It is, perhaps, better, however, that they should be silent. I shall be charged, no doubt, myself with being a conspirator against the married state, but I am prepared to meet any obloquy that my disclosures may call down upon me.

I lay some months upon that rich velvet cushion before I was sold, not that there was no demand for rings of that description, or that I was too dear, but entirely because I was not fortunate enough to fit the finger of any of the young ladies who were about to change their condition. I saw my companions depart one by one, till at last there were only six or eight of us left. I thought my turn was long in coming, and I envied those who had gone before me. The truth is, I was tired of lying so long in the shop-window, looking into a noisy and dirty thoroughfare. I was wishful for a change. One day a young lady and gentleman came into the shop. The young lady was exceedingly handsome, and, if I might judge from her countenance, exceedingly amiable; one of the sweetest smiles played perpetually upon her face, and the tones of her voice were soft and musical. I had no sooner seen her than I longed for such a mistress.

"Have you," said the gentleman to the shopman, "a good assortment of wedding-rings?"

"The very best that you can meet with in London," the man replied.

"I will thank you to show me some."

"Certainly, sir, with much pleasure."

The case in which I was deposited was brought forward. I was delighted beyond expression: my time, I thought, had come at last. I felt sure the young lady would select me; she tried one after another—at length she came to me. She slipped me over her finger as though I had been made on purpose. I was in ecstasies.

"I think this ring will do," said the young lady.

"If you think so, you had better keep it," said the gentleman.

I was duly purchased, and paid for, and I was much gratified by the acquisition of my beautiful young mistress. I was taken to a somewhat shabby, but retired street. The gentleman knocked at the door of one of the larger houses at the top, which, on being opened, he said:

"I have at length brought you Mrs. Elmore, and I hope she will like her new abode."

"I hope she will," said the landlady; "and I am sure I shall do all that I can to make her comfortable."

"I have no doubt you will," my mistress remarked.

In a few hours I was able to comprehend the relative situations of my master and mistress more clearly. After tea, as they both sat together by the fire, a dark shadow once or twice passed over the fair countenance of the lady, whilst her eyes were intently fixed upon myself.

"Julia, my dear, why do you seem so dull?" said the gentleman, when she was in one of those abstracted moods.

"My thoughts are sometimes rather oppressive."

"They ought not to be so."

"Well, perhaps not; but still, when I think upon my situation—when

I look at this ring which we have purchased to-day, I am unavoidably reminded of the deceitful part I am acting."

"How, deceitful?"

"Is it not deceitful to assume the character of your wife, and to bear your name, without having the least claim to it?"

"I hope it will not be necessary for you to remain long in this position; shortly it is my intention, you know, to enable you to declare to the world that you are my wife."

The lady sighed, but made no reply.

I heard my mistress once tell her story to a confidential friend. It was this: She was the daughter of a respectable farmer in Somersetshire. The gentleman with whom she was living had met her at a country ball, fallen in love with her, and accomplished her ruin. He was a person of fortune, and, under the pretence of making her his wife, he had brought her up to London.

If my mistress disliked the part she was taking, I had no less reason to hate that which I assumed. I had, indeed, the greatest repugnance to the abominable situation in which I was placed. I was acting the part of a false witness; my presence on the wedding finger seemed to imply that my mistress was a wife—a respectable woman. The contrary was really the case. I confess my present degraded condition considerably underrated me in my own estimation. I had always had a very high notion of the mission with which I was entrusted. I grew indignant for a moment, but I soon recovered my usual equanimity. Why should I be indignant?—my mission was the same, but man had perverted it as he had done many things besides.

Days and weeks and months passed away, and my situation became at length very painful; my dear mistress was almost constantly in tears. I do not know whether it was owing to the frequent absence of her *seduced* husband, but such was the case. I think she had become more alive to the real character of her situation. Before her arrival in town she had placed the most implicit faith in the assurances of her seducer, but she now began to estimate them at their proper value. When urged upon to fulfil his promises, he either evaded the question or endeavoured by shallow pretexts to keep up the delusion from which she was gradually awakening. I remember an incident which rather annoyed and put me out of love with my mistress, but when I considered her provocation, I forgave her. She was sitting one night alone—the hours passed heavily away—for a while she was engaged in looking over some of the letters she had received from her betrayer, which, after she had read, she destroyed one after the other. When she had done this, in a paroxysm of passion, in which I had never before observed her indulge, she pulled me from her finger and threw me upon the floor.

"Begone, thou liar and cheat!" she exclaimed; "I will wear thee no longer; thou shalt no longer be a screen for my wickedness and disgrace. I can appear as I am, the mistress, and not the wife, of him who has accomplished my ruin. I am no hypocrite, and I will disguise myself no longer."

The next day the landlady of the house came into the parlour with me in her hand; she had found me upon the floor while dusting out the room.

"I think you must have lost your ring," she said to my mistress, as she entered. "I found this upon the floor this morning."

"Oh! thank you," my mistress replied; "it is mine."

A short while after this my mistress became more cheerful; the gentleman with whom she was living was seldom with her; he was absent for weeks together, but she appeared to want nothing. My mistress did not confine herself so much to the house as she had been accustomed to do; she was frequently out walking in the parks, but she had a reason for doing so. The fact is, she had found a new lover, and evidently contemplated a separation from the person with whom she had hitherto been dwelling. This project was soon carried into execution; a letter was addressed to her seducer, upbraiding him for his baseness and treachery, and informing him that she would no longer be dependent upon his bounty. She settled with her landlady, and left her lodgings to take possession of others of a different character: these were magnificently furnished—every comfort and luxury were provided for my mistress by the gentleman under whose protection she was now placed. If I were asked if she was happier than before, I should say she was not; but at all events she was much less neglected.

I do not know what caused my mistress to change her mind, but, after I had been restored to her by her late landlady, she began to wear me constantly as before. I was glad of this, for I had insensibly become attached to her.

My mistress went in the course of time into the keeping of other gentlemen, and at length she became a lady of the town. Oh! how changed she was since first I knew her! She shed no tears—made no complaint—but appeared always cheerful and gay; when she was visited by a depression of spirits she had recourse to stimulants, which speedily drove them away—not that she had become a drunkard—she was, perhaps, as abstinent as the best of her class—but still, as occasion required, she would have recourse to brandy; but she never took it to excess.

Some years passed away, and still my mistress pursued her iniquitous recreation. She had never once seen her seducer since she separated from him.

My mistress at this time was living in a fashionable house at the west-end of London; it was frequented by several of the young members of the aristocracy. A gentleman one night visited the house—my mistress was alone, and he was shown into her presence.

"What, Julia?" exclaimed the gentleman. It was Elmore.

"Elmore!" said my mistress, and she sank upon a chair and burst into tears—a thing which she had not done for a long time.

"Oh! I have sought London through and through, Julia, for you, but never could succeed in finding you. I am glad I have discovered you at last. Oh, why did you ever leave me?"

He approached her, and would have embraced her, but she rose indignantly from her chair, and assumed an attitude of defence.

"I command you, sir, to stand where you are—approach me not."

"In God's name, what is the matter, Julia? You have surely forgotten me."

"No, sir, I have not forgotten you—nor shall I forget you."

"Whether you have or not, madam, these queenly airs will not do, I

assure you. Remember, you are dependent upon others for a livelihood, and it behoves you to wear your sweetest smiles, and not to repay your visitors by coldness and frowns."

"And who, sir," she said, indignantly, "has made me dependent upon others? Whom have I to thank for my past misery—my present degradation? My cup of misery has been filled to overflowing—my heart is hourly gnawed by the bitterest anguish and remorse, and hope is effectually shut out from it. But had as all these are, my life is still bearable; but such an existence as yours would be intolerable to me. I have even yet some feeling of self-respect, and can walk the streets and look boldly into the faces of those I meet; but you ought to shrink from human scrutiny—to hide yourself from the light—to crawl along the earth like some of those filthy reptiles which, as soon as they are observed, skulk and conceal themselves in holes and corners. See—this ring which you gave me, to mask the iniquitous life I was leading, I fling from me, and spurn as I do you this moment."

As my mistress gave utterance to these words, she threw me from the window on to the road.

I know not how this extraordinary interview terminated. I lay upon the road for a considerable time without being discovered. It was a great thoroughfare, and a number of vehicles of almost every description passed close by me during the day—some indeed came so near me that I stood in danger of being crushed to pieces by their wheels passing over me. I admit, as I lay in the dust, I felt a little hurt at the manner in which my mistress had cast me from her. I was perfectly willing, however, to make every allowance. I knew how deeply she had been wronged, and the misery she had endured since first I came into her possession. This reflection at once suggested to me, that in throwing me away she only perpetrated an act that was the necessary consequence of her indignation, and that she was right in being rid of me at any rate, for my presence could only remind her of her degraded position, and the injuries to which she had been subjected.

I lay on the dusty road for four or five days, till at last I was picked up by a man who seemed to have travelled far, for his clothes were dirty, and he walked as though he were footsore. He was a young, stout man, and he carried a stick in his hand.

"What's this?" he said, as he examined me. "Ha, ha, it's a ring—a wedding-ring. Well, it's worth something; it will always bring a few shillings;" and he forthwith thrust me in his pocket. That very night I was taken to a pawnbroker and pledged for four shillings. I was now placed in a tolerably large box, which was filled with rings of a similar description, and whose histories, no doubt, would be very interesting if we could only hear them narrated. I lay here for upwards of a twelvemonth, when a person called upon the pawnbroker, and asked him to show him some wedding-rings. The box in which I lay was brought forward, and I was selected from amongst the rest, and duly paid for. I was not long kept in ignorance as to the character of my master. He was a man of upwards of thirty, and his appearance betokened the drunkard, though it is not quite fair to judge of men from their appearance. I now began to consider to what purpose I should next be applied. Was I to assist

in making another victim of seduction, or was I in some other way to be made the instrument of perfidy and deception?

I was very soon introduced to my future mistress. She was a tall, masculine-looking woman, little short of fifty. There was nothing in her appearance the least attractive; on the contrary, besides being much marked with the small-pox, she had lost her right eye. I wondered at first at the infatuation of the man. Did he really mean to make the woman his wife? If so, I feared he was professing an amount of regard for her which he did not feel. The truth was, however, disclosed to me at last—for I am never very long in prying into motives. The lady had accumulated a few hundred pounds by keeping a shop, and only about a year before the period of my introduction to her had retired from business. The little money thus accumulated had enabled her with economy to live in a state of moderate independence. An acquaintance of a few months with this man had resulted in proposals of marriage which were accepted.

"Well, everything is prepared," he said, half an hour after he had purchased me. "I have just bought the ring."

"Have you, indeed," said my future mistress.

"Yes, here it is."

"A very neat one, I am sure. I hope it will fit."

"I think it will; but you had better try it."

She slipped me on her finger.

"Oh! it is just as if it had been made for me; if I had been with you when you bought it, you could not have succeeded better."

The next day I was placed permanently upon her finger. After the marriage ceremony had been performed, we spent a few weeks in the country, where what is called the honeymoon was passed. On our return to town, my master resumed his employment in the City, which was that of a clerk in a brewery. He did not, however, hold his situation long; for his habits, which had long been dissipated, became much more so after his marriage, so that his employers were at last compelled to inform him that his services would no longer be required.

"Oh! and who the devil cares?" said my master, snapping his fingers at the senior partner, as he imparted this information to him. "I am independent—my wife has plenty of money—enough to buy up your whole concern, and have something to spare too."

My master returned home very tipsy that night.

"Oh! for God's sake, Henry," said my mistress, "leave off these dreadful habits, or you will bring both yourself and me to ruin."

"Eh! what—what did you say, my old girl?"

"I say, leave off these habits—they are disgraceful."

"I shall—I—I shall not leave—leave 'em off till—hiccup—I think fit."

"If you continue long this way you will break my heart."

"I didn't—hiccup—know you had got a—a—a heart; never mind—cheer up—all right, old girl."

"You will provoke me to say what I didn't wish to say," exclaimed my mistress, growing very angry.

"Say—say on, old girl—hiccup—never mind me."

"Well, then, I will say this—I wish I had never seen you."

"I cannot—hiccup—say exactly that—hiccup—of you, old girl; for

if—if—hiccup—I—I hadn't seen you—hiccup—I shouldn't have seen your money. It—it was your money—hiccup—my dear, and not your an—an—angelic charms that ensnared—hiccup—the too sensitive heart of Harry Hubbard."

"I wish I had known this before."

"I dare say you do, old girl; but—but, you see—hiccup—it wasn't my interest to tell you."

"A pity it is there should be such villains in the world."

"A much greater pity I—I think, that—that—hiccup—such fine-spirited—hiccup—chaps as me should—hiccup—be obliged to throw themselves—hiccup—away for the sake of—of—hiccup—the base shining metal."

"I will bear this no longer," said my mistress, and she left the room.

For the next three years my mistress led an exceedingly unhappy life; her husband was scarcely ever sober. The little money which she had saved up was rapidly disappearing, and there was nothing before them but ruin and misery. My master did not remain to see the worst; when almost everything they possessed had either been sold or pledged, he left his wife and fled; inquiries were made for him throughout the kingdom, but without success, and at last the opinion that most prevailed was that he had gone abroad. The ill-usage which my mistress had experienced, almost from the very period of her marriage to the present time, terminated in a serious illness; she had no friends to take care of her, and she was obliged to take shelter in the workhouse; she lingered for a few weeks, and died a broken-hearted woman, as I can safely affirm.

I passed through two or three hands, and at last found myself in a watchmaker's shop, and exposed in his window as a second-hand article.

"Who will try next?" thought I; "here I am, gallants, come and make your game."

The quiet existence to which I was now subjected annoyed me exceedingly. I disliked lying in a wooden bowl day after day only to be looked at by a few curious young girls as they passed the window in which I was exhibited. I do not know whether other wedding-rings are embued with a similar love of adventure, but assuredly I wished again to go forth into the world to see fresh scenes, and as many phases of wedded life as possible. I hope my curiosity in this respect is sufficiently plausible, and I do not see that there can be any objection to my revelations on the score of their being family secrets, seeing that the whole of my disclosures are perfectly true, and certainly not of so remarkable a character as to be received with any degree of incredulity.

My period of confinement within so narrow and so incongenial a sphere was terminated at last. And by whom does the reader think? Some fine spruce young fellow, with vigour in his limbs and fire in his eyes? Indeed—indeed, it was quite otherwise. A grey-headed, arthematical old fellow came hobbling into the shop, and asked to be shown some rings; the bowl in which I was placed was produced.

"You have plenty of wedding-rings, I see?" said the old fellow.

"Oh! yes; a very good assortment," the watchmaker answered.

"What sort of demand have you for them, eh?"

"Only a very moderate one," said the watchmaker; "young chaps won't marry now-a-days, unless they can get girls with money. Love, sir, is becoming quite obsolete—scarcely so known fifty years hence."

"Ha! ha! I believe you're right—I believe you're right, sir; young men are more selfish than when I was a boy. I have been twice married, sir—twice; and I always married for love, and am going to marry for it again—ha! ha!"

"Was it possible," thought I, "that an old man at his period of life could be under the influence of such a feeling! And who, in Heaven's name, was the woman he was about to make his wife? Some person of his own age, or—~~laugh!~~ the idea is repulsive."

"Ah, sir," said the watchmaker, "there are some old men living who enjoy what is called a green-old age."

"And I—I, Mr. Watchmaker, am one of them. I feel, sir, quite young and vigorous."

"It's astonishing, sir, the difference there is in people," said the watchmaker; "some people preserve their constitutions so carefully, that they are almost as fresh at threescore years as they are at thirty—a wonderful effect, sir, a regular and steady life."

"Very true—very true; nothing like husbanding your resources. How old do you think the lady is I'm going to marry?"

"About your own age—probably fifty or sixty."

"Ha! ha! you are very far from the mark; she is only seventeen—only seventeen, sir—sweet seventeen. Ha! ha!"

A man cannot be an observer of life—I do not mean a close observer—a mere casual observer, without being disgusted and shocked at the innumerable incongruities which at every turn present themselves. I do not mean to say, because the great Samuel Bullhead, Esq., rides in his carriage, and because his servants are arrayed in the most costly and beautiful liveries, that he is a fool, a knave, or a worldly and selfish man; neither do I infer that little Jack Sloman is a neglected genius, underrated poet, painter, or sculptor, because he trudges along on foot, and is often rather puzzled to discover how to obtain his dinner. Well, here was an old man, with scarcely a tooth in his head, almost bent, about to be joined to a young girl of seventeen! Surely there was some great incongruity here. To me such a union was dreadfully repugnant.

"Seventeen, did you say?" said the watchmaker, and he looked incredulously at the old man.

"Yes—yes—seventeen."

"I should say, sir, you were old enough to be her grandfather."

"Well, perhaps I am; but she loves me, the young minx."

"Will the ring suit you?" said the watchmaker, after the old man had carefully examined me.

"Yes, this will fit her, I believe;" and the old man accordingly paid for me, and carried me off exultingly.

I was in due time introduced to my future mistress. She was rather a fine-looking girl, and fully as young as she had been represented. It cannot be supposed that she was going to marry the old man because she felt any affection for him. Her mother was a poor widow, and the old man had lodged with them for some months, and was supposed to be worth money. The young girl was urged to the step she was about to take partly by necessity and the notion of being provided with a home for life.

The marriage in a short time was celebrated. The newly-married people continued to live with the old lady as before, so that no change

was made in this respect. My young mistress had very soon cause to repent of the marriage she had contracted. The following letter, which was written to the old man, and which by some chance had fallen into the hands of his young wife, will give some notion of the state of excitement into which she was thrown :

"DEER SUR,—This kums fore to tel ye that your ould ooman has been, varry badly sin you left her, and she b'lieves she's niver to git better no more. She frets varry much about your goin' away in that fashion, withoot sayin' a word to onybody about your intensions, and thinks as that she has been a gud wife to you, and niver deserved no such treatment from won that was bound to love and cheerish her as long as she lived. Well it was no concern o' mine your goin' away, as you have dun, as I consider a man has plenty to do to mind his own affairs, and I don't much like mixing mysel up with other folks quarrels. However, as I hard by chance that you had kum'd to Lundon, and ware you was livin', I thought I wold just send you a few lines, thinkin' no doubt you wold like still to heer about the ould ooman. There be nothin' new heer—things are goin' on in the ould stile. So no more at present from your well-wisher,

"JOHN NODDEM."

This letter, as I have said, occasioned my mistress considerable uneasiness. Was it possible that she could have been deceived? Surely the man who had professed so much regard for her could not thus deliberately have projected her ruin?

"See what I have found," she said afterwards to her husband. "This letter must be yours—it is directed to you."

"What—what letter? Let me see."

He took his spectacles from his pocket and proceeded to read it; as he did so, his face evinced the emotion that its contents produced.

"Oh, my dear, this letter was sent to a cousin of mine—the same name exactly, and he lent it to me to read, and I forgot to give it him back."

"Yes; but don't you see it's directed to the very street in which you live?" urged the wife.

"Yes, yes; but that's my cousin's direction to me—that's it, my dear—that's it."

"If I thought it was not so," said my mistress, "I would take this ring"—and she slipped me from her finger—"and break it into a thousand pieces."

"Oh, but I tell you, my dear, you have not the least occasion to alarm yourself."

"It would certainly be a dreadful thing, if you have been deceiving my poor girl," said the old lady.

"No, no," said the old man; "I have done nothing of the kind."

"I should not long survive such a disgrace," said the old woman.

There are few things which time, sooner or later, does not bring to light. We may attempt concealment, we may stave off for a time the evil day, but it overtakes us at last, and the long account is produced, and the settlement demanded. And so it came to pass that, on a little inquiry being instituted, the chief point in the letter was thoroughly

established. The old man was soon called to his account, and his guilt proved beyond a doubt. The punishment he received was such as he deserved. He was sent across the seas to eke out his miserable existence in a penal settlement, and to become the prey of that remorse which would track his footsteps to the grave.

My mistress had threatened to break me to pieces if she discovered that the old man had acted treacherously towards her. I do not know how it happened, but she did not carry this threat into execution. Perhaps she thought I was of a little value in a pecuniary point of view, and that if they should be reduced to great straits, I could be sold for a few shillings, which would be very useful in the hour of need. I was glad I escaped this commination; but at all events, whatever blame might be attributed to others, I was in no respect to be held answerable for the misery with which all my unfortunate mistresses had been visited.

After these disclosures had been made, I was no longer worn upon the finger of my mistress. If I had been, my adventures, perhaps, might have ended here. She very foolishly carried me loosely in her pocket, and it so happened, that when she was out one day, having occasion to take something from her pocket, she unconsciously pulled me out at the same time, and I fell upon the pavement. I did not lie there long before I was picked up by a gentleman. He examined me for a few minutes, and being assured I was made of gold, he placed me in his pocket. A very few weeks afterwards this gentleman entered into an engagement of marriage with a highly accomplished and beautiful young girl. When the day for the solemnisation of the marriage arrived, and when the wedding-party stood before the priest at the altar, it suddenly occurred to the bridegroom that he had forgotten the ring which he had bought purposely for the lady, and which fitted her admirably. This was a difficulty which was altogether unforeseen, and occasioned the party considerable perplexity. It happily, however, occurred to the gentleman that he had a ring of the same description in his pocket, but he did not know whether it would fit the finger of his future wife or not. The trial, however, was made, and I was found to answer admirably, and very glad the whole of the party were that I had come so opportunely to the rescue.

I have neither the wish nor the intention to dwell at any great length upon the various phases of human life which I record; a glance—a passing glance at these little histories, is all that I can afford. The reader must, therefore, himself supply a great deal that I may leave untold.

I need not say that after the marriage ceremony had been performed, the party partook of a splendid breakfast, and that afterwards the bridegroom and bride bid their friends farewell, and proceeded on their wedding excursion. I need not say that the honeymoon lasted a few weeks, and that they returned home. I need not describe the splendid parties that were given on the occasion—all these things may with safety be left to the filling up of the reader. I have no doubt there is some impatience to know something of more importance than all this. Were my young master and mistress happy? And who can doubt it? Was there not youth, love, beauty, wealth?—Surely these are great components in the cup of happiness. I will not deny that for a considerable time my master and mistress enjoyed uninterrupted happiness; three or four children sprang from the union. A few years passed over their heads,

and although, perhaps, they did not love each other so ardently as they had done in their more youthful days, still, I had reason to believe they were tenderly attached to each other.

It happened one summer that we visited a watering-place in the south of England; during our stay here, my master contracted an acquaintance with a Mr. Stannington, a very gentlemanly young fellow, and he frequently invited him to the house, where he became a general favourite with the family. My master was fond of billiards, and I confess not quite so much at home in the evenings as he ought to have been. On occasions of this kind, Mr. Stannington would frequently call and spend an hour or two in conversation with my mistress. At first there was no harm in these interviews, but at last, it became quite apparent to me that Mr. Stannington's visits were becoming too frequent and of too much importance to my mistress, either for my master's honour or happiness. My master, however, did not perceive it. A friend, however, at last undertook the disagreeable office of putting him on his guard.

"Oh, my dear fellow," said my master, in reply, "there is nothing in it—much obliged to you all the same. Stannington is an honourable fellow, and I am sure would attempt to take no advantage of his friend."

"It is not my business, certainly not," said the friend; "and I sincerely wish you may not have cause to repent of this apathy and indifference."

The reader will anticipate the sequel—my mistress fell—she became the victim of the fascinating Stannington. When the intimacy could no longer be concealed from the unsuspecting husband, she and her paramour took to flight to escape the vengeance they both so richly deserved. She left her children, home, friends, station, everything, for the society of a man base and worthless as herself. Oh! wretched—wretched woman! what thoughts will be the companions of your solitude?—what remorse, what corroding care will pursue you whithersoever you bend your steps?—what hours and moments of unspeakable agony you must endure, when laid upon your bed of death! There shall be no friend to mark the period of your dissolution—no child to offer up a prayer for the welfare of your soul!

The fugitives proceeded to the nearest seaport town, and took their passages for America by a vessel that was on the eve of sailing. A few hours after the vessel left the port, my mistress, as if to drive away all reminiscences of the past, pulled me from her finger, and hurled me into the sea.

It would only be reasonable to suppose that my adventures were now fairly at an end: but no, remarkable as it may appear, it was not so.

The last part of my story will be the most incredulous of all. I was swallowed by a greedy fish, which, a few weeks afterwards, was caught by some fishermen. The fish was carried to market and sold; it was bought by the housekeeper of a gentleman; when it was opened, I was discovered and taken out, and on being examined, was supposed to be a wedding-ring, and the property of some poor creature who had perished at sea.

As a curiosity, I was placed in a glass-case and presented to the museum of the town, and a card was inserted within the case with the latter portion of my history written upon it. If the whole were known, I should, I suspect, become a great deal more interesting still, and it is therefore that I have been induced to publish my memoirs *in extenso*.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

GAMBLING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE idle, the desperate, the sanguine, and the hopeless, the knave and the fool, have been in all generations, and ever will be, gamblers. There is a charm in the uncertainty, the suspense, the speculation, the hazard of gaming, which dazzles the young, and even sometimes attracts the wary. The courtier, the statesman, the general, the stockjobber, and the merchant, are they not all, in a greater or less degree, gamblers? For riches or honour depend on "how they play their cards"—chance has *something* to do with all their gains and losses.

In the recognised gambling of stockjobbers every device was resorted to in order to influence the stock-market. False reports, especially during the several wars, were circulated; sham couriers galloped through the streets, spreading uncertainty and mystery over the aspect of affairs; and even on June the 22nd, 1787, we find a woman was arrested at the Royal Exchange, in London, for vending a fictitious *London Gazette Extraordinary*, giving a fabulous account of the movements of the French troops, which caused the funds to fall one per cent.!

But in the more contracted sense in which we understand the word "gambling," our grandsires appear to have been more attached to it than the generations which went before them. The actor and the politician, the divine and the tradesman, were alike infected with a rage for gaming. The Duke of Devonshire lost his valuable estate of Leicester Abbey to *Manners* at a game at basset. Pears were impoverished, and estates mortgaged in a single sitting, and the man who had entered the room in a state of affluence, rushed madly into the streets at night penniless, and probably in debt to a large amount. The chocolate-rooms in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross, Leicester-fields, and Golden-square, were the principal "hells" of the West-end, and it was not far for ruin, disgrace, and despair to find oblivion in the bosom of the Serpentine or the Thames. The coffee-houses, we are told, most notorious for gambling, were "White's Chocolate House," for picket or basset clubs, in 1724; "Littleman's," for faro, which was played in every room; "Oldman's," "Tom's," "Will's," and "Jonathan's" Coffee-houses, for ombre, picket, and loo. About 1730, the "Crown" Coffee-house, in Bedford-row, became the rendezvous of a club of whist players. Early in the century, although Swift mentions it as a clergyman's game, whist appears to have been less in vogue, except with footmen and servants, among whom it kept company with put and all-fours. From the frequent mention of it in Swift's "Journal to Stella," we should surmise that ombre was in great fashion about 1710 to 1713, as was crimp among the ladies, according to Steele; and, in 1726 we find, in "Gay's Correspondence," a letter to Swift, in which he alludes to the favour in which the game of quadrille was then held: "I can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life."

"Nay," cries honest Parson Adams, in the *True Briton* of January the 28th, 1746, "the holy Sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings, and card-playing goes on as publicly as on any other day! Nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime."

The *Daily Journal* of January the 9th, 1751, gives a list of the officers retained "in the most notorious gaming-houses," showing how these matters were then managed. The first twelve were :

"1. A commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night, and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

"2. A director, who superintends the room.

"3. An operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game called *faro*.

"4. Two croupers (*croupiers*), who watch the cards and gather the money for the bank.

"5. Two puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

"6. A clerk, who is a check upon the puffs, to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

"7. A squib is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

"8. A flasher, to swear how often the bank has been stripped.

"9. A dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

"10. A waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room.

"11. An attorney—a Newgate solicitor.

"12. A captain, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish at losing his money."

The green-rooms of the theatres, even, were the scenes of great doings in the gaming way; and Miss Bellamy tells us that thousands were frequently lost there in a night—rings, brooches, watches, professional wardrobes, and even salaries in advance, being staked and lost as well as money.

It was in vain that essays, satires, and sermons were written with a view to checking this universal vice. Hogarth has depicted it in all its horrors, whether in the scene where it first leads the idle apprentice into sin, or in the other, where it shows the young rake the way to gaol. But its dreadful consequences were most forcibly placed before the eyes of the infatuated town by Edward Moore, in a tragedy, first performed at Drury Lane in 1753, and entitled the "*Gamester*." How did "the town" receive this lesson? The "*New Theatrical Dictionary*" says: "With all its merits, it met with but little success, the general cry against it being that the distress was too deep to be borne. Yet we are rather apt to imagine its want of perfect approbation arose in one part (and that no inconsiderable one) of the audience from a tenderness of another kind than that of compassion, and that they were less hurt by the distress of *Beverley* than by finding their darling vice—their favourite folly—thus vehemently attacked by the strong lance of reason and dramatic execution."

But this absorbing passion was not confined to the harsher sex. Coteries of ladies, young and old, single and married, had their regular nights of meeting; and the household expenses were occasionally not a little increased by the loss, in a single evening, of three times the last

night's winnings, which had pacified the husband, or, maybe, been already laid out in a new brocaded dress, stomacher, commode, or fan. Who does not remember the terrible moral contained in the "*Lady's Last Stake*?"—doubtless, when jewels and trinkets had been successively staked and lost, the pearl of greatest value—the most brilliant ornament of the sex—was in danger. Swift draws a true but satirical picture of this state of things in his "*Journal of a Modern Lady*;" and Hogarth records the participation of the fair in this engrossing vice, and, in his "*Taste in High Life*," we see a complete pyramid, composed of a pack of cards, and, on the floor beside them, a memorandum, inscribed "*Lady Basto, Dr. to John Pip, for cards, 300*l*.*" Nay, so far did the ladies carry this infatuation, that women of fashion at length *established* in their levees regular whist-masters and professors of quadrille. This was a most distressing feature in the domestic life of the century—the "mothers and wives of England"—(the gentle reformers that they ought to be!)—following the examples of their husbands, or setting them to their children—making their home literally a "hell," and their unborn children paupers!

If not the earliest, at least the most remarkable instance of this *national* spirit of gambling which displayed itself in the last century, was the infatuation which led all classes to commit themselves to the alluring prospects held out to them by the South-Sea Company. The public creditor was offered six per cent. interest, and a participation in the profits of a new trading company, incorporated under the style of "*The Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America.*" But, whatever chances of success this company might have had, were soon dispersed by the breaking out of the war with Spain in 1718, which rendered it necessary for the concoctors of the scheme to circulate the most exaggerated reports, falsify their books, bribe the members of the government, and resort to every fraudulent means for the purpose of propping up their tottering creation. Wonderful discoveries of valuable resources were trumped up, and, by the mystery which they contrived to throw around the whole concern, people's curiosity was excited, and a general but vague impression got abroad that one of the South-Sea Company's bonds was talismanic, and there was no reckoning the amount of profit it would bring to the fortunate possessor; the smallest result expected from the enterprise was, that in twenty-six years it would pay off the entire amount of the National Debt!

How it was to be done no one knew, or cared to inquire; it was sufficient to know it *was* to be done. Trade and business of all kinds was suspended, every pursuit and calling neglected, and the interest of the whole nation absorbed by this enchanting dream. Money was realised in every way, and at every sacrifice and risk, to be made available in the purchase of South-Sea Stock, which rose in price with the demand, from 150*l*. to 325*l*. per cent. Fresh speculators came pouring in, and the price went up to 1000*l*. per cent.! This was at the latter end of July; but lo! a whisper went forth that there was something wrong with the South-Sea Company—the chairman, Sir John Blunt, and some of the directors had sold their shares—there was "a screw loose somewhere;" and, on the 2nd of September, it was quoted at 700*l*. An attempt to allay the panic was made by the directors, who called a meeting on the

8th, at Merchant Tailors' Hall; but in the evening it fell to 640*l.*, and, next day, stood at 540*l.* The fever had been succeeded by a shivering fit, and it was rapidly running down to zero! In this emergency the king, who was at Hanover, was sent for, and Sir Robert Walpole called in when the case was desperate. He endeavoured to persuade the Bank of England to circulate the company's bonds, but in vain; the stock fell to 135*l.*, and the bubble burst. The duration of this public "delirium," as Smollett has truly called it, may be estimated when we state that the bill enabling the company to raise the subscription received the royal assent on the 7th of April, 1720, with the stock at 150*l.*, that the price subsequently ran up to 1000*l.*, and that, on the 29th of September, it had again sunk to 150*l.*, and the delusion was over, and the nation in a state of panic, with public credit shaken to its centre. Investigations were now made into the conduct of the managers of this marvellous fraud. A bill was first passed through parliament to prevent the escape of the directors from the kingdom, and then a committee of secrecy appointed to examine into their accounts. It then came out that books had been destroyed or concealed, entries erased and altered, and accounts falsified; that the king's mistress even, the Duchess of Kendal, had received stock to the amount of 10,000*l.*; another favourite, the Countess of Platen, 10,000*l.*; the Earl of Sutherland, 50,000*l.*; each of the Countess of Platen's two nieces, 10,000*l.*; Mr. Aislabia, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 70,000*l.*; Mr. Craggs, father of the Secretary of State, 659,000*l.*; the Earl of Sunderland, 160,000*l.*; Mr. Craggs, junior, 30,000*l.*; and Mr. Charles Stanhope, Secretary of the Treasury, two amounts, one of 10,000*l.*, and another of 47,000*l.*! The manner in which these worthies, who were in the secret, could anticipate and influence the markets, is obvious. Poor Gay had received an allotment of stock from Mr. Secretary Craggs, which was at one time worth 20,000*l.*; but he clung fast to the bubble, refused to sell at that price, and waited till it was worthless, when he found himself hugging the shadow of a fortune! The amount of the company's stock at the time of the inquiry was found to be 37,800,000*l.*, of which 24,500,000*l.* belonged to individual proprietors. As some compensation to these rash and ruined speculators, the estates of the directors were confiscated. Sir George Caswell was expelled the House of Commons, and made to disgorge 250,000*l.*; Aislabia, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was expelled, and committed to the Tower; Sir John Blunt, the chairman, was stripped of all but 5000*l.*; and Sir John Fellowes was deprived of 233,000*l.*; and the excitement and popular resentment was so intense, that it is marvellous that they escaped with their lives.

The South-Sea frenzy was not sufficient to engross the gambling spirit that it had generated; simultaneously there oozed up a crowd of smaller bubbles, of which Malcolm counted one hundred and fifty-six. The titles of some of them were sufficient to illustrate the madness which had seized upon the nation!

"Companies for carrying on the undertaking business and furnishing funerals, capital 1,200,000*l.*, at the Fleece Tavern" (ominous sign!), "Cornhill—for discounting pensions, 2000 shares, at the Globe Tavern—for preventing and suppressing thieves, and insuring all persons' goods from the same (!), capital 2,000,000*l.*, at Cooper's—for making of Joppa

and Castile soap, at the Castle Tavern—for sweeping the streets—for maintaining bastard children—for improving gardens and raising fruit-trees, at Garraway's—for insuring horses against natural death, accident, or theft, at the Crown Tavern, Smithfield—another at Robin's, of the same nature, capital 2,000,000*l.*—for introducing the breed of asses (!)—an insurance company against the thefts of servants, 3000 shares of 1000*l.* each, at the Devil Tavern—for a perpetual motion, by means of a wheel moving by force of its own weight, capital 1,000,000*l.*, at the Ship Tavern," &c., &c. The Prince of Wales became governor of a Welsh Copper Company; the Duke of Chandos was chairman of the York-buildings Company, and of another company for building houses in London and Westminster.

Many of these speculations were jealously prosecuted by the South-Sea Company, but they all succeeded, in a greater or less degree, in spreading the general panic. The amount of capital proposed to be raised by these countless schemes was three hundred millions sterling—exceeding the value of all the lands in England! The most amusing instance of the blind credulity of the public was in the success which attended one wily projector, who, well knowing the value of mystery, published the following proposal:

"This day, the 8th instant, at Sam's Coffee-house, behind the Royal Exchange, at three in the afternoon, a book will be opened for entering into a joint co-partnership for carrying on a thing that will turn to the advantage of all concerned."

The particulars of this notable scheme were not to be revealed for a month, and, "in the mean time," says Smollett, "he declared that every person paying two guineas should be entitled to a subscription of one hundred pounds, which would produce that sum yearly. In one forenoon the adventurer received a thousand of these subscriptions, and, in the evening, set out for another kingdom!"

Some curious satires of these several schemes are preserved in the British Museum, in the shape of a pack of playing-cards. Thus, one is a caricature of York-buildings, with the following lines beneath it:

You that are blest with wealth by your Creator,
And want to drown your money in Thames water,
Buy but York-buildings, and the cistern there
Will sink more pence than any fool can spare.

A ship-building company is thus ridiculed:

Who but a nest of blockheads to their cost
Would build new ships for freight when trade is lost?
To raise fresh barques must surely be amusing,
When hundreds rot in dock for want of using.

The Pennsylvanian Land Company comes in for a share of the satire:

Come, all ye saints, that would for little buy
Great tracts of land, and care not where they lie,
Deal with your Quaking friends—they're men of light—
The spirit hates deceit and scorns to bite.

The Company for the Insurance of Horses' Lives against Death or Accident is thus dealt with:

You that keep horses to preserve your ease,
And pads to please your wives and mistresses,
Insure their lives, and, if they die we'll make
Full satisfaction—or be bound to break!

Smollett gives us a more dismal picture. "The whole nation," he says, "was infested with the spirit of stock-jobbing to an astonishing degree. All distinctions of party, religion, sex, character, and circumstances were swallowed up. Exchange-alley was filled with a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, Whigs and Tories, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and even with females; all other professions and employments were utterly neglected."

In this state of the public feeling, it is not to be wondered at that lottery schemes were received with favour, when the government were forced to resort to them as a means of raising the supplies; but what is remarkable, is the amount of superstition which was connected with the working of them. The chance of a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize was too dazzling, and the tickets were bought up almost as soon as they were issued; nay, scarcely had "the scheme" of the "New State Lottery" made its appearance in the *London Gazette*, before the offices of the agents and contractors to whom the distribution of the tickets fell, were besieged by impatient applicants; for, as Fielding says in his farce of the "Lottery,"

A lottery is a taxation
Upon all the fools in creation;
And Heaven be prais'd,
It is easily raised—
Credulity's always in fashion.

The rage for a "ticket in the lottery" was a species of mania with which few people were not infected, from the nobleman who could afford to purchase a whole ticket, to the servant who raised the sum (often, as has been proved, by pilfering) necessary to purchase a sixteenth. Long and serious was the consideration in the choice of an agent; "Hazard" was a famous name; nay, "Winpenny" was better, and his office was the King's Arms, Saint Dunstan's Church: he had sold the twenty thousand prize in the last lottery (and our speculator never paused to think that this very fact would reduce the amount of probability of his selling one in the present); but then "Goodluck"—that had a more musical sound! The case was perplexing, and the anxious speculator long wavered in doubt and hesitation, till a bill is, perchance, thrust into his hand with some doggerel song, ending in such a chorus as—

For oh! 'tis Bish, 'tis BISH, 'tis BISH,
Who sends the cash around;
I only wish a friend in Bish,
And thirty thousand pound!

or a glance at the long list of "Prizes sold by Bish!!!" in former lotteries decides his choice, and to Bish's office, accordingly, he hies. But now interposes another momentous question—What number shall he choose? Three is lucky—so is twelve—seven is decidedly unlucky: there must not be a seven in the number, nor must it be divisible by seven; no, it shall be twelve, or one of the multiples of twelve;—or he will con-

sult a friend, who has been fortunate in his former selections: he chose Gideon Goose's number for him, and it was a prize; he advised Tom Fool in his purchase, and it turned up a thousand pounds;—yes, he would seek his lucky friend, and have his opinion as to the number likely to win the grand prize. Such was the usual manner of fixing upon a number in the choice of a lottery-ticket; but occasionally a fortune-teller was consulted, and the figures which she pretended to discern—and which the credulity of her dupe readily pointed out—in the grounds of coffee or the formation of the fire, were instantly noted down, and the ticket whose number corresponded with them anxiously secured, even at a heavy premium; or, as was the cant term for buying a ticket, "the horse" was "hired." This is no exaggerated picture; the recollection even of many who may read these pages will testify to its truth (for lotteries lingered into the present century). The superstition and credulity of lottery speculators were truly ridiculous. A squinting woman, auguring ill-luck, was the most hideous demon they could encounter; whilst a man, labouring under the same obliquity of vision, and who was supposed to import good fortune, became a very angel in their eyes. Dreams were held of marvellous account; but, if a crumb fell from the table, or but a grain of salt were spilled on the morning of "the drawing," what losses did it not portend!

But the eventful day which was to decide the fortunes of thousands—the question of life or death to many—pregnant with joy and misery, success and disappointment—now approaches, and the sanguine holder of a lottery-ticket, already the confident possessor of a prize of twenty thousand pounds, disdains to walk to the scene of his anticipated triumph, and hires a hackney-coach from the nearest stand, or perhaps a brass-nailed leather chair, to carry him to Guildhall. What? walk! He, the holder of a ticket which will soon be drawn a prize! Psha! "Coach! coach! To Guildhall—as fast as you like!" No quibbling about the fare—there is no occasion for economy *now*; the only consideration is speed, for the speculator is impatient to grasp his coming fortune. How crowded is the old hall with anxious faces—some beaming with hope; others betraying a mixed sensation, half hope, half fear; others, again, bent seriously on the ground, their owners wondering, evidently, when the drawing will commence—when their respective numbers will be drawn—what they will be, prizes or blanks; if prizes, of what amount; if blanks——. See! the sleeves of the Bluecoat-boy, who is to draw the numbers, are turned up at the wrist. And why is this? To prevent his concealing, as he was once suspected of doing, a prize beneath his cuff. And now the wheel revolves—a prize is drawn! What number? Hush! Silence there! Ha! is it possible? Yes, yonder buxom servant, whose countenance has been changing alternately from white to red, is the happy possessor of twelve hundred pounds, a sixteenth of the prize. That babe, who is fretting and screaming in its mother's arms, is the all-unconscious owner of another portion—and a long history the proud mother has to tell to the surrounding crowd of that same screaming babe: how that she had purchased the share with the money she had saved up when "in service"—how she had held him forth, and allowed his tiny hand—oh, bless it!—to dive among the numbers—and how he drew forth from among the mass—bless his little heart! he did—

the identical one that had obtained the prize; and, as he kicks and frets in the oppressive heat of the hall, what an innocent accessory does he seem to have been to his own fortune! But, hark! something withdraws the attention of her audience: a buzz had recommenced at the upper end of the hall, but now everything is hushed. Once more the wheel of fortune flies round, and this time is drawn—a blank! Note yonder man, who has been straining and stretching his neck to see the number exhibited, or hear it pronounced—he is the possessor of the ticket. Poor fellow! Mark his countenance—how the ray of hope which had previously illumined it disappears! This was his last attempt; for years he had been hoarding up a little money for a risk in this lottery, and had invested it in an entire ticket, and now he has lost it all. For himself he cares not: *his* days cannot be very many more, and the workhouse is open to *him*; but it was for his orphan grandchild—to support her when he was gone, to keep her from the streets and wretchedness. Poor fellow! He buries his face in his hands, but dare not think of home. Rich peer, who standest by his side, and hast come merely for amusement and to see the drawing, a score of pounds taken from your great store would not be missed—take pity on the wretch, and save, oh! save the child! Equally unsuccessful have been all his former attempts: he feels that he is doomed. And this, which had been the constant theme of his conversation and the subject of his thoughts by day, and the substance of his dreams by night, when, awaking, he had fondled the child, and, calling it by endearing names, cried in his maddening hopefulness, “You shall ride in a carriage, Nelly—you shall be rich, Nelly, and keep your poor old grandfather!”—this, for which he had denied himself the few luxuries which his scanty means would have enabled him to enjoy, and perhaps, even, robbed Nature of her due—this, for which he had at last sacrificed his self-respect, and carried his long-preserved and carefully-cherished wedding suit to the pawnbroker’s—this, for the issue of which he had induced his importunate and clamorous creditors to wait—this last chance lost, his last hope went with it. There was now nothing before him but the workhouse or the gaol. Stay! Yes, there was—the river! For the poor little orphan at home—lost child!—the carriage never came!

Frightful evils grew out of these state lotteries; in many cases they rendered the unfortunate speculator a maniac and a suicide—in many more they encouraged dishonesty and crime. In 1754 the agents and their friends, it was discovered, were in the habit of monopolising the tickets by means of using various false names—although the Lottery Act specially prohibited any one person from holding more than twenty tickets—and carried this system on to such an extent, defaulting if unsuccessful, and causing serious deficiencies in the revenue, that a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the evil, and one man, on its suggestion, was prosecuted in the Court of King’s Bench, and fined a thousand pounds. Neither were these agents considered by the public immaculate or incapable of cheating their infatuated customers, for, in 1774, Hazard and Co. advertise that they have made an affidavit before the Lord Mayor that *they will “justly and honestly pay the prizes”*—an assurance, intended to inspire confidence, which hints significantly at the existence of distrust.

But the agents were sometimes victimised themselves by a class of adventurers yet more cunning and unscrupulous. Several of the "lottery-office keepers" as they were called had a small room at the back of their shops, in which they pursued the lucrative business of "insuring numbers." Thus a person having a superstitious prejudice in favour of any particular number, but without the means sufficient to purchase the ticket of the corresponding number, would, on payment of a shilling to the agent, effect an insurance on it, by which, in the event of its being drawn a prize, he would receive the amount for which he might have insured it. This betting practice (for such it was),—which, in fact, formed a lottery on a smaller scale—was strictly prohibited by the government, as it superseded in some degree the purchase of tickets. The consequence was, that these illicit proceedings were carried on in a surreptitious manner, the door being secured against intruders before the agent would enter upon the business of insurance. To practise a fraud upon these insurers was excusable, and tolerably safe, seeing that they had no redress at law. Persons were in the habit of attending the drawing of the lotteries, which usually took place at about eight o'clock in the evening, and, posting their agents along the shortest cut to the insurance office, the instant a prize was drawn a messenger was sent to communicate the number of it to the first of these living telegraphs, or, as they were popularly called, "carrier pigeons." The information was rapidly conveyed along the line till it reached the last, who forthwith rushed to the office and insured the number heavily; in a few minutes the insurer received intelligence by some less rapid mode of communication that it was a prize, and the sum insured was accordingly the booty of the party insured and his accomplices. To guard against this fraud, the keepers of the insurance-offices subsequently closed their doors as soon as the drawing of the lottery had commenced; but even then they were cheated, for the number of a prize just drawn has been thrust through the keyhole and received unnoticed by one of the crowd who was waiting inside the office, under lock and key, to insure.

The keeper of one of these offices is made to say, in a farce written in 1781, and entitled "*The Temple of Fortune*:" "Bolt the door, for it grows near nine o'clock, and mind that no one stands near the door, as a carrier pigeon may fly through the keyhole, for such things have been known." From the same farce it would appear that the lottery-office keepers would sometimes sell a number twice over, for, on a Frenchman applying for No. 45, the keeper says, aside, after selling it to him, "That was drawn yesterday, by-the-by, but he will have nearly as good a chance with that as any other."

duced the regimental system into the same country, where either they or the Scotch were at all times the guardians of the monarchy. In Louis

BRITISH TROOPS IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE, AND THE REGIMENTAL SYSTEM.

This progressive step in the organisation of regiments, have been exceedingly slow, but there is no doubt that every age has effected some change characteristic of the spirit of the times, and more especially marking an advance in the art of war. General Viscount d'Albion, who belongs to the traditions of hygienic days, and at a time when the recollections of a war of thirty years ago, admits that certain changes have taken place, that the Minié rifle is a vast improvement upon the old musket; that the French have derived some advantage from the civil departments of military administration by twenty-five years' experience in Africa; but he also avers that there does not exist in any other continental Power a force so excellent as our regimental system, which has given to the men drilled and trained in it feelings of affection and pride in each other not known in other countries, and he believes that in their efficiency as soldiers they are not surpassed by any in the world. We are happy in believing this to be true to the letter, but it does not prevent some imaginings as to the existence of great individual helplessness on the part of the soldier, and of important grievances in the matter of promotion, especially among officers. We at the same time feel assured, notwithstanding the boasted perfection of our regimental system, and the efficiency of the soldier, that the whole will undergo great and important changes under the pressure of a distant war carried on against incomparably the most gigantic military power the world ever saw. We feel certain that such changes are necessary to ensure success, and are demanded by the progress of science and art, affecting as they do both the military and civil systems of administration, and that they will be insisted upon by a generally more enlightened and liberal public opinion than existed thirty or forty years ago.

The great fact, however, which we wish to dwell upon at the present moment is, that all history teaches us that the military system has always undergone a greater or less change in almost every reign, whether in France or in England, according to the greater or less duration of that reign, and the greater or less prevalence of war. There are many military men now living who remember the pig-tail, and it is not a year ago that a general officer denounced the Minié rifle, now proclaimed by the commander-in-chief to be superior to anything we have ever had. It is obvious, therefore, that in military as in other matters we should beware of prejudices. While changes ought not to be too hastily adopted, the power of any in authority to set aside improvements, merely because they do not belong to the old system of things, should be most jealously watched. Improvements, public men and ministers like the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Grey have admitted, are always a matter of slow and weary work in this country. It is the more essential, then, that when public opinion has declared itself in favour of an improvement, universally recognised as such, that its voice should be listened to.

France was indebted to its first organised troops to the necessity it was placed in of opposing the English crossbow-men, and with which view it called in the assistance of the Italian crossbowmen. The Swiss intro-

duced the regimental system into the same country, where either they or the Scotch were at all times the guardians of the monarchy. In Louis XIII's time there was the same absence of all military organisation; the same irregularity as to time or period of service, the same accidental method of recruiting, as in the time of Henri IV. Swiss, Germans, Scotch, Irish, and other foreigners composed the only permanent soldiery. On the 12th of March, 1616, Louis fused the Swiss companies under Gaffuri into the three companies attached to his own person, forming off the whole the complete regiment, under the name of the Swiss Guards. This was the first Swiss regiment organised in France. Louis was then only sixteen years of age, and he was persuaded by the jealous intrigues around his person to rid himself of the queen-mother, Maria of Medici, and of the Marshal d'Ancre, whom they accused of usurping the royal prerogatives.

Concino Concini, Marquis d'Ancre, was a Florentine by birth. He accompanied the Queen Maria of Medici to France, as first esquire, in 1600. The charge of first gentleman of the king's chamber was parcelled out for him from the Duke of Beillon, and the marquisate of Ancre from the Humières family, out of the royal treasury. He afterwards became a councillor of state, minister, governor of several provinces, and a marshal of France. No wonder that his success excited the jealousy of the princes of the blood and of the great men of the time. But he was loyal to the king, and at the moment of his death was raising a corps of 7000 men, at his own expense, to maintain the royal authority.

The 24th of April, 1617, at the moment when the Marshal d'Ancre was passing through the gates of the Louvre, preceded by fifty persons of his escort, the Marquis of Vitry, captain of the guards, charged with his arrest, demanded his sword in the name of the king; the marshal having refused to surrender it, several pistol-shots were fired at him, and he fell beneath a multitude of swords, which disputed with one another the glory of putting an end to him. His clothes and arms were carried in triumph to Louis XIII., amidst shouts of *Vive le Roi!* The colonel of the Gouicicans, Jean Baptiste d'Ornano, took the young king up in his arms, and held him out to the murderers. "Many thanks to you," he said to them, "now I am king!" And an hour afterwards all Paris repeated these words: "The king is king!"

The body of Concini, buried without ceremony, was exhumed by the furious population, and dragged through the streets to the extremity of the Pont-Neuf. He was hung by the feet to one of the gibbets which he had erected for those who should speak ill of him. Having been dragged thence to the Grève, he was there cut into a thousand pieces. Every one wished to have a bit of the "excommunicated Jew," as he was called; his ears were sold at a high price, his bowels were cast into the river, and his bloody remains burnt on the Pont-Neuf, before the statue of Henri IV. The next day his ashes were sold at the fourth of a crown the ounce. The passion of revenge was such that a man tore out his heart, cooked it on some charcoal, and devoured it in public. The Parliament of Paris, to whom Ornano announced his death, took proceedings against his memory, and condemned his wife to be burnt alive as a witch.

Louis XIV. had not only Swiss, Germans, Irish, Scotch, Liegeois, Italians, Corsicans, Swedes, Savoyans, Piedmontese, Spaniards, Flem-

ings, Danes, Poles, Croats, and Hungarians in his service, but also English. The Hungarians first introduced the name of hussars into the military language of the west. The word is derived from *husz*, which signifies twenty in their language, their levy being at the rate of one in twenty.

The company, so called, of Gendarmes Anglais, was taken over to France in 1667 by Lord George Hamilton. It was said to be composed of English, Scotch, and Irish Catholics, who had formed part of the guard of Charles II., and whose dismissal had been insisted upon by the English Parliament. Louis XIV., finding that they were "*bons hommes et bien faits*," after having placed the Scotch in the Gendarmerie Ecossaise, organised a company of English gendarmes of the remainder, reserving to himself the captaincy, and appointing Hamilton captain-lieutenant.

The regimental colours bore a sun and eight eaglets flying towards it, the whole worked in gold, as was also the device—*Tuis ad te nos vocat ardor*. The king had adopted the sun as an emblem. The device of the English gendarmes was therefore a flattery to the great monarch.

The uniform of both companies was—coat, lining and facings of red cloth, bordered with silver throughout, the sleeves of the coat laced with silver; scarlet waistcoat, red breeches, top boots, hat bordered with silver, black cockade, buttons silvered. The first company wore a sash of yellow silk, the second one of violet. The arms were the mousqueton—a short musket or blunderbuss—a sword, and pistols. The horse-cloths were also red, bordered with silver.

The French got gradually admitted into this guard of honour, and finished by depriving it entirely of its national character. When it was disbanded, in 1788, the name had for a long time previously been a misnomer.

Thomas Rokeby raised an English regiment in 1645, which, after seeing some service, was incorporated with the Scotch Guards. Robert of Bavaria, nephew of Charles I., also raised a regiment in 1646, which was incorporated in that of Rokeby. Another, distinguished as the Royal English, was raised in 1672 by the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, raised no less than four English regiments, those of Reynell, of Carlisle, of Dunkin, and of Churchill, between 1671 and 1678. At the same time that Monmouth and Marlborough were fighting in the service of France, the grand monarch had also in his service the king's guards, the queen's foot dragoons, the English regiment of Charlemont, and the English regiment of Limerick, as well as of a whole host of other Irish regiments, who all went over to France in consequence of the capitulation of Limerick.

The decisive victory obtained by Turenne, on the downs of Dunkerque over the Spaniards, under Don John of Austria and Condé, was mainly due to the auxiliaries, more especially Dillon's Irish, the Scotch gendarmes, and Lockhart's English. Condé inquired of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., who was present on the occasion, if he had ever been present at a battle. "Never," answered the duke. "Well, then," replied the French prince, "in an hour you will see how we shall lose one." The same regiments distinguished themselves greatly in the campaign in Flanders, carried on by Louis XIV. upon the death of Philip IV. It was in consequence of his victories in Flanders and in Alsatia that

Louis obtained the surname of "the Great." History now inquires to what was he indebted for that epithet. To his genius, to that of his ministers, or to his army, which counted in its ranks 80,000 foreign troops?

The great battle of the Boyne drove James II. and the Duke of Berwick for a third time to the country of their predilection, but this time with upwards of 20,000 Irish soldiers and citizens. The duke became what his father never was—a distinguished military leader.

The accession of Louis XIV., grandson of Philip V., to the throne of Spain, caused Germany, England, and the United Provinces to enter into the alliance of 1701, to restrain the ambitious projects of this great monarch. The allies had for captains—Lord Churchill, who had secured the crown of England to William, and who, under the name of Marlborough, was destined to shake the throne of the King of France; the other was Prince Eugène, once Chevalier de Carignan, and afterwards Abbé de Savoy, to whom Louis XIV. had refused a regiment as an incapable, and who revenged himself by ten victories for the mistake.

The Irish resisted Prince Eugène successfully at Cremona, but the battle of Blenheim, or Höchstett, as the French call it, began that series of reverses which, towards the decline of his days, obscured the brilliancy of the more glorious epochs of the great king's life. Ramilliers followed quickly upon Blenheim, and among those who fought most gallantly in the field, and who perished rather than yield, were Charles O'Brien, Earl of Clare, in command of an Irish regiment, and Zurlauben, commander of the Swiss Guard.

The Duke of Berwick, who commanded in Spain, was more successful against the allies, who were led by Lord Galloway, a French refugee, formerly Comte de Ruvigny. Thus a Frenchman fought against his country in the Peninsula, while the interests of France were supported in the same country by an Englishman, nephew of the great Marlborough. But in Flanders Marlborough and Eugène were uniformly victorious. At Oudenarde, among other foreign legions, those of Nugent, Clare, and Dorrington fought against the English. At the siege of Lille, a boy twelve years of age mounted to the assault several times till he gained a footing in the town. This boy was the natural son of Frederick Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and of the beautiful Countess Aurora, of Königsmark. He was afterwards, as Maurice Comte de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy. At Malplaquet, where the Dutch, who formed the left of the allied army, were cut to pieces, Marlborough was opposed almost solely to the legions of Lee and O'Brien.

But all the victories gained by Marlborough and Eugène in the north were more than counterbalanced, politically, by the single battle of Villaviciosa in the south. This battle, at the expiration of which Philip V., having expressed a wish to repose himself, the Duke of Vendôme brought him the standards and flags captured from the enemy, saying, "There is the finest bed that ever king slept upon," definitively settled the crown of Spain on the head of Philip, and induced Queen Anne to withdraw from the alliance, and to recal the gallant Marlborough, as if he had been conquered instead of being always the conqueror.

Marlborough, no longer in the field, Eugène and Albemarle could not hold head successfully against the French; and Berwick, reinforced by the foreign legions, more especially these of Lee, Dillon, and Bourke, was

enabled to reduce Barcelona, the last stronghold (except Gibraltar, which remained in the hands of the English) of the allies in the Peninsula.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that at the beginning of a reign of seventy-two years, Providence placed a stranger, an Italian, near the cradle of Louis XIV., to uphold a trembling throne, and that, in his last days, another stranger, an Englishman, was commissioned by the same Providence to be the last defender of the rights of his grandson, and to sustain the honour of the French flag. It is true that the one had Richelieu for master, and the other was formed in the school of Boufflers and of Luxembourg.

Louis XIV.'s reign was the most glorious for the foreign legions; they took a part in every engagement, contributed to many a victory, saved many a disaster, and gave several marshals to the army, more particularly, Marshal Saxe, the hero of Fontenoy, of Lanfeld, and of Rancoux; the Dane Lowendahl; the Irishman Thomond; and the Hungarian Bercheny. Saint Simon calls the epoch of Louis XV., which succeeded to that of the grand monarch, the golden age of bastards, or of sons of bastards, for the most illustrious military men were Berwick, Marshal Saxe, and Lowendahl. The Duke of Rouvrai relates upon this subject:

"The year that the Duke of Berwick was nominated duke and peer, the Duke of Tresmes gave a party. We were among the guests at this festival, which presented the singularity of having *bâtards* and *bâtards-deux* at the head, and at the tail a *bâtard d'Angleterre*. I do not know by what strange absence of mind the Councillor Caumartin got involved at table in the narrative of a case of bastardy in which he had been judge, and began to denounce the severity of the laws against such an origin, which he did with much emphasis and no small eloquence. Every one looked down and jogged his neighbour; there was a general silence which Caumartin mistook for interest in his story. The Duke of Tresmes tried once or twice to break the conversation; but Caumartin was not to be stopped; he only raised his voice, and went on more energetically than before. He continued thus for three-quarters of an hour, the guests stifling themselves with eating or chewing, for no one dared to drink, or even to look at one another, for fear of bursting into laughter. It was impossible to make Caumartin aware of the enormous offence to good manners which he was committing. But Berwick, to whom, as the man of the day, he often addressed himself, saw that he had totally forgotten who he was, and, determined to show that he was above the embarrassment which every one supposed that he felt, he raised his glass and nobly proposed the health of King James of England, thus acknowledging without shame a birth which he had made illustrious, and by his wit and readiness putting every one at ease that was in the company."

Berwick's sons had grown up, by the time of Louis XV., to take part in the wars in which their father was incessantly engaged, and in which he ultimately lost his life. In the war that broke out in 1733 upon the succession to the throne of Poland of the elector of Saxony, whose interests were supported by Austria and Russia, and of Stanislaus Leszinski, father-in-law of Louis XV., whose claims were supported by France, two Irish regiments served, one of cavalry, under the Duke Fitz-James, the other of infantry, under his younger brother, the Earl Fitz-James. There was also at this time another Irish regiment, bearing the name of

its chief, Burkeley, who became a Lieutenant-general in the service of the French king. When Marshal Villars was dying of fatigue in the war in Italy, at eighty-four years of age, he heard of the glorious death of Berwick (his head was carried off by a round shot at the siege of Philipbourg). "That man," he said, "has always been more fortunate than me."

The foreign legions trained in the long wars of the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. more especially decided the fate of the battle of Fontenoy, so disastrous to the Anglo-Dutch and Hanoverian army. It was the Swiss Guards and the royal Corsican regiment that lay in ambush in the wood of Barry. It was when Marshal Saxe had himself given up the battle as lost, that the Irish brigade, consisting of the Burkeley, Clare, Dillon, Roth, Berwick, and Lally's regiments, and supported by the Duke of Richelieu's guns, broke the victorious columns of the English.

The Berwick, Royal Scotch, Roth and Fitz-James regiments, so long trained to war, formed, also with some chosen French troops, the army with which Charles Edward effected a descent in Scotland. Cumberland revenged himself against the Irish brigade at Culloden for the mishap of Fontenoy.

When Marshal Saxe died, the Queen Maria Leszinska said it was very grievous, as he was a Protestant, that they could not chant one *De Profundis* for a man who had himself caused so many *Te Deums* to be sung. The veteran marshal himself remarked, on his death-bed, that "Life was but a dream; his had been a beautiful, but very brief one." Maurice was one of the most important reformers of tactics and of drill. He introduced the regularity of step, which prevented confusion; he taught the soldiers to use their arms in close ranks, and wrought a number of other changes. Although a foreigner, never was the memory of a warrior more venerated by the French, and the grenadiers used afterwards to sharpen their swords upon his tomb at Strasbourg before entering upon a campaign.

A natural daughter of Marshal Saxe, whose name was Aurora, married M. Dupin, fermier-general. They had a son called Maurice Dupin, an aide-de-camp of Murat's; and the daughter of this Maurice, also Aurora Dupin, is the well-known authoress, George Sand.

The effect produced in these times by the naming of regiments instead of numbering them can scarcely be appreciated in the present day. Dillon, Clare, Berwick, Fitz-James, Royal Ecossais, were as synonymous with victory, in the times of Louis XIV. and XV., as Pfliffer, Uri, and Unterwalden had been in former times. At Closter Camp, the Chevalier d'Assas, captain of the regiment of Auvergne, saved the French army, about to be surprised, by calling up his regiment to the defence. The words "A moi, Auvergne, voilà l'ennemi!" have never ceased to make a Frenchman's heart thrill. The system has luckily not gone by in Great Britain, and the Highlanders, Coldstreams, Scots Greys, Enniskilleners, and many other regiments, are far better known by their names than by their numbers.

The Irish regiments of Berwick, Dillon, Walsh, and others, afterwards joined the war of independence in America, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the patriots. The French regiment, called the Royal Deux-Ponts, was the first to penetrate the British entrenchments, the 19th October, 1781.

But the hour had arrived when the foreign legions were to defend the French monarchy against its own subjects in revolt. In 1789 the Champ de Mars and the avenue of the Champs Elysées were occupied by the Swiss regiments of Salis Samade, Lullin Châteaueux, and Diesbach, the Royal German cavalry and the hussars of Bercheny and Esterhazy. The German cavalry were the first who got engaged with the mob in the Place Vendôme. Lieutenant Louis de Flue, with a sergeant and thirty-two men of the Swiss regiment of Salis Samade, assisted in the defence of the Bastille. But the foreign troops withdrawing soon after to Versailles, the monarchy was left without defence. The revolutionary ideas of the day had in fact penetrated even among the legionaries. The German regiment of Salm Salm was the first to show symptoms of insubordination, and the example was followed by the Swiss regiment Lullin Châteaueux. The excuse was the same—a demand for arrears due to them. The National Assembly, led by Collot d'Herbois, sided with the discontented soldiery. Louis XVI. still placed his last hopes in the foreign legions, when, with the assistance of the Comte de Fersen, colonel of the Royal Suédois, he quitted Paris on the night of the 20th of June, 1791. The Marquis of Bouillé distributed detachments of the German regiment of Nassau along the road the king was to take, but they were expelled from the towns, and the king became once more a prisoner. The National Assembly, by a decree of the 21st of July, ordained that henceforth all the foreign legions, be they German, Irish, or Liégeois, should form part of the French army. Several of the regiments, and among them that of Berwick, had previously emigrated. After this decree there only remained the Swiss regiments, who preserved a distinct character from that of the national troops. They remained the faithful guardians of the unfortunate king, till the arrival of a furious band of Marseillais gave the Parisians courage to attack the Tuileries, and, backed by fifty guns, such of the devoted soldiery as escaped the massacre of the 10th of August were led to the scaffold, or assassinated in the dungeons of the Abbaye. A colossal lion, hewn out of the solid rock in a grotto near Lucerne, commemorates in the present day the fidelity and long agony of the Swiss Guards.

We hear of the regiments called Salm Salm, Royal Liégeois and Royal Allemand, after this, under Lafayette and Austine, in the Ardennes; and of the regiments of La Marck, Berwick, Royal Suédois, Royal Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Bouillon, and Royal Deux Ponts, under Luckner (of whom Narbonne said his heart was more French than his accent), on the Rhine and the Moselle; they are also heard of at Valmy, Jemappes, and Nerwinde, but the part they played was very secondary to what had been the case in former times, and they were ultimately, by the decree of the 21st February, 1793, absorbed in the brigades of French infantry.

The Revolution having, to use an expression of the *Montagnards*, thrown the bloody head of Louis XVI. in the face of kings as a glove of defiance, it hastened to strengthen its ranks by enlisting all evil-disposed foreigners whom it could win over by the magical word of Liberty, than which, excepting perhaps Religion, none has been more grossly misused and perverted. Revolutionary France had at the onset a *légion franche étrangère*, a *légion Batave*, a *légion Germanique*, a *légion des Francs du Nord*, a *légion franche allobroge*, a *légion Italique*, and many others. The so-called *Brigade Etrangère*, which invaded Ireland under Hoche

and Humbert, having failed in making a French department of the Emerald Island, was disbanded, and out of its relics the Bataillon Irlandais, which existed in the time of the Empire, was constituted. No sooner was Bonaparte first consul than the services of the Swiss and Polish legions were once more in request, and a company of Guides-interprètes was instituted, into which none were admitted who were not acquainted with the language and topography of England.

Bonaparte possessed a wondrous skill in organising foreign legions, and flattering their national vanity while he utilised their services. No sooner at Malta than he instituted a Maltese legion and a guard of the grand master. The English would as soon have thought of resuscitating the knights commanders themselves. Yet the Maltese fought effectively in the Egyptian campaign; they were engaged in the battle of the Pyramids, entered into the composition of the dromedary regiment, and were commanded by a Mac Sheehy!

Wanting reinforcements in Egypt, the same genius sought for them in the country around him. The Turks made prisoners at the battle of the Pyramids were organised into a battalion. The Copts were persuaded that it was their interest to combat the Turks, and they were enrolled into a legion. There was also a Greek legion, and even a negro legion. The Mamelucks were not entirely composed of that celebrated cavalry of Circassian origin, but also of Syrians. There was even a legion of Syrians. After the Mamelucks had been transported to France, they were recruited by Frenchmen, for Napoleon liked to have the costume near his person; but there were, up to the last days of the Empire, Arabian, Syrian, Georgian, Armenian, and Circassian horsemen among the Mamelucks of the imperial guard.

Napoleon, who extended the limits of France till it embraced a hundred and thirty-four departments, made every additional conquest increase the military power of the country by making each furnish its contingent. Italy was the first whose populations were converted to the benefit of France. Switzerland and Belgium soon met with the same fate. The Poles, as usual, armed themselves in favour of the Emperor in the ever-enduring, ever-failing hope of seeing their nationality secured to them. A squadron of Tartars from the Crimea and Lithuania acted as éclaireurs to these noble troops till 1813, when they were destroyed in the Russian campaign. Hanover, Portugal, Spain, were alike obliged to furnish contingents to the Empire. The successes of the English in the Peninsula led, however, to an early disbanding of the legions of the two latter countries. There were under the same command, which aimed for a time at universal empire, Greeks, Albanians, Ionians, Illyrians, Dalmatians, and Croats, who all assisted in forming what were called the frontier corps. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished no end of regiments; sixteen states were made to contribute their contingents. The entire army and navy of Holland were incorporated into those of France, and the country divided into departments. The Dutch royal guards, under the Englishman Ralph Dundas Tindal, were almost to a man made prisoners by the Russians in 1812.

Not satisfied with these vast military reinforcements, in which each corps was allowed to preserve its nationality, other regiments were enrolled, made up of men of all countries. Such, more especially, was that called *La Tour d'Auvergne*, which numbered 3000 men of all

nations. The Irish legion, which had for commanders during the Empire, Mac Sheehy, O'Meara, Lawless, and Mahony, deserted for the greater part in the Peninsula. The Duke of Feltre wrote upon this occasion to Napoleon: "To keep this corps together I had relied upon the partisans of the Stuarts and the united Irish. The corps was thus a terror to the English, to whom it always gave the greatest anxiety; and this is all that remains of the army which came to France after the capitulation of Limerick." Only a few battalions, scattered here and there, remained after the campaign of 1814 of the hundred thousand foreigners who had been enrolled by the great Napoleon under his victorious eagles.

Napoleon was only allowed a guard of 400 officers and men in Elbe, but this number was more than doubled by the Italians, Piedmontese, and Poles, who volunteered to share his exile. The Emperor began at once to organise his troops. His *bataillon de Chasseurs-flanqueurs de l'île d'Elbe* was made up of Tuscans and Piedmontese. He had also a squadron of Polish lancers, and a regularly organised *état-major*; and it was with this handful of troops that he landed in France and reconquered an empire.

The first Restoration had brought back the *Cent-Suisses*; with the second the old military establishments of the monarchy were revived, and the Swiss took the place which they had occupied for ten centuries. The eight foreign regiments which had been created during the *Cent-Jours* were reorganised into a *Légion Royale Etrangère*, afterwards called the *Légion de Hohenlohe*, and ultimately absorbed in the 21st Regiment of Light Infantry.

Another foreign legion was enrolled in 1835, a battalion of which was embarked for Algeria in 1836, under the then Commandant Bedeau, and a second was sent the ensuing year. In 1830 the Swiss were once more called upon to defend the person of the King of France. Once more, also, were these brave champions of a cause, to which they have never refused their fidelity and their blood, swept away before the fury of civil warfare. "France," writes M. Fieffé, "banishing these sad memories to evoke only those of the battles which they have often won for her, will she one day recal them to the honour of fighting under her banners? That is the secret of the future." The secret has not been long kept: the levy of a Swiss legion has been recently ordained by Napoleon III.

Only the regiment of Hohenlohe remained to Louis Philippe, and it was sent to fight in the Morea. It was commanded by William Corbet, one of the relics of the united Irishmen. The foreign legion which succeeded to the regiment of Hohenlohe has been since almost incessantly engaged in Algeria, and always with credit to itself. This was especially the case at the assault of Constantine; the three columns who led the way were the *Zouaves* under De Lamoricière, and two battalions of the foreign legion under Colonels Combes and Corbin.

"The foreign legion," writes its historian, "has at last obtained the reward which its perseverance, its courage, and its devotion have entitled it to. Called to form part of the army of the East with the French regiments, it is going to share in their glory, and to justify the confidence of the sovereign, by inscribing new triumphs on its colours, and acquiring still greater titles to the gratitude of the nation."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FINLAND AND THE FINLANDERS.

AMID the records of strife, of suffering, and of crime, which have marked the annals of nations struggling for the throne of the Cæsars, and the sunny lands of southern Europe, history has scarcely found leisure to glance at the circumstances and position of a race that has been largely located in the west of Asia and the whole of eastern Europe.

During century after century, in the long period of Pagan antiquity, tide after tide of races, seeking fresh homes and richer pastures, rolled from the unknown regions of the East over the warmest and most fruitful districts of the continent and peninsulas of Europe.

Some races outstripped the others in their western course; others, as they went, strove for mastery and, rendered fierce by hunger, drove before them, or scattered to the less tempting regions of the North, the weaker tenants of the wished-for soil. But pressure has its limit; the wave that can advance no farther swells against its boundary, and rises as a barrier against all new incursion. The nomad, when driven to the utmost limit of the land, becomes a settler, an agriculturist, and a trader.

A Scythian tribe, classed by ethnologists among the Mongolian races, and specifically styled the Hunno-Finnic variety, emerged at some very distant epoch from the far-east, and has, at some period or other, inhabited all, or nearly all, the countries now owned by Russia, with the addition of much that is at present Hungary. Whether this occupation was simultaneous or successive, whether the ancestors of the people now contentedly dwelling in the land bordering on the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia abode there while the tribe was widely diffused over what has been subsequently Slavonic territory, or whether—as the vehement gravitation of more condensed matter forces lighter particles to ascend—they were driven thither when displaced by stronger or more resolute men, who coveted the warmer seats and more lasting fruitfulness of the South, is now beyond the power of history to tell. We are equally unable to decide whether, in their simultaneous or successive occupancy, they were the sole possessors of the country in which they dwelled, or shared it with another or several races; whether, in either case, they were a concentrated people, or sown broad-cast over the whole range of the land. This, however, is certain, that affinity in language, disposition, and others of the marks by which ethnological deductions are governed, is traced between the Finns of the North, the Magyars of Hungary (from whom is derived the term Hunnic, and not from the fierce Huns who have left their name an epithet to savages of later times), and some colonies on the banks of the Volga, and in other parts of the Russian dominions. This affinity is considered by those skilled in ethnological science to amount to evidence of original identity.

There is no proof that this people ever was a dominant race. It is

certain that neither of their branches has ever ruled during the period of authentic history. They are now the subjects of the Russian Czar or of the Austrian Emperor. The northern branch of the race, before it was annexed to Russia, was under Scandinavian rule; and yet, though always acknowledging a foreign lord, and faithfully serving him, they are an independent race—though servants, never servile. Austria has tried, but tried to her hurt, to abrogate the national independence of the Magyars. Russia long forbore all interference with the privileges of the Finlanders; their religion has been left untouched. The people of Finland are zealously national, yet, strange to say, their nation has no name; and, as far as historic evidence can reach, they never had a name.

In the country and history of the Finns there is much that is beautiful, much that is strange; but it is not as matter for feminine interest or philosophic inquiry that we now invite attention to that people and their interesting land. We speak of men with whom—though they be the least aggressive of the human race—we may in a few short weeks be mixed in deadly fight; we describe shores on which the bravest of our land, the dearest of our sons, may soon shout in victory, or be carried to an untimely grave.

On approaching Finland we pass the rocky group of the *Ahvenommas*, as the inhabitants call them, but which are known to us by the name of the Aland Isles. They lie, like a giant's stepping-stones, between Abo and the opposite shore of Sweden, and transform the aspect of the sea into a labyrinthine succession of lakes and channels, very beautiful to behold, but very difficult to navigate. Large ships cannot come close, and the enemy can lie in ambush like boys at play. This northern archipelago, the scenery of which is said to resemble that of the Grecian Cyclades, is separated into three oblong clusters, formed of sixty inhabited, and about two hundred stony and desert islands. Their appearance is greatly diversified: some being bare and desolate, others bright and smiling, rich in green trees and cheerful vegetation, intermixed with cottages and gardens. Forests of pine, beech, alder, hazel and birch, cover some islands. Immense flocks of sea-fowl hover over the solitary rocks of others. Many of these birds are sold on the adjoining continent, and high prices are obtained for their eggs and plumage. The famous sea-dog, and other fisheries, furnish, however, the principal occupation and maintenance of the Alanders, who are bold and expert seamen. The productiveness of these fisheries varies considerably, yet it is reckoned that at least six thousand tons of herrings should be salted every year; but the note of European war was sounded on these rocky coasts, and many a strong hand that had been the support of the feeble and the young is now locked in death or carving children's puzzles in an English gaol.

The Aland Isles cover an area of ten thousand square miles; the inhabitants are computed from twelve to fifteen thousand. The principal island, which gives its name to the whole group, is Aland, upon which only a few months back the Russian flag waved over the mighty fortress of Bomarsund, capable, it was affirmed, of affording shelter within its far-spreading ramparts to a garrison of many thousand men: now it is a landing-place for fishermen.

Aland possesses the secure and spacious harbour of Ytternas, in which the whole Russian fleet could lie at anchor; here are also the ruins of the Castle of Caselholm, in which Eric XIV. was imprisoned. The prin-

cipal of the other islands are Lemland, Foegloe, Ereckoe, formerly the seat of a convent, and Signalskair, upon which is erected a signal and telegraph station. The Åland Isles formed a Scandinavian kingdom long before the conquest of the Finnish mainland, but they are believed to have originally constituted an ancient Finnish principality; they were ceded to Russia in 1809.

The inhabitants are generally prosperous, and their villages clean and comfortable; they rear much cattle, and, notwithstanding their rocky base, contrive to find profit in agriculture. The Swedish language, manners, and customs prevail.

The Flora of these islands is rich and varied; six hundred and eighty species are enumerated; the varieties of cryptogamia alone number a hundred and eighty. The surface of these islands is undulating; the rocks and mountains scattered over their plains and valleys are chiefly composed of coarse red granite.

On passing onwards, before reaching the mainland, we have still to thread our way through intricate channels, formed by a *chevaux-de-frise* of islands, bristling round the whole coast of Finland, especially at its base and south-western angle. These islands are well adapted, and effectively applied to the purposes of fortification. Upon seven of these, in the Gulf of Finland, is built the fortress of Sweaborg, said to be impregnable, yet fated to prove that when man fails his trust how vain a thing for safety is a granite tower. Sweaborg is opposite the town of Helsingfors, two hundred and seventy-four miles from St. Petersburg.

The coast of Finland is formed of alternations of fiords and rocky promontories, the latter composed of limestone and granite. The grand duchy of Finland was divided in 1831 into eight *läns*, or circles. The circle of Åbo Björneborg comprehends the country adjoining the angle formed at the junction of the Baltic with the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia. This division formerly bore the designation of Finland Proper; it was conquered and civilised by the Swedes, before they subdued the remainder of the country. Hence the concentration of its population and the superiority of its system of agriculture. The town of Åbo, the Swedish metropolis of Finland and the capital of the circle, is the most ancient town of Finland; it was almost entirely consumed in the year 1827 by a violent conflagration. The fine buildings of the university, with the rare and valuable library, perished in the flames. The old and massive cathedral, the earliest Christian sanctuary in this country, escaped destruction. Within its vaults Finland's most illustrious dead have for centuries found a resting-place. There, among others, reposes Caroline Morrsen, a Finnish maiden of humble origin, raised to the Swedish throne by the devoted attachment of Eric XIV. Gustavus Adolphus founded the academic institution of Åbo, where once was a very celebrated observatory, now disused. The institution was afterwards much extended by the munificence of his highly-gifted but eccentric daughter. It numbered in 1824 forty professors and five hundred students. But what the flames have spared the conqueror has changed; and, although one of the pleasantest towns in Finland, and still possessed of considerable commerce, and containing a large population, engaged for the most part in the manufacture of sugar, and of silk and woollen fabrics, the importance of Åbo has passed away since the transfer by Russia of the metropolitan and academic honours of Åbo to the town of Helsingfors.

Nysted, a seaport town, thirty-eight miles north-west of Abo, has about two thousand inhabitants. Björneborg, a seaport, forty-two miles further distant on the coast, exports timber, pitch, tar, and fish. It possesses some ship-building establishments, and contains a population of about four thousand seven hundred and fifty.

The circle of Tavestchuus lies to the east of Abo; the capital, which bears the same name, is situated on a lake, and contains a castle of great strength, and about two thousand inhabitants. In Vasa, a circle to the north of Tavestchuus and Abo, the wolf and the bear still wander through vast primeval forests, and haunt the solitary shores of innumerable lakes; but there are also cultivated portions in which grain ripens with facility; cheese and other produce, as well as iron ore, are exported hence. Vasa, the capital, is a handsome and uniformly-built maritime town. South of Vasa is Christinested, a place of considerable commercial importance, with a safe and convenient harbour. Brahested, Gamla Karleby, and Ny Karleby, are manufacturing seaports of considerable trade.

Uleaborg, the most northern circle, has short and cold summers, the temperature being unfavourably influenced by the humidity of the soil. Good harvests are rare, but the cattle, although a diminutive breed, yield abundance of butter and cheese. Forests of larches, moss-grown rocks, and marshes, extend over the greater part of the country. The cataracts are the finest in Finland, and give a wild charm to the desolation of these remote and icy solitudes. The traveller observes with surprise that the farther north he advances the more fragrant and aromatic are the fruits and shrubs. The town of Uleaborg, on the river Ulea, from the large basin of which many other rivers take their rise, is approached through thick forests, in the open spaces between which, at distances of from thirty to forty miles, are scattered solitary farm-houses. It contains between four and five thousand inhabitants. Tornea, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, is the central point of the Lapland trade, and carries on an active traffic in salt fish, reindeer, butter, &c. It is a small seaport at the mouth of a river of the same name, but is one of the most prosperous-looking places in the country. The harbour is several miles from the town. It is capable of receiving vessels of considerable size. Dr. Clarke describes this town at much length, and with great interest dwells upon the annual cavalcades formed by merchants, setting out with their trains of servants and baggage for their winter expeditions into Lapland, Finmark, and Norway. Each merchant is represented as accompanied by several hundred retainers and a large quantity of merchandise, consisting of silver plate, cloth, linen, butter, and tobacco, to barter for furs and other produce of more northern regions. They, besides, take with them almost the whole of their provisions and necessities. These journeyings are made not in what would among us be considered travelling guise, even though the head of the firm were himself the leader of the party. The merchant displays as much magnificence as possible; the reindeers have on their gayest trappings; the procession is drawn out to its fullest length.

To the north-east of Abo is the inland circle of Knopio. More south the small circle of Nyland, which consists chiefly of low, level plains, rich in meadows, pastures, and large forests, chiefly of oak. The rivers abound in fish. Much lime is made here, and there are some valuable mines. The inhabitants trade in fish, wood, and grain. The chief town

is Helsingfors, the Russian capital of the whole province. It is distant from Abo a hundred miles, and from St. Petersburg a hundred and fifty. Helsingfors is the place of residence of the governor-general of the grand duchy. Adjoining to it, and defending the entrance to its harbour, is the formidable fortress of Sweaborg. This stupendous citadel is bomb-proof, and capable of accommodating a garrison of twelve thousand men, and of mounting eight hundred cannon; it is considered a model of military architecture. It is, as we have before stated, built upon seven islands, the principal of which is Gustafholm. The harbour of Helsingfors is one of the best in the Baltic. Its quay is sufficiently deep for the largest ships, and very capacious.

The history of the town of Helsingfors is little better than a catalogue of calamities. It has been successively ravaged by war, famine, fire, and pestilence; but since its elevation in 1819 to the rank of metropolis of the duchy, it has greatly increased in extent and importance. The transfer to the new capital of the University and Senate has brought to it the importance that Abo has lost. Abo presented many claims for Swedish preference, and over that city Sweden would possess, from physical and geographical causes, much opportunity of influence. Helsingfors stands to Russia in a similar relationship, with the addition of affording an outpost of defence to St. Petersburg. The long, wide, straight streets of Helsingfors intersect the city at right angles, and speak significantly of Muscovite taste and influence. The present population is about sixteen thousand; it contains manufactories of linen, sail-cloth, and tobacco; and exports besides, timber, corn, and fish. Many of the buildings are of stone.

The circle of Viborg is in general barren and sandy; an immense number of boulders are scattered over its surface. Fredericksham is a powerful and well-nigh inaccessible military fortress, but its strong fortifications have been turned to little account since it ceased to be a frontier stronghold between the Swedish and Russian territories; the population is about fifteen hundred; the houses are chiefly stuccoed.

The town of Viborg is prosperous and well built, the houses are chiefly of white-washed brick, the roofs of almost all the buildings are painted green; it is a garrison seaport, and a place of some commercial importance. Viborg was the first conquest of Peter the Great in Finland.

The interior of Finland consists of an elevated ridge, forming a table-land from four to six hundred feet above the level of the sea; but, far from presenting a level surface, is broken up into hills and valleys, and is even traversed by mountains, some of which in the north attain a height of nearly four thousand feet. This elevated land, running to the south-west, terminates in high precipitous cliffs on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. The mountains and the detached boulders, scattered in immense numbers over the plains, are principally composed of red granite. The soil consists for the most part of clay or sandy loam, and notwithstanding a deficiency of agricultural science, much grain is grown, chiefly barley and rye. While annexed to Sweden, Finland formed the chief granary of that country. A large portion of Finland can, however, only be used as pasture land. The excessive humidity of the ground is the probable occasion of a singular method of agriculture practised by the Finlanders, who from time immemorial have sown their seed in ashes procured from the burning of trees. The rocky sides of some of the hills are clad with dark pine forests; others, abrupt and precipitous, raise their barren

heights entirely destitute of vegetation. Numerous and far-spreading forests, which consist principally of pine and fir-trees, though mixed with others, constitute a principal feature of Finland scenery. These are often severely injured by violent winter tempests, which sweeping with irresistible fury through their inmost recesses, uproot and destroy the largest and strongest trees as well as the tender sapling; they are also frequently ravaged by fire. Hemp, flax, and tobacco are in some parts successfully cultivated.

A vast number of lakes diversify and adorn the whole interior surface of the country. The largest and most important of these are, Lake Ladoga, the greater part of which lies within the territory of the grand duchy; Lake Payana, about twenty-two miles in length and thirteen in breadth; Lake Saima, which is still more extensive than the last, is thickly studded with islands, and falls by a succession of cataracts—of which those of Imatra, perhaps the finest in Europe, are the largest—into Lake Ladoga; and in the extreme north, Lake Enara, a thousand square miles in extent, which communicates with the Frozen Ocean. Although affording great facilities for internal navigation, the frequent occurrence of inland lakes renders land travelling tedious and circuitous, the high roads being often carried over one or more of the many islands with which the lakes abound.

The rivers are most of them navigable to some craft or other, and afford great assistance to the trade of the country. Timber for exportation is floated down many of the rivers from the interior. The current of the Ulea is so strong that vessels are borne by it at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. It admits also of ordinary navigation.

The mines of Finland yield iron, at present wrought to some extent; also lead, sulphur, slate and nitre. Many fine granite quarries have been opened in Finland, chiefly on the sea-coast, and in the vicinity of lakes, by which means the convenience of water-carriage is secured. From these quarries blocks of extraordinary size and beauty have been obtained; one of the most striking specimens is seen in the monolith obelisk at St. Petersburg, in memory of the Emperor Alexander. In its original state, the block from which it is cut was twelve feet in diameter and eighty feet long.

The climate of Finland differs much in different parts. In the extreme north it has a polar character, somewhat moderated; in the more southern districts it is cold, variable, and subject, from the multitude of lakes and marshes, to unhealthy and chilling mists. In Uleaborg, lat. 65 deg. (nearly), winter commences in October and lasts till May, which month constitutes the entire spring. Summer—the sudden, brilliant, fervid summer of high northern latitudes—begins in June and lasts three months, during which, notwithstanding the usual coldness and damp of the climate, the crops often suffer from drought. In propitious seasons they have been known, owing to the serenity of the nights and the continued presence of the sun, to arrive at maturity within six weeks. The genial warmth of the summer temperature brings forward vegetation of all kinds with astonishing rapidity. Like the spring, the autumn is limited to one month, and begins and ends with September. The spring thaws and the heavy autumnal rains render travelling almost impossible during their continuance. “The red granite, the moss-covered rocks, the green meadows, the blue lakes and crystal waterfalls of this northern land, present a scenery of unusually romantic aspect,” but, except

during the few months of summer, it is rarely illumined by a bright clear sky; at all other seasons heavy mists almost perpetually obscure the day. Yet these mists and clouds have their beauties. Another dynasty rules over Finland, but, like its inhabitants, its hills, its waters, and its vegetation are the same. The same sun sets and rises in glory, and the northern lights in their same wild and mysterious grandeur astonish and delight now as when, years ago, Dr. Clarke described in vivid colours the scenery and phenomena of Finland. "Nothing," he says, "can exceed the beauty of the forests, owing to the great variety of trees. . . . The grace and dignity of the pine-trees upon the islands in the river cannot be described. Towards the evening the sky assumed a purple aspect, and the clouds were tinged with purple. As we ascended the Tornea, the prospects were very grand, the water appeared like successive lakes, land-locked by high woody hills, and bordered by magnificent beds of flowers. . . . The whole air was scented with the fragrance." "The sun went down in such splendour as it is not easy to describe. . . . That part of the horizon which was opposite his setting was tinged with hues as vivid as those which marked the place of his going down; the sky, land, and water, seemed to be on fire. Long after the sun had set this appearance continued with an astonishing effulgence of light and colour in the northern part of the hemisphere." In the extreme north of Finland may be seen the phenomenon still more grandly displayed in Lapland—a midnight sun. "At half-past eleven," Dr. Clarke quotes from another writer, "I saw the sun's disk coming out of a cloud, and apparently about a diameter above the horizon. It continued thus visible till near half-past twelve, seeming to move in a straight line parallel to that of the horizon. At half-past twelve its orb was a diameter and a half above the horizon, being of a red colour and somewhat dim. Its brightness was soon greatly augmented as it now continued rising." "The horizontal moon of northern regions at this season of the year (summer) may be deemed as great a curiosity as the solstitial sun. . . . The size of the orb when it first appeared was as large as the fore-wheel of a common chariot. At first, half the periphery was visible in the horizon like an arch of fire with the most brilliant indentations. Soon afterwards a new and singular phenomenon was displayed; the upper part of the same orb seemed separated from its truncated segment below, and remained suspended above it like a lambent flame over an expiring lamp; the land of vapours which separated the two parts forming a line perfectly straight and parallel to the horizon, having the same hue as the rest of the atmosphere; the planet itself appearing to be divided into parts which receded from each other. Another circumstance yet more remarkable attended this rise of the moon. We thought that the upper portion of the periphery appeared rather the segment of an ellipse resting on its major axis than that of a circle. Presently all doubt was removed when the whole orb had cleared the verge of the horizon; owing to the very great refraction of the lower stratum of the atmosphere, we saw the moon perfectly elliptical in its form, like a vast egg resting upon rolling clouds. It afforded proof of the dense medium through which we viewed it. . . . The ancient fable of the egg of night resting upon chaos may have owed its origin to a similar appearance."

The appearance exhibited by the aurora borealis is described by the same author as indescribably magnificent; it serves to illuminate the skies during the long nights of winter. Dr. Clarke states that this

phenomenon is not confined here to the northern parts of the hemisphere, but its appearance to the south of the zenith is no uncommon occurrence. The aurora borealis of these high northern regions often resembles as to its shape an umbrella, pouring down streams of light from all parts of its periphery, which fall vertically over the hemisphere in every direction. Another singular phenomenon, recorded by the same traveller, is that of rising jets of light darting upwards from the horizon towards the north, and then falling back.

The name Finn was given to the ancestors of the Finlanders by early historians, and seemed to be their designation among their contemporary neighbours. It has never been acknowledged by themselves. From early ages they styled themselves Suomi, or Semi—words meaning people of the land, or, as some render them, inhabitants of the marshy land. Modern usage seems to dictate that the appellation *Finlanders*, and not *Finns*, should be used as their distinction. Finn is clearly a descriptive name of kindred origin to our own word *fen*, and was applied to the Finnish people on account of their geographical position—a position in all probability forced upon them either by the necessity of yielding to powerful aggression, or the desire of undisturbed possession. It has been retrospectively and extensively applied to colonies of the same race wherever discovered, and whenever discerned. To the members of this race ethnologists have limited the term Finnic, while the name Finn has also been applied by the Norwegians and Icelanders to the Lapps and other dwellers upon the shores of the northern European seas now included in Swedish or Russian territory. The Lapps use the same designation of Suomi, and are frequently, on account of various points of resemblance, confounded with the true Finns; yet there are great differences, both physical and moral, existing between them. The true Finn has light hair and eyes, a sandy complexion, and high cheek-bones; a good, but not lofty, stature; and is stout, and generally well made.

The moral characteristics of the Finlanders command respect. They want the bold daring and eager ambition which distinguish men whom romance celebrates and history records. But there is a strength in their virtue which, though not dazzling, is sure, and has ever rendered them valuable as subjects, and would make them important as foes. The Finns are hardy, patient, and brave; true to their leader though he be their lord. It is difficult to reconcile so much of a brave man's heart with the constant subjection of the Finn. Finnish troops have always done good service in the field, and remained faithful to their colours. At the battle of Lützen the Finnish regiments fought among the best beside the heroic Gustavus, and it was they who recovered from the enemy their sovereign's corpse. As soldiers they are in other respects desirable. The mixed character of their occupations, and the necessity of skill in the art of difficult navigation, renders them less dependent upon supplies, and expert both as land troops and seamen. In private life they are devout, gentle, and kind; temperate and industrious. Much of the present aspect of Finnish character must be understood as shared with their neighbours and fellow-subjects the Swedes, with whom they have so long associated, and in some degree intermixed; but many of the prominent features have abode with them through their history, and are discernible in other branches of their race. In early times, however, much ferocity marked several of the Finnish tribes.

The early Finnic settlers in Finland soon discovered and worked the mines of the country. Their skill as handicraftsmen has always been considerable; and their assiduity in clearing and tilling the ground bears evidence of much natural agricultural talent. If their poetical recitals are to be received as evidence of facts, the Finns of former ages possessed both a taste for art and, in some departments, artistic skill. The narratives still subsisting of the heathen temple of Permia, one of their most northern settlements, and the remaining ruins of northern towns, bear testimony to the great wealth, the commercial habits, and the civilised condition of the former inhabitants of this now rude district.

But other beings than those whose living sons now toil with patient industry on Finland's wintry plains, or thread the mazes of its rocky shore, have dwelled, if not as really, as influentially, in its dark forests and upon its misty hills; other lords than those whose names we meet upon the sculptured tablets of authentic history have ruled, and with a firmer than human grasp. Finland is the land, not of Finns alone, but of giants and of gnomes, the land of spells and witcheries of magic, whose favourite home has ever been among the trackless wilds and damp morasses of the gloomy and inhospitable north.

The wild and weird traditions of their mythology form an inexhaustible topic in the ancient ballads of the Finns. Music was of old—as now—one of the most vivid pleasures of their simple homes; and with them, as with most ancient nations, the hymn both expressed their devotions and taught the doctrines of their faith. In those that remain to us, the adventures of Wainamoinen, the Finnic god of song, in whom we can scarcely fail to recognise the Orpheus of Grecian myths, occupies a considerable share. In others, resemblances to the deities and fables of Greece evince a common source of the religion, or a common ancestry in the objects of veneration; others embody legends which present the myths of Finnish song as parallels with the burden of prophetic promise or the records of Gospel history. In a recent work, entitled "*Eastern Europe*," we find a succinct account of Finnish mythology embodied in a description of the Kalevalla. "The Kalevalla, an epic in two-and-thirty books, is a collection of poetic myths, gathered, like the songs of Homer, from the oral traditions of the people, by the indefatigable Dr. Lowenroth, and published by him a few years since. . . . The Finnish mythology is peculiar, bearing some traces of having been derived either from the Greek or from a common source. We must, however, admit it to be less poetical than that of the Greeks, and less gloomily grand than that of the Scandinavians. It mixes up the weird with the terrible. . . . The Finnish gods appear so frequently in the character of sorcerers that the attributes of the godhead seem inextricably confounded with the power of the magician. They blend in a far greater degree than the gods of the Greek mythology, or of the Scandinavian Edda, the weaknesses of the man with their godlike character; rather wizards than deities, the art with which they use their spells and incantations seems chiefly to enable them to struggle with and triumph over mortals and inferior spirits. Jumala is the god of clouds and thunder; Wainamoinen, of poetry and music. It is uncertain which of the two is the supreme being. Kama, the giant, is the father of gods and giants; Ilmarinen, the eternal blacksmith; Tuoni is the god of death; the Giant Hissui, of evil; Tnopia is the god of the woods; Matha Teppo, of the roads. The storm is repre-

sented by an eagle. Mehelainen is a beneficent bird, small and frail as the humming-bird, but ever bearing on its tiny wings the balm and antidote for sickness, sufferings, and the spells of evil. Besides these there are numerous other gods, and every lake, stream, or valley—in fact, all animate and inanimate things—have their good and evil spirits. On this account everything is personified in their mythic poetry; the boat laments upon the shore; the lonely tree, isolated in the clearing, mourns and complains; the road converses with the god; the iron in the furnace has a voice, and in its uses a volition; but besides these passages, full of originality and beauty, we find the witch of Pohja, whose spells can baffle the gods, sweeping up the dust upon their floor into a brazen pan."

From the same work we extract a specimen of the *Kalevala* :

"Then Wainamoinen, the venerable and the valiant, laves his thumbs and purifies his fingers; he sits him down by the sea-shore upon the stone of joy, upon the silvery hill on the summit of the golden mountain, and taking up the instrument, he says—'Let those who have never known the joy of the Runes, nor the melody of the instruments, let them draw near and listen.'

"And the old Wainamoinen begins to sing, and his voice rises clear and liquid; his fingers play lightly over the strings of the chanted; joy answers joy; the song responds unto the song. There is no beast in the forest, no living thing in the air, which does not hasten up to the singer of Runes, to listen to his melodious voice, to revel in the harmony of his song.

"The wolf quits the sedges in which he was prowling; the bear emerges from his den in the roots of an overturned pine-tree; they climb a hedge, the hedge is borne down by their weight; the one ascends the trunk of the pine, the other climbs a birch-tree, whilst Wainamoinen sings and gives birth to joy; the eagle descends from the clouds, the falcon swoops through the air, the sea-gull wings its way from the sullen marsh, the swan from the bosom of the limpid water, the lively linnet, the swift-winged lark, and the merry goldfinch come to perch on the shoulders of the god-hero; the beauteous virgins of the air, the sun dazling in splendour, the soft-rayed moon, have alike paused to listen at the further end of a long light cloud in the luminous vault of heaven. There they were weaving the wonderful texture of the skies with a golden shuttle and a silver comb, when, astonished by a strange voice and the melodious accents of the hero's song, the comb of silver fell from their hands, the golden shuttle, breaking the thread of the woof, escaped from their fingers.

"All the living things of the water, all the fishes waving at once their myriad fins, swam up to hear the voice of Wainamoinen, to listen to the harmony of his song; Ahto, the king of the waves, the old man with the green beard of weeds, rises up on a water-lily to the surface of the deep."

Other dwellers in the sea, the forest, and all habitable places, come also to hear the song, but *we* must hasten away to other themes.

In more recent times, the simple joys and sorrows of the peasantry find voice in the songs of the numerous rural improvisatori, one of whom at least is to be found in every village. The national language of the Finns, nearly every word of which ends in a vowel, and which is soft as the Italian and copious as the German, has no doubt assisted in developing this passionate and universal love of poetry. Their rustic instru-

ment, the *kandala*, the Finnish lyre, is of very ancient use ; it has five strings, adapted to the five notes peculiar to Finnish music. A collection of these songs has been made, entitled "*The Kanteleter*." We subjoin the translation, given in the before-mentioned work, of one in which, while we are interested in the ardour of the swain, we must highly commend the prudence of the maiden :

THE LOVERS.

"Wilt thou come with me, oh my beloved, wilt thou come and be happy with me?"

"What happiness canst thou offer me? Thy hands are empty, thy pockets are empty."

"But with these empty hands I can bear thee off into the forest shade, into the silent glens far from the world and its envious eye, and there watch tenderly over thee."

"But whither shall we go, and where wilt thou build our dwelling?"

"There is still room enough in our own Finland. Wilt thou come with me into the uninhabited fields? Wilt thou follow me into the forest like a joyous bird? There will I raise thee up a dwelling where the winds shall rock thee, and where I will delight thee with my song. I will build thee a bower of fruit-trees, a bed of ash, and my song shall nurse thee to a slumber of sweet dreams."

One of the best sources from which a knowledge of the history of Finland may be derived, is the Swedish history of *Eric Geijer*, professor of history at *Upsal*. From this we learn that several Finnic tribes, especially the *Permians* and *Tarfinns*, are mentioned in old accounts of the North. An inroad of the *Kures* and *Quens* into Sweden in the time of *Segurd*, proves that the *Quens* were spread over a large space, as shown by the circumstance that the whole Northern Sea was once called the *Quen Sea*, and all Finland, *Quenland*, though the latter name was also applied to a much smaller district. It comprehended at one time the inland territory upon both sides of the *Gulf of Bothnia*. The Swedish settlers displaced the *Quens*, first from West, and afterwards from East *Bothnia*. The *Quens* carried their small, light boats overland to the great lakes that lie among the hill-tops, and made predatory inroads upon the *Norsemen*, as these did upon them. Another bold race, addicted to war and piracy, the *Karelians*, appear sometimes at war, at other times in league with the *Quens*. The *Tavestrians* dwelled more in the south. The occupants of Finland were not mentioned in heathen ages by any distinctive appellation, but were designated by the general name of *Finns*; and in their present dwelling-places are at least as old as the remotest period to which the history of the North extends. To this southern portion the term Finland is applied in distinction to the more savage *Finmark* of the north.

About the middle of the twelfth century, *St. Eric* undertook a crusade against the heathens of Finland, whose piracies harassed the Swedish coast, and by introducing Christianity, and probably by transplanting Swedish colonists thither, laid the foundation of the connexion which so long subsisted between the countries. *St. Henry*, the missionary Bishop of *Upsal*, accompanied the king on this expedition; he was the first apostle of the *Finns*, and in his blood, which they shed, planted the seeds of their church.

More than a century later, *Thorkel Cannutsen*, King of Sweden,

completed the work begun by St. Eric—Christianity and Swedish dominion was carried to the eastern part of the country, whence the wicked Karelians continued to issue in their predatory excursions, which were marked by hideous cruelty. In a crusade undertaken against them in 1293, they were subdued, made tributary, and compelled to adopt Christianity, at least in name. Viborg was founded to secure this conquest, and the Swedes were brought into immediate contact and collision with Russia.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, Charles Canutson Bondé obtained the infeudation of Finland, and being summoned to Stockholm by Christopher, King of Sweden, he repaired thither with ten ships and five hundred knights and squires. He was required to surrender some of the principal towns of his territory, but escaped with the sacrifice of Abo, for which he received Viborg as compensation. Charles Canutson was the most honoured and admired of the nobles of Sweden, became first high marshal, and afterwards king of that country.

In 1495 a war with Russia, some time carried on, became formidable by the invasion of Finland. Viborg was defended with admirable courage, and was besieged by the Russians during three months. Sleno Slure assembled an army of more than forty thousand men, the greatest which Sweden had at that time ever led into the field, and placed himself at its head, under the banner of St. Eric; but here ended his exploits. Domestic broils, of which Russia well knew how to avail herself, kept the Swedish general inert towards the enemies of his country: the Russians devastated Finland. During the middle ages commercial towns arose along the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the trade of Finland greatly increased. Finnish troops were regularly enrolled in the Swedish army, and were reckoned amongst its most expert bowmen.

In 1521 Finland became the theatre of war between Gustavus Vasa and Christian II., sovereign of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. During the course of the next year the principal castles of the country fell into the hands of Gustavus, or were razed to the ground by the infuriated peasantry. Abo, however, stood firm, and the king's party being reinforced, the principal adherents of Gustavus were compelled to flee. In this disastrous plight many noble persons perished at sea.

In the subsequent reign of Gustavus Vasa, the Lutheran form of religion was introduced into Sweden and Finland. This alteration of national faith was effected without bloodshed or persecution on the part of the adherents of either the old or the new creed, and the revenues of the church were not diminished by the change.

The liberality of the first archbishop in maintaining, at his own expense, fifty students at Upsal, and of a contemporary Bishop of Abo supporting a smaller number at foreign seminaries, is deservedly celebrated. Gustavus regarded Finland with paternal solicitude. To Michael Agricola, a Finn by birth, the pupil of Luther and Melancthon, appointed by Gustavus, Bishop of Abo, they owed the possession of the Bible, the Prayer Book, and the Catechism, in their own language; and they needed much all that religious instruction could do for them. A rebellion of the Tavestrians at this time was marked by peculiar crime and cruelty, especially on the part of the nobles. Although there had been an interval of peace between the crowns of Sweden and Russia, the indefiniteness of the boundaries gave frequent occasion for strife between the subordinates on

the frontier; this strife at last broke into open war, and the grand master of the Livonian knights and the King of Poland promised their aid against the Czar Ivan Vasselitch the Second. Gustavus went in person to the defence of Finland: the war ended after mutual devastation, in which Finland suffered severely. The Russians besieged Viborg without success, but carried off a large number of prisoners. The Swedish soldiery were wasted by disease; the expense of the war was very great; the promised aid did not come, and first an armistice and then peace was concluded. In the next campaign, fortune awhile favoured the Russians, but afterwards crowned with glory and victory the arms of Sweden.

In 1593, Finland, under the auspices of the celebrated Clas Fleming, enjoyed a temporary independence, which was, however, greatly interrupted by intestine division and the horrors of civil strife. The peasants, exasperated by the cruelty of Fleming's troopers, rose in revolt; they bravely wielded their only weapons—their clubs—which gave name to the war, and in this fierce contest eleven thousand were slain. Fleming's widow held for some time the castle of Abo after his death; but the Finns were routed, Viborg and Abo retaken, and the country again passed under Swedish dominion.

In 1612, the Regent, afterwards Charles IX., on visiting Finland, found that the Finnish peasants were greatly oppressed by the owners of estates, who enriched themselves at the expense both of the poorer classes and the crown. He equalised the condition of the peasants with that of their happier fellow-subjects in Sweden, raised their privileges, and restricted the power of the nobles, whom he compelled to contribute more largely to the expenses of the state and the church. At this time the plague made great havoc in Finland.

In 1616, the king held a separate diet with the estates of Finland. In 1628, Finland, which before possessed an academy at Viborg, obtained, from the liberality of Gustavus Adolphus, another at Abo, which was subsequently erected into a university by Queen Christina. The war between Gustavus and Russia was mainly waged in and on account of Finland, which was, on both sides, rightly felt to be an all-important possession to whichsoever power it might belong. During the reign of Gustavus, Swedish ascendancy was preserved inviolate. In the German and Polish campaigns of the Swedish hero, Finnish troops and reinforcements are frequently mentioned.

Peter the Great kept a steady eye on Finland, from which the multifarious plans of Charles XII. had diverted his attention and his troops. The close of Charles's reign found a Russian foot planted in this part of his dominions, which henceforward became a prominent object in European history; while in the annals of Sweden it occupies a conspicuous part. It is probably owing to the southern views of the rulers of Russia, who have had little to fear from Swedish ascendancy under the weaker characters that have filled the throne of Gustavus and Charles, that more vigorous attempts were not sooner made to annex Finland to Russia. In 1808, the desire for Finnish conquest rekindled in Russia; and in 1809, not in battle, but by surrender, Finland became a Russian province. As such it is opposed to us in the present war, and to arm Finland against us was one of the last decrees of the departed Nicholas, Emperor of All the Russias.

THE CARILLON OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

In the pleasant land of Belgium,
Where the Scheldt first seeks the main,
Stands a quaint, old, gabled city,
Fashioned like a town of Spain.

Through that grand old town of Antwerp,
Rich in shows of bygone time,
As on eyesight falls the sunshine,
Bursts the bright cathedral chime.

On the sultry air of summer—
On December's chilling blast—
On the dull blank ear of midnight—
Is that carillon sweetly cast.

Like the golden grain in seed-time,
Scattered with a hopeful care,
That the genial after-season
May produce some harvest there.

Oft forgotten, oft remembered,
Startling, strange, and silent soon,
Lovely, even though neglected,
Like the light of crescent moon.

Where the reveller's song is loudest—
Where dim tapers light the dead—
Where the stranger seeks his chamber—
Steals that cadence overhead.

Where the monk is at his vigil,
Where the air is foul with sin—
Where the lonely sick one waketh—
That old chime strays softly in.

To the vile, in notes of warning—
Chiding tones that seldom cease—
To the sad, in words of solace,
To the pure, in thoughts of peace.

O'er the city—o'er the river—
Through each quarter of the town,
Through each day, and through each season,
Rains that frequent music down.

Even across the parting ocean,
In still chambers of the brain,
At this moment, through the silence,
Breaks that magic sound again.

Like the carillon softly chiming,
Soothing, gentle as its fall,
Is the ceaseless dole of mercy,
Unperceived, that comes to all.

And our nobler life is nourished,
As we count the beads of time,
By pure hopes, and aspirations,
Sweeter than that minster chime.

O, 'tis well to pause and listen,
To those benisons in the air,
As we tread life's busy pathway,
That salute us everywhere.

CONTINENTAL SPORT.

WE had just finished our last game of tarok, in which I had lost a fabulous number of choppins of beer, and were only awaiting the police summons to betake ourselves homewards, when a gentle tap was heard at the door of our private room in the inn of the Heiliger Geist, at Baden-Baden.

On permission being granted to enter, Leonhard, Mr. Benazet's head gamekeeper, made his appearance, and after many excuses and apologies for the liberty he had taken, was induced to seat himself and unfold the purpose of his visit. The next day being Sunday, it was his intention to hold a battue in the surrounding woods, and as he had promised to give me early notice of so interesting an event, he had come in to request my company on the ensuing day. The prospect was not an attractive one: to leave my warm bed on a winter's morning at six o'clock, the thermometer at 20 deg. below zero, and have the chance of missing a roebuck—for I had not much prospect of hitting it!—verily, I began to repent of my promise. Like a prudent general, I therefore attempted to temporise, but all my efforts were frustrated by Leonhard's inexhaustible good-nature. Everything that the most ardent sportsman could demand would be supplied me—gun, powder, flask, shot-belt, *gibecière*, muff, &c., should be brought to my chambers in the morning—but go I must; I could not cry off.

The entrance of the gendarme with his confounded “’Sist Feierabend, meine Herrn!” put a sudden stop to my objections, and I found myself a victim of a popular prejudice; for nothing will persuade Germans but that Englishmen are born with double-barrelled guns, and that England is one huge preserve, where game-laws are kept up with a severity which would gladden the heart of those small German princes, who constantly regret the loss of their feudal authority, and are no longer able to hang a man to the nearest tree for killing a hare. In vain, then, I attempted to demonstrate that I was a man of peace, holding guns in high respect certainly, but regarding them with an equal amount of fear; and that I decidedly preferred procuring my game at the market-place to trudging an uncertain number of miles in pursuit of my dinner. Short and good, Leonhard was to call for me at six; and I returned home in no very amiable humour, to sleep—perchance to dream—of the horrors of the coming day.

I am quite confident that I could not have slept five minutes, when I had a curious dream—that I was the centre of a convivial party, enjoying the combined blessings of wine and harmony. As chairman, I was obliged to knock Mr. Smith down for a song. As he evinced a decided repugnance, my knocks recurred in rapid succession, and grew so vehement that they ended—by waking me up. Strange to say, even after I had opened my eyes, they went on, and wild fancies of spirit-rapping crossed my mind. All at once the mystery was solved—it was Leonhard amusing himself by tapping at my shutters, and varying his interesting employment by half a bushel of most energetically uttered “Kreuz heilig sakraments and millionen dunnerwettters.”

I soon opened the shutters and the window, and my tormentor quickly
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entered by that as the most practicable route, bringing with him a fragrant scent of c'naster, and veiled in a dense mist of tobacco smoke and fog. He was in a tremendous hurry: we had seven miles to walk before reaching the rendezvous, and we must be off at once. But to this I would not agree: I stoically resisted all his entreaties until my invaluable Alois had brought me a "coffee soup," consisting of coffee, with pieces of black bread shredded in it, with which I proceeded to fortify my inner man, while Leonhard was holding a minute investigation of various long-necked bottles. At length he appeared to have decided, for, in the coolest manner possible, he poured out a full glass of my very oldest schiedam, which he swallowed with great gusto, and added insult to injury by pouring the remainder of the bottle into a horn, which he carried slung round his neck. Then came my sporting toilette: I put on a huge fur coat, hung my muff in front of me (not the only muff in company, I thought to myself), pulled on my thickest boots, which Leonhard, however, regarded with a comical air of embarrassment, which I could not account for at the moment, and off we set, smoking like two steam-engines as we paddled through the snow.

For miles we trudged silently along—the conversation only consisting of some profound remarks uttered here and there sententiously as to the folly of getting up at such an hour—till we reached the little inn where our companions were awaiting us. There were some ten or twelve tradesmen of Baden, armed in various fashions, and all apparently eager for the fray. They were filling up the interim with glasses of Heidebeeren or juniper schnaps, and the bottle passed merrily from hand to hand. But on Leonhard inquiring for the dogs, which an under-keeper was to have brought with him, he met with a sad blow and heavy discouragement. It appeared that a notorious poacher of the town had had the impudence to uncouple them long before our hour for starting, and had gone off with them to have a by-day of his own. Of course there was a second edition of Leonhard's elegant extracts, lasting some ten minutes, and many dire threats that he would do for the poacher when he caught him; but, as that gentleman had already had a *raisonné* with one of the under-foresters some six months before, and had put a charge of swan-shot into the broadest part of his person, Master Leonhard would, probably, not have cared for an opportunity to put his menaces into effect.

In the absence of the dogs we must do the best we could, so we made a *razzia* into the adjoining village, and beat up a parcel of young ragamuffins of all sizes and ages to act as beaters, at the magnificent sum of twopence per head. These, with the under-keeper, set out round the base of the mountain, while the noble sportsmen began to ascend it. I soon discovered the purport of Leonhard's meaning glance at my boots: there were no nails in them, and I found it perfectly impossible to keep my feet. But everything has an end at last: and by clutching at the coats of some, and dragging at the skirts of others, I managed at last to gain the crest of the mountain. Leonhard then stationed me behind a dense thicket of black pines, giving me strict orders not to stir till he gave the signal, and, if I fired, to do so straight before me, as else I might hit some of my companions. Here, then, I stood for two hours without the hope of a shot. I was gradually freezing to a solid mass of ice;

Leonhard and the schiedam were both absent without leave ; and I had nothing to warm me but stamping either foot in turn into the knee-deep snow,—an amusement which fatigue soon compelled me to desist from. But it is unnecessary to describe the *infandum dolorem* of that day minutely ; suffice it to say, that the only thing I shot was Leonhard's wide-awake, which he obligingly threw up in the air for me, and by seven in the evening I was beginning to thaw gradually in the keeping-room of the Bear public-house at Lichtenthal.

Such was the unsatisfactory result of my first day's continental sporting, but for all that I did not give it up in disgust ; I conquered the chief part of my difficulties by ordering a gigantic pair of red morocco mud-boots, in which I stalked about the country like a long-legged crane—as I was flatteringly told—and, thanks to the kindness of Mr. St. John, a true sportsman, to whom countless travelling Englishmen are indebted for kindness and hospitality, I was soon enabled to boast of having killed my first partridge in his *chasse*, near Ettlingen. Henceforth my sporting adventures do not require description, and, with the reader's permission, I will seek for information from other and more amusing sources.

Mr. St. John, besides being an indefatigable sportsman, has been able to find time to write a charming book on the subject of continental sport,* in which he gives a most detailed account of all his adventures in search of game. One of the principal nuisances with which the game preservers have to contend in Germany is the abundance of poachers. The peasants, almost without exception, love a life of danger and excitement in the open forest. A German author gives such a charming description of the poacher's life, that we—here I inevitably slip into the editorial—cannot refrain from quoting a portion of it : “ At times, of course, a poacher disappears : at least, he returns home no more, but then his comrades carry out their revenge on the foresters. No one thinks of giving up poaching on that account. Even when condemned to imprisonment for years, and forced to learn a trade, that they may live at home honestly, when night comes, and the moon rises, and the cry of the forest din resounds from the forest brake, an irresistible impulse attracts him to his rusty rifle. It is taken from the wall, the trigger plays harshly and stiffly. ‘ It had better be greased,’ he thinks to himself, and he cleans the gun as tenderly as if it were his child. Hush ! he glides through the low door into the forest. What a glorious life that is ! There comes the stag ! He takes his aim !—he takes his aim : his sharp eye sees at the same moment the forester who sent him to prison. He pulls the trigger, the quarry falls bathed in blood, and the poacher goes on more wildly and recklessly than before. Not that the neighbourhood is, on that account, unsafe—it is only a war between gamekeeper and poacher. Any one who goes without a rifle may march in security through the thickest glades of the forest. Wherever a stone cross is found, it is a sign that the laws of God and man have been there broken ; high grass usually grows over the scene of crime, and moss renders the inscription illegible ! ”

Mr. St. John furnishes some details which will serve to fill up the above picture. When out in his own *chasse* in the Black Forest, close to the frontiers of Würtemberg, he found one of the beaters tugging

* *Rambles in Germany, &c., in Search of Sport.* By the Hon. Ferdinand St. John. Longman and Co.

ineffectually at the skeleton of a man's foot. With sticks and staves they set to work to remove the earth, and soon brought to light a complete skeleton, everything about it having decayed, with the exception of a leathern game-bag, which still held together, and in which they found a small glass phial, corked tightly, and half filled with kirschwasser. It was, indubitably, the body of a poacher, who had been shot and buried there. There are many reasons why this should be the case. German justice is proverbially slow, and if a forester gives information of his having killed a man, he is subjected to repeated examinations and much protocolling, which occupies his time uselessly, and causes him great annoyance. Hence, his first object is to get the body quietly under ground, and keep his own council. Since the revolution of 1848 the foresters may join with Othello in saying that their occupation is gone, for the whole population of Germany became poachers on the abolition of the game-laws, and the preserves were so thinned that a roebuck has become a rarity, and will, probably, be only known to the next generation as the denizen of a menagerie.

We had marked several other passages in Mr. St. John's delightful book for extract, but the above must serve as a taste of his quality. From personal acquaintance we are able to state that he is pre-eminently qualified for his agreeable task of describing the *fera natura* of Germany. Assisted by the prestige of rank and fortune, Mr. St. John has had opportunities of becoming acquainted with every variety of continental sport. If, as a critic, we are bound to find fault, all we can say against his book is, that he has been too sparing of details, which would have rendered the work far more attractive and interesting; but which, through modesty, he has refrained from recording. If we were at liberty to do so, we could furnish numerous anecdotes, which would speak most fully to Mr. St. John's kindness and generosity. We can only say that he may esteem himself a fortunate man who can boast of Mr. St. John's friendship, and goes to Baden with a wish to enjoy first-rate sport.

But we have still another work to mention, which, for genuine humour and careful finish, may be fairly ranked with the finest creations of John Leech's pencil. The sporting vagaries of Mr. Briggs were highly amusing, there is no doubt; we all felt delighted at his numerous adventures by flood and field, but are they so unsurpassable as the great M. A. Titmarsh would lead us to believe in the last *Quarterly*. We fancy not; and we will venture to quote Mr. Petermann's sporting adventures,* as equally deserving a place on the drawing-room table with Leech's "Sketches of Life and Character." Like them, they are a series of woodcuts, which originally appeared in the German *Punch*, the *Fliegende Blätter*, and when collected, they form one of the most amusing books which it has been our fortune to receive for a very long period. Mr. Petermann is a respectable tradesman, whose nature leads him to enjoy the pleasures of shooting, and having ample means at his command, he takes "advantage of the situation" most fully. In consequence, he has an opportunity of witnessing every variety of sport for

* Herrn Petermann's Jagd Abenteuer. Two vols. München: Braun and Schneider.

which Germany used to be justly famous; and though his adventures are principally of a ludicrous nature, they furnish an excellent idea of continental sport.

We will venture to give a sample of their quality by describing a large battue at which Mr. Petermann assists, although, of course, as his journal is essentially a picture-book, much of the comicality will evaporate in the translation. But to begin.

The first scene opens with a conversation between the under-forester and the head-gamekeeper.

Assistant. Just look at my shoes, Sir Forester. Upon my honour I must feel ashamed when meeting the beaters. I get no tips now-a-days; and I can't raise a pair of shoes anyhow. Suppose you were to arrange a day's shooting.

Forester. Shooting! Hang it, what is there to fire at?

Assistant. Shoot—that's a trifle—as if that was the first battue at which nothing was shot. Pray, Sir Forester, manage it, or how can I live, as a forester's assistant of the second class, with a pound a month, out of which I pay seventeen shillings for board and lodging; so there's three shillings left for clothes, shoes, washing, tobacco; and I like to drink a pot of beer now and then.

Forester. Well, I don't care. Go to town, and invite, in my name, Herr von Petermann: then go to the court chimney-sweep, Rauchle; Höllenstein, the tailor; then Mäusle, the landlord; and each of them had better bring a couple of friends. The gentlemen, too, mustn't forget to bring slugs with them; for we have tracked a couple of deer—you understand.

IN TOWN.

Before starting. Breakfast at MR. PETERMANN'S.

1st Guest. How Mäusle keeps us waiting for him!

2nd Guest. Here he is at last. But, Mäusle——!

Mäusle. Oh, may a dunnerwetter smash it all!—there's my cook calls me a good hour behind time. I really don't know what's come over the maid-servants.

THE FORESTER'S HOUSE.

The gallant sportsmen have arrived.

Forester. But, Herr Höllenstein, with your straps and paper boots you'll fare badly when we get into the moors.

Höllenstein. Moors!—hold hard—I didn't know anything about that. Have you got any moors here?

Forester. Of course—famous ones. Three days ago one of the beaters went in up to his neck.

Höllenstein. If that's the case, I'd sooner stop in the inn here: with my rheumatism I daren't risk it, not for a million. Moors and rheumatism!—they don't agree at all. But if you've no objection, Mr. Forester, I'll shoot some sparrows in the hedge, so that I may amuse myself in the mean while.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SPORT.

Petermann. Good Lord! what's that—there's some one shot my hat off—what, Sacra—you must be mad!

Wiedemeier (pale as chalk). I—don't—know,—the—gun—went—off—in—my—hand,—I—haven't—hurt—you,—I—hope?

Petermann. You're a pretty sportsman! If I hadn't had a guardian angel, you'd have shot me.

Forester. Well, I fancied that the first thing in going out shooting was to know how to manage a gun.

Wiedemeier. Yes—such—a—thing—never—happened—to—me—before—in—my—life.

Petermann. I can believe it, because you never went out shooting before—it was nearly being your trial shot. Didn't I tell you yesterday, at the shooting-gallery, that you must have the cock down when you're not shooting?

Wiedemeier. Well—come—you—won't be angry with me—I—won't do it again.

Forester. I see you won't. But it's all up with this covert now; and I'm certain there were two or three foxes in it.

THE BATTUE.

Mäusle. How do you load in covert, my good friend?

Schiessmeier. Exactly as you do in the town.

Mäusle. Yes—still I should be obliged if you'd load my gun.

Assistant. Very willingly, Herr Mäusle. Ah! that is a powder—I never saw such a beautiful sort, and you have such a quantity!

Mäusle. Pray take half of it, if you like.

Assistant. God requite you—yes, if it wasn't for the gentlemen—but you won't carry all this shot about with you? We shall have to walk twenty miles to-day. We've seven preserves.

Mäusle. Take out as much as you like; it's very heavy for me to carry.

Assistant. Thank ye—I've been longing for such a godsend. Yes, if I was to come into the world again now, I should soon be a rich man—and that shot-belt I wouldn't refuse. You'll see, we shall have a famous day's shooting.

WAITING FOR THE GAME.

"Would you like a drop of good arrack, Herr Schiessmeier?"

"Thank ye, Herr Wiedemeier. Ah, it's very good. I tell you, Herr Wiedemeier, you'll shoot to day: remember my words."

THE STATION.

"Now look there, at that very oak Herr Dr. Wünschennmayer shot, three years back, three foxes and two bucks in the same day."

A WHITE LIE.

Forester. Have all the gentlemen got one barrel loaded with slugs? There's a head of game in there—take great care that you don't miss—you'll hear it break through the bushes a long way off—give it time Jesses! if the gentlemen were to miss the buck!

HALF AN HOUR LATER.

"But, really, Herr Wiedemeier, why didn't you fire?"

"Why? I saw nothing."

"Hang it all! A buck came up to me and I let it pass at ten yards' distance, that the gentlemen might shoot it, and you haven't seen it. (To himself.) It's a good thing a man can help himself; I haven't a head of game in my preserves for thirty miles round."

THE FIRST AND LAST SHOT.

Forester. Who fired there?

"I."

"Ah, Herr Maüale—what at, then, may I ask?"

"At a hare."

"Where is it, then?"

"I fancy I hit it—for when I fired it plucked up its ears, and sat on its hind legs—I only had one barrel loaded, or else I should have fired again."

"You missed it. Well, if the gentlemen miss everything, it's not my fault; there's game here—you've convinced yourselves of that."

THE RETURN TO THE FORESTER'S.

Forester. Well, that's a pretty story: I've just come from the magistrate's—Mr. Höllenstein has been firing at sparrows—but a cow was grazing just behind the hedge—he missed the sparrows—but gave the cow a deuce of a charge—the peasants have collared him—that'll cost a tidy sum.

AFTER DINNER.

Forester. Well, I'm very sorry, gentlemen, that I couldn't find you more sport: but the gentlemen know how things turn out at times: the wind was in the wrong quarter, and then you missed—and if Herr Wiedemeier had only seen the buck—that would have been something.

Wiedemeier. Well, the fresh air and exercise are worth something, and the haunch of venison and the dumplings are famous. Help yourself, Höllenstein,

Höllenstein. My appetite is spoiled: the cow is dead, and I haven't money enough about me to pay for the racket.

Forester. Yes, you must take care for the future: you'd better have gone on the moor: the cow don't suit your rheumatism either.

THE RECKONING.

"Now, gentlemen, we must settle the bill."

"Well, then, we brought the forester a box of my best cigars, real Lampresas, at five pounds a thousand, that makes fifteen florins apiece; a tip for the assistants—we can't give them less than four florins."

"I think two kronenthaler—four florins would be a disgrace."

"Now come the beaters, we can't offer them less than a shilling apiece."

"What are you thinking about?—at least a florin."

"Next comes the supper: beer for ourselves and the gamekeepers, and——"

"Martin, the bricklayer, who went with us, he mustn't be allowed to pay; he knows the country——"

"Of course, he must be added in."

"I was obliged to drink a toothful of wine over my fright about the cow."

"All goes in—the bill amounts to nine florins fifty-nine kreuzer."

"And I don't call it at all dear. The dumplings were first-rate."

"But I do. I could dine at the Bavarian Hotel for that money."

"Further: now comes the coachman. The carriage costs five florins; drink money, a florin; the ostler, a shilling at least."

"Give him a florin, it will do for next time."

"Now we've finished: it makes altogether——"

"Stop, we've forgotten the main point—the cook, and she must have two florins."

"Well, I don't care, but now reckon it up. I haven't earned so much the whole month."

"Well, then, count it up—it makes altogether forty-four florins twenty-three kreuzer; that is, eleven florins five and a half kreuzers per man."

"This is a nice neighbourhood: and then, three crowns lost at tarok."

"I lost six florins fifty-nine kreuzer."

"I five florins twenty-one kreuzer."

"I didn't count, but I'm sure I haven't won anything."

"Ah! the forester was the only winner; he's got the luck of nine devils."

"Ei, ei, ei, ei! that's a shameful sum. If my old woman only knew it!"

"Well, don't cry about it! A man who bothers himself all the year round for his family, can have a little amusement—say twice a month."

"Of course!"

THE RETURN HOME.

In the Carriage.

"Well, what have we killed when we get home?"

"Only a cow, after all!"

"Oh! nonsense, we *must* have shot something!"

"It's a question what the game-dealer has got in stock. One of us must go the first thing to-morrow morning and buy all he can get. We might tell folk we couldn't bring the foxes with us."

"I want lots of hares—I must have five at least: wait a minute—for my wife two, or else she'll kill me; my father-in-law one, makes three; then the burgomaster one; and then one for the round table in the Court Brewery—that makes five."

The Carriage is upset.

"Oh Lord, Herr Gott von Bentheim, my leg!"

"That's a pretty look out; I'm up to my neck in water. Kreutz, millionen donrrr, there's the butt of my gun broken. Jesses! and that's the burgomaster's favourite gun. I had to beg and pray for two hours before he would lend it me."

"I feel quite stupified—I fell right on a pile of stones. Devil! I am quite ill."

"Kreiden element, that is sport. I'll go out shooting with you again. How a fellow can be so stupid! But it serves you right, Philip; you must shove your nose into everything. Now you've got it, you miserable fellow. Jesses! and such weather, too. I feel as if I was drowned. Well, I shall remember my day's shooting as long as I live!"

THE MONARCHY OF JULY.

THE striking and instructive episode in representative government which was presented by the reign of Louis Philippe, has never been so clearly delineated as it is by Dr. Véron in the newly-published fifth volume of his "Memoirs." During the period that the monarchy of July lasted, M. Thiers upset and dissolved more than one cabinet solely for his own personal interests; but after having obtained power, he could never keep it. The reason was, that he had no principles to guide him, and under a representative form of government no minister can command a majority without some fixed principles.

M. Guizot and the Conservative majority have been much condemned for corruption. But at least they had fixed principles, and Dr. Véron has the courage to defend those principles. He compares Guizot's position to that of Sir Robert Walpole—as he calls him—defending the House of Hanover from the dangers of a civil war. "M. Thiers," Dr. Véron sums up, "is revolutionary without being liberal; M. Guizot is a true liberal, yet not a revolutionist."

Dr. Véron is equally clear and precise, and, what is much more rare in a French writer of memoirs, exceedingly unprejudiced in his view of the Eastern question, as it presented itself after the battle of Nizib. In Louis Philippe's time, as in that of Napoleon III., the question of the East resolved itself into the same formula—mistrust of Russia. It was not Ibrahim Pasha who was dreaded, it was the Czar. The Pasha had been victorious; if he followed up his great success, he would cross the Taurus, and oblige the Sultan to seek the aid of his formidable neighbour; and Russia would be at Constantinople. M. Thiers had the singular weakness to act upon this point in opposition to his own convictions. On assuming the reins of government that statesman spoke in the sense of the question unanimously entertained by all the other powers, but at that moment the cause of Egypt was extremely popular in France. The French were as passionately in favour of the Egyptians as they had been of the Greeks in 1828. Thiers had the weakness to yield to this clamour from without, and to ask for such large concessions in favour of the Pasha, as neither Lord Palmerston nor any of the other parties could for a moment concede; and hence was France excluded from the treaty of the 15th of July, and a European war very nearly being lit up upon the ridiculous point, whether the Egyptians were to retain in Syria the pashalik of Acre only, or the pashalik of Aleppo and Damascus also. The Austrians, as usual, understood the true geographical bearing of the question better than France and England; that power was satisfied with stipulating that the Egyptians should not hold the pashalik of Adana.

Thus, for the instruction of those who are implicit believers in the wisdom of great statesmen, were France and England on the very verge of going to war in 1840, for the same cause in which they are now acting as allies—mistrust of the Muscovite power. But though united on that point in 1840 as in 1855, they were disagreed as to the amount of concession to be granted to the Pasha. And upon so frivolous a pretext, and the humiliation of being excluded from the treaty, after sending

M. Eugène Périer upon a mission *hors cadre* to Egypt, was M. Thiers ready to involve all Europe in war. It is to be hoped that no question of concession of a port or a pashalik coming after the actual war may lead to any such misunderstandings as those which preceded the Anglo-Turkish assault upon the Egyptians in Syria in 1840.

There is not much in Dr. Véron's narrative that is new upon the question of the Spanish marriages, or the banquets which led to the revolution of February. Dr. Véron, as one of the *rédauteurs* of the *Constitutionnel*, received his invitation to the said banquets *sur papier rose*. It would have been more appropriate had the colour been of a darker hue. The *National* and *Réforme* papers of the 22nd had the audacity to publish the plan of the campaign; the position for the schools was indicated, the most favourable disposition of the different legions of the National Guard was even pointed out. The same day Paris was occupied militarily. Dr. Véron depicts the members of the opposition as positively terrified at the ghost which they had evoked. M. Odilon Barrot lifted up his hands to heaven and declared that he had nothing to do with it. M.M. Duvergier, Maleville, and Berger, were full of regrets, and offering their assistance to the ministry. The banquet was given up. The secret societies, however, remained resolute in the intention of a projected movement. "I affirm this fact," says Dr. Véron, "to be exact."

Dr. Véron studied the progress of the revolution from the windows of his apartment in the Rue de Rivoli. It does not appear very clear if he did not also penetrate into the Tuileries at the time of the sack of the palace. Certain it is that his description of the scene presented is exceedingly minute and detailed—quite that of an eye-witness—and the most curious and interesting documents published in the present volume were avowedly a result of the general pillage: only it is not said whether obtained at the time, or by purchase afterwards.

"Nothing was more easy to those who had ventured as far as the Place du Carrousel, and to the mass of curious people every moment increasing," writes Dr. Véron, "than to advance first timidly, afterwards with more resolution, as far as the railings, and then the gates of the palace, and at last to penetrate into the interior."

Again, at another place, he describes the presence there of many curious persons, or at least amateurs of curiosities:

"Another flock of birds of prey had fallen down upon the palace of the Tuileries: these were the amateurs of curiosities, dealers, all kinds of receivers of stray property. More than one of these effected a *razzia*, the produce of which are still secreted in drawers or libraries, till they can be brought out to open day or be sold in safety. The police-officers had to keep a sharper look-out upon these black-coats than upon the blouses. The common people were gratified to the full at being able to slip on the waistcoats or trousers of princes, but the black-coats kept their eyes and hands upon cabinets, pictures, drawings, seals and rings of great value."

Reminiscences of this remarkable pillage have, however, led us to anticipate events. If representative governments have one great advantage over despotisms, that the power not being centred in one person, there

is not so much to be dreaded from those sudden terminations of life of which we have recently had so instructive an example; on the other hand, the political game is generally played by a few hands, and, as was the case in the instance of the brief ministerial interregnum seen in this country on a late occasion, Louis Philippe, when advised by his queen to sacrifice his ministry, wasted precious hours and days in organising combinations no longer of any avail. At first it was Molé, and then Thiers; the only effect of which combinations was to neutralise all military and really defensive operations.

As Charles X. was occupied with questions of etiquette at the moment that the throne was slipping from under his feet, so Louis Philippe was discussing parliamentary formalities when his dynasty was being swept away. Dr. Véron corroborates the statement generally received, that it was M. de Girardin who first awakened the king to a sense of the perilous position in which he stood. M. de Girardin penetrated alone and unattended into the king's study.

"Sire," said the journalist, "minutes are hours; you lose time when it is most precious: in an hour, perhaps, there will be no more monarchy in France."

"Are you certain of what you say?" inquired M. de Rémusat.

"What must be done?" asked the king.

"Sire, you must abdicate!" exclaimed the Duke of Montpensier.

"Here is the proclamation ready," joined in M. de Girardin; "I have had it printed to save seconds!"

This was pretty sharp practice, when a little more activity in announcing the secession of the ministers and of a Molé, or any other combination, might perchance have saved the monarchy. Unfortunate king! His abdication, dictated by a journalist, had to be written in the presence of a crowd of strangers; no one relates how they got there. Louis Philippe had in fact ceased to reign before his abdication could be written. Some of the more impatient in the crowd exclaimed, "*Mais dépêchez-vous done, vous n'en finissez pas!*" The confusion was so great, that the act of abdication was torn from out of the hands that wrote it; nor is it known positively what became of it. Dr. Véron quotes Mr. Croker, as he calls him, as the authority for the paper used by Lagrange being only an inexact copy of the original. This from Mr. Croker's paper in the *Quarterly*, based on conversations held with the ex-king at Claremont.

We extracted a few of the most curious passages in the third volume of Dr. Véron's *Memoirs* which related to the flight of Charles X. and his family; we shall be more concise in referring to the equally remarkable flight of Louis Philippe. Dr. Véron denies that the royal family left the palace by a subterranean passage. The whole party proceeded by the central avenue of the garden, the king's six grandchildren being carried in the arms of as many faithful attendants. The royal carriages having been destroyed by the mob, they had to wait for some time, exposed to the brutality of the populace, before two broughams could be brought round by the quays. In these little carriages, adapted for six persons, room was made for fifteen. Two of the escort were shot, and General Berthois was unhorsed. General Regnault Saint Jean d'Angely took his place at the head of a small detachment of *Cuirassiers* and of

mounted National Guard. With this guard they were enabled to reach Saint Cloud. The Duke of Nemours had remained at the head of what few troops were still in the Carousel to defend the cause of the Regency and the Count of Paris. "Intrepid, disinterested," says M. de Lamartine, "he neither bargained for his life, nor for his rights to the regency, to save the crown for his brother's son. History owes to him that justice of which public opinion has endeavoured to deprive him."

Louis Philippe prolonged his flight to Dreux, where he had an old, ruinous, and half-furnished castle, with a chapel in which his maternal ancestors lay entombed. Hence he wrote a letter to M. de Montalivet, with two orders for money, having, as he himself expressed it, "*partis sans une obole.*"

Dr. Véron has published a fac-simile of these interesting documents, which, he says, are inedited, and certainly the hand attests that the king was calm and unruffled even by the magnitude of the disaster which had overtaken him. It was not, however, till the next day that he learnt the fall of the regency and the total dispersion of his dynasty. He had intended to go and dwell at Eu: nothing remained then but to gain the shores of England.

The journey to the coast was not accomplished without many narrow escapes. The point where the royal family took refuge was a small country-house close to Honfleur. An arrangement was then made with one Hallot, who had served in the *Belle Poule*, under the Prince of Joinville, to take the king over in a fishing-boat. To effect this, Louis Philippe went to Trouville, where he was concealed in the house of one Victor Barbet. As Hallot's boat could not be got ready for a few days, M. Barbet entered into negotiations for another. This so exasperated Hallot, that he let out that he was engaged to take over to England a stranger who was concealed in the house of Victor Barbet. Louis Philippe was thus obliged to abscond as quick as he could to Honfleur.

"On Thursday, the 2nd of March, the hosts of M. de Perthuis' house experienced a new alarm: at break of day, a stranger, bearer of a message, asked to be allowed to speak to the king. This stranger was Mr. Jones, English vice-consul at Havre.* The message was from Mr. Featherstonhaugh, consul. He announced that the steam-packet the *Express* was at his disposal, and that Mr. Jones was deputed to concert with his Majesty upon the means of getting on board. The English vice-consul also brought with him a letter from M. Besson, which communicated the glad tidings that the Duke of Nemours, his daughter, the Princess Margaret, and the Princess Clementine, with her husband and children, had reached England in safety. This good news was a source of great comfort to the whole party."

The fugitives resolved upon travelling from Honfleur to Havre by the night boat. The queen was to be Madame Lebrun, travelling with an English passport; the king had become Mr. William Smith. The gendarmes and promenaders were still on the quay at Honfleur. Mr. William Smith, wearing spectacles, and wrapped up in a capacious cloak,

* Mr. William Jones, author of "Horse Monasticæ," "Lays and Ballads of French History," &c., &c., one of the most pleasing and popular poets of the day.

found Mr. Jones waiting for him on the quay. He hastened to address him in English, loud enough to be heard by the bystanders, and taking his arm walked with him on board the packet. Madame Lebrun followed, and took a seat on a bench opposite to Mr. William Smith.

When the steward presented himself to receive the fare and a small gratuity for the musicians, Mr. Smith shook his head to intimate that he did not understand French, and Mr. Jones paid for both.

On disembarking at the quay of Havre, in the midst of a crowd of promenaders, travellers, and hotel touters, the first person they met with was the English consul, who hastened to address Mr. Smith as his uncle. He then conducted him on board the *Express*, which had her steam up, Madame Lebrun following. When they had got down into the saloon of the packet, the English consul exclaimed, in high glee, "Sire, you are now safe!" The king and the queen expressed their lively gratitude. They also learnt from the consul that the Duchess of Montpensier had reached London, and that the Duke of Montpensier, the Duchess of Nemours and her two sons, were in Jersey. No news had been received of the Duchess of Orleans and her children.

Whilst the king and queen were congratulating themselves upon being in safety, they did not know that they had just escaped the greatest danger. A certain female who acted as a messenger on board the packets, either by the help of a lantern which she had with her, or by the gas-light, recognised the king. In her surprise she mentioned the fact to a harbour officer. The latter stepped on board the packet, recognised the king, and began to question the captain of the *Express* as to the reason of his hurried departure. The captain replied that he was carrying despatches. This answer did not satisfy the officer, but, as the ship began to move, he had no other alternative than to go on shore, which he did at the same moment that the consul was also landing. "Tell me," he said to the latter, "who is the person whom you have put on board of the *Express*?" "Oh, my uncle." "Your uncle, indeed!" replied the officer, in a tone of incredulity. "Ah, monsieur le consul!" And he withdrew, shaking his head. He contented himself with addressing a statement of what had occurred to M. Deschamps, commissary to the government at Rouen.

Dr. Véron tells us, in reference to the sack of the Tuileries, that a young man, elegantly dressed, with a name celebrated in the historical annals of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, sat at the piano, and played amidst the applause of the mob the Marseillaise, galops, and polkas. The Princess Marie's studio was respected: only one ruffian broke an arm of one of the angels in her sculptured group, called *Les Anges en Prière*, with a gun-shot. One fellow used a magnificent copy of the Koran for the vilest purposes. In the queen's room a prie-dieu of exquisite workmanship revealed the cast moulded upon the dead body of the Duke of Orleans, and the *suaire* of the Princess Marie. A furious woman was just about to tear to pieces and to destroy these holy relics, when a vigorous hand prevented the profanation by suddenly throwing the woman over backwards. Did this vigorous hand belong to Dr. Véron's portly person? Among other things a parrot was found, which became an immense favourite with the

mob. Its favourite saying was, "Down with Guizot!" There was a perfect rivalry in stuffing it with sweetmeats and bonbons, in order to hear it say "*A bas Guizot!*" It was reported, and received as an historical fact, that this revolutionary bird had had the Prince of Joinville for a political preceptor.

The bedroom of the Duke of Orleans had been kept by the Duchess in precisely the same condition it was in when he went forth to meet his death. Not a piece of furniture had been moved, not an object touched. The very water in the washhand-basin was not removed, but allowed to evaporate; the napkin remained on the stand. The *Journal des Débats* of the 13th of July, 1842, lay open on an arm-chair, as it had been deposited by the prince six years before. On a marble slab close by lay two hats, one black, one grey, with gloves reposing on the brims. A plate was also there with a few raisins, from which the prince had been picking the grains. The bed was not made; here and there were small boxes, and a travelling portmanteau.

Many letters were saved in this frightful plunder of the palace, a considerable number of which seem to have got into the hands of Dr. Véron, but, as before said, he does not tell us how. They are curious, as showing, among other things, what a state of anxiety the court lived in even habitually. General Athalin, who filled the situation of what may be called police inspector at the palace, received—to use Dr. Véron's own words—at almost every instant, by day and by night, the most strange and most perplexing communications. Here is an example:

"I must tell you that M. H. T., residing in the Rue Saint Denis, has just made an offer of 500,000 francs to Madame —, artist, if she will assume to be Madame the Duchess of Berry. This woman is a great intriguer. She knows all Paris. She says that M. —, the king's hatter, has said to two of her friends, 'We only want 500,000 francs, and we should be sure of having Louis Philippe's head.'"

People of high and of low degree are alike denounced in these anonymous letters, which treat of nothing but treacheries, conspiracies, and assassinations. A Lady De V., residing in Versailles, is denounced as educating her sons to shoot Philippe, as she designates the king. A machine called the Colonies is denounced as existing in a house in the Champs-Élysées. A caricature is informed against which represented the head of Fieschi; a fallen apple that of Pépin: but the pear had not yet fallen; it must do so to avenge the apple. This caricature was to be seen at No. 16, Rue du Bac. The informations were very precise. There is one in which two Englishmen are concerned.

"In the Champs-Élysées," writes an informer, "in the house No. 248, near a coachmaker's and next to a dealer in wine, there is a dépôt of arms, powder, and murderous machines. Two young Englishmen go there every morning. Another dépôt of a similar nature exists in another house in the Champs-Élysées, No. 119."

These were very probably shooting-galleries, magnified by the terrors of some old women into receptacles of all kinds of destructive machines, and where nothing but dark conspiracies were being hatched.

Sometimes M. Gisquet, the Prefect of Police, increased the number of troublesome documents by sending in authentic reports. Here is an example:

"The 26th of last July, a well-dressed person took a cabriolet de re-

mise, Rue du Bouloy, No. 23, to go to different places in the capital and the environs. He first went to a wine merchant's at the Chapelle-Saint-Denis, and he had a very animated conversation with the master of the house. The coachman, who had been invited to refresh himself, heard the person in question say to the publican: 'Nos affaires vont très bien, très bien.'

"From La Villette he repaired to the Rue du Temple; thence following the Boulevards, he passed the house where Fieschi put up his infernal machine; and after having reached the island of Saint Louis by the bridge Louis Philippe, he returned to the quartier Saint Honoré, where the driver was dismissed Rue de Valois, in front of the Cour des Fontaines.

"During these different journeys, the person in question never ceased to express in violent language his hatred of the king and of the government of July. The driver remembered, among other expressions, the following: 'Louis Philippe est un lâche. Il la sautera, le saclérat! il faudra qu'il la danse, il la dansera.'

"The driver, who was much struck with the whole of the proceedings, went to the wine-shop, and asked a female who is employed there the name of the individual whom he had driven there on the 26th of July; this woman said that it was M. de —."

This man, who was for a long time under the surveillance of the police, was one of the principal purveyors on the civil list of Louis Philippe. Even Thiers himself was not exempt from these extravagant and ridiculous denunciations with which the king was daily furnished. The following sentences occur in another letter:

"The conspirators have changed their intentions as to the employment of their machine, as it is too difficult to transport where they would wish in order to obtain a favourable situation for their infernal projects. They have men who are devoted to them, and who are perpetually seeking for a place favourable to the execution of their project. You must not go out of the Tuileries betwixt this time and next Sunday.

"Thiers places himself at the head of the movement, and boasts that he follows a policy which is more profound and comprehensive than that which is propounded by any other person in France. They add that there is in the king's house a perfect image of the Duc d'Aiguemont."

Among other papers was a report of the execution of Alibaud, addressed to the king. The report contains the following curious paragraph. "I cannot help making the painful reflection that the perfect calmness of the regicide at his last moments evidently proves that he had attained to the very highest degree of political fanaticism."

All the letters do not, however, refer to conspiracies and executions; some are upon the more harmless but not less insane topic of love. The following is an amusing example. It is addressed to one of the royal princesses:

"MR PRINCESS,—The good La Fontaine said with good reason, 'When Love appears, one may well say, good-by Prudence!'

"I have not had the smallest reason to beg of your royal highness to grant me the favour of a meeting at Saint Roch, when I cannot be permitted near your person, except in the presence of your royal family.

"I did, however, go to Saint Roch; but it was impossible to get near you, the crowd was so great, and nothing but guards and police-officers.

"But love will suffer nothing for having presented me with difficulties. It will be, I hope, only the better rewarded. Thus, my divine princess, I take the liberty to propose to your royal highness to adjourn our dear deliberations till the Fête des Rois, from the 8th to the 10th of January.

"Now, let us say at the bottom of our souls, 'Domine salvum fac regem,' &c., &c., till his majesty and all the royal family shall have returned to Parliament. I will accompany you there in heart and mind; and I pray God to preserve you from all dangers and accidents.

"On going out of Saint Roch, I came to dine at the Palais Royal. It is from thence that I write to your royal highness, so that you may not lay down without the certainty of my faithful and sincere attachment to the illustrious daughter of our kings, to her whom I love and esteem in the highest degree.

"In a little letter which I wrote yesterday hastily to his majesty the king, I finished with detailed compliments for the members of his family; but I believe that I omitted M. le Général Baron Athalin.

"I pray you, my princess, to correct my stupidity, and to say all that your royal heart will suggest to you to the general.

"Permit me, my princess, to make to your royal highness a tender confidence, which I beg of you beforehand to communicate to no one.

"I should much wish that their majesties would consent to marry us before Lent, so that the said Lent should be precisely for us that period of marriage which is called the honeymoon.

"But, for holy souls like ours, the honeymoon will last the whole duration of our life. Such is also the opinion of my princess.

"Towards the end of 1836, in a Russian anecdote of the revolution of 1830, which I related to his majesty the king—long life to the conclusion of that anecdote!—I already preluded the hope of seeing us one day united by the bonds of the most glorious Hymen.

"Since that epoch, my divine princess, your royal highness has never been absent from my thoughts, notwithstanding a great number of marriages projected and abandoned.

"But I am so overwhelmed with cares, occupations, studies, journeys, &c. &c., that my tender loves have been a great deal too much neglected.

"Nevertheless, by combining the good-will of your royal highness with mine, we can always, while we love one another well and infinitely much, attend to such duties as it has pleased Providence to impose upon us.

"Work has this advantage: that it makes time pass without ennui, and that is a great deal.

"If your royal highness will be kind enough not to be angry, I take up another sheet of paper, in order to prolong the conversation in such amiable company, and before I run through that *ribambelle* of newspapers with which I conclude my evenings.

"I possess a very essential secret, and one which cannot but interest the fair sex: it is the art of retrograding in life; a secret replete with charms and enjoyments.

"For now some time back, every twelve months I become a year younger; to such a degree that I never feel better than in a state of extreme youth. That is why, my divine princess, I come to the feet of your royal highness, to supplicate you to be my companion in this pleasant pilgrimage, which one undertakes so gladly when

L'amour, l'estime et l'amitié
Sont les compagnons du voyage.

So says the romance.

"Your highness will not want this secret for a long time yet, but I will put it in your power to communicate it to others.

"Thus, my princess, your royal highness will see that I am opposed to any foreign dukes or princes coming to take away from us the most beautiful of our roses, the delicate flower of our amiable youth.

"If I am so fortunate that the *Moniteur* shall transmit this news to them, there will be some dozens of them pretty well mystified.

"Under any circumstances, if their majesties condescend to grant me so great a favour, I will justify in the eyes of all my anxiety and zeal to render myself worthy of the favour shown to me.

"I have the ear of his majesty the Emperor of Russia. That monarch knows the rectitude of my sentiments and the admiration which I have never ceased to entertain for the late Emperor Alexander as well as for himself. Such support has already enabled me to spare my country many misfortunes and calamities.

"From 1830 to 1834 I kept the whole of the North in order, and that by means of the most agreeable and intimate relations.

"I can also compliment your illustrious family for possessing so pretty a group of heroes.

"At Mascara, the Duke of Orleans fought like a real Cossack.

"At Constantine, Nemours gained immortality on the breach.

"In twenty combats, D'Aumale beat the Arabs—the Arabs who are, nevertheless, good and courageous warriors.

"The Duke of Joinville appears to navigate with as much talent as order and prudence.

"There is still another young brother who will undoubtedly not fail to follow in the footsteps of his seniors.

"And to you, my illustrious princess, a considerable share of glory is reserved. You will give to all peace and prosperity.

"You shall be the Princess of Peace, and that title is legitimately due to your royal highness.

"Not to further abuse the repose and patience of your royal highness, I now conclude my letter, and sign myself with all the respect and deep regard which are due to your royal highness,

"My Princess,

"Your very obedient and very affectionate servant,

"L. H., PRINCE OF PEACE.

"Palais Royal, Christmas Day, in the evening."

"P.S. Would your royal highness have the ineffable kindness to grant me a few lines, or a little visit in my hermitage at the Roule, so as to enable me to pass a time which will be very long, infinitely long?"

Some of the letters are, if possible, even more ridiculous than the rhodomontade of the Prince of Peace. One of them, from Madame de Mirbel, an artist engaged upon a portrait of the king, addressed to General Athalin, is entirely occupied with the importance to her of obtaining one of the king's tufts of hair—those which used to complete the pear so nicely—and of which she asserts that she has seen three different ones upon the royal head! Another confidential note to General Athalin complains of the number of grisons (drunkards) who were seen at a fête given at the Tuileries, and orders that in future there shall not be free access to wine at the buffets.

A very curious album was found in the king's study. It contained original drawings, engravings, lithographs, and caricatures. The first in the book were two interiors at Twickenham. There was also the portrait of a man, with a low forehead and remarkable physiognomy, sketched with great talent by the king. Beneath it was written,

"RICHARD PATCH,

whom I saw tried and condemned for the murder of Mr. Bligh, in 1806. Drawn by Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans; since 1830, King of the French."

There are also rough but interesting sketches in the same album by some of the younger branches of the family.

The king, queen, and the princes alike kept all letters and the least important manuscripts. It was a kind of family tradition to do so. The queen writes upon the occasion of her Majesty Victoria's visit to Eu:

"You will have seen by the note which I wrote last night to Victoria, what were our day's pleasures. The journey to Sainte Catherine, with ravishing weather, was really charming; every one was gay, in good humour, and amused. The post horses and our French postilions diverted Queen Victoria. In the evening, 'Le Château de ma Nièce.' It is a little *pièce de société*, pretty, and written in an excellent spirit; but 'L'Humoriste,' with Arnal, made the queen and the whole of the company, even Lord Aberdeen, roar with laughter."

Lord Aberdeen had also his successes as well as Arnal. "*Le père*," adds the Queen, "is much pleased with his conversations with Lord Aberdeen." In another letter Queen Amélie writes: "Ce n'est pas d'aujourd'hui que les ministres anglais ont tout tenté pour bien vivre avec la France."

Louis Philippe's throne was so besieged with intrigues, conspiracies, and dangers, that in 1830 General Sebastiani resuscitated the *Cabinet Noir*, and the intimacy of correspondence and family secrets were alike sacrificed to the supreme interests of politics. Among the letters found in the Tuileries were numerous copies of epistles written to brothers, wives, and children. Dr. Véron publishes some, chiefly of Talleyrand, whose death, he says, was announced to Guizot in the following terms: "Well! do you know that Prince Talleyrand has made his triumphal entry into hell. He has been very well received. Satan showed him every attention, saying to him at the same time, 'Prince, you have gone a little beyond my instructions.'" These letters possess, however, only

a temporary political interest, and many must have poorly indemnified the secret service for the trouble of reading and copying them.

Dr. Véron also publishes a letter of General Bedeau, one of Marshal Bugeaud, another of General Trézel, the latter correcting a few mis-statements in the marshal's letter; as also what he calls a "*Rapport curieux inédit et inconnu d'un général sur les journées de Février.*" But we do not find much in them that throws any additional light upon the indecision, vacillation, and folly which clouded like a destiny the last days of the Monarchy of July.

THE EMIGRANT'S THOUGHTS.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

THE sunset with a glory tinged the old man's silvered hair,
And flushed his broad upturned brow, deep marked by pain and care;
His brown, toil-hardened hands were clasped, his eyes were downward cast,
As he thought of "the old country," and the dead and buried past.

The red bird in the maple was singing clear and sweet,
The bees were humming in the flow'rs that blossomed at his feet;
The broad Missouri wandered by, the forest trees between,
And vines had decked the log-house porch with fresh and living green.

But the old man saw unheeding the beauty round him spread,—
A scene far-vanished in the past was present in its stead;
And his heart was sick with yearning unfelt for many a day,
As busy memory restored the lost and far away.

And he said, "Oh! does the Shannon flow as it used to flow?
Do the branching chestnuts shadow still the shining waves below?
And as it glides by hill and vale, fair town and fortress strong,
Does it sing aloud, as it was wont, its old deep mellow song?"

"Are the cottage-walls yet standing beside the noble flood?
Do the herons still come back each year to build within the wood?
Do the larks soar up at morning from meadows wet with dew?
Are the wild ducks in the sedges where the lilies thickest grew?"

"Is the hawthorn scent as heavy upon the breath of May?
Do primrose blossoms carpet yet the coppice where I lay?
Does the robin from the hazels that grew beside our door,
At morn, and eve, and sunset, his voice of gladness pour?"

"Do the mowers sing their wild sweet songs through morning's early hours,
While covering the level sward with swathes of grass and flow'rs?
Oh! I close mine eyes, and half forget all I have known of pain,
And almost dream that I am back on Irish soil again.

"And if I might—alas! I know 'twere scarce a blessing now—
For Time, whose hand hath marked so deep the furrows on my brow,
Has levelled many a happy home, and many a well-known tree,
And left scarce one of all I loved to waste a thought on me.

"The churchyard on the hill can show my kindred's grassy graves—
Within the home where I was born the nettle darkly waves;
But the deepest love my old heart knows turns to my native shore,
Though well I know that I shall see its hills and streams no more."

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXX.—MEMOIRS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

BIOGRAPHIES abound, but good biographies are far to seek. Of the illustrious who have lately been removed from amongst us, few indeed have been happy in the memoir-writers into whose hands, whether by selection for the task or not, they have fallen. Recent biographies, to be reckoned almost by the dozen, only tend to enhance our estimate of such performances as Lockhart's life of Scott, Moore's of Byron, and Stanley's of Arnold. James Montgomery deserved a better "life" than the heavy work now before us, which has the advantage of being compiled by devoutly admiring and long attached friends, but the disadvantage of being wrested by their affection and prolixity into a repertory of sadly diffuse and overgrown platitudes. The two volumes now published bring him down to the year 1812 only. They do not give us either the life, the whole life, or nothing but the life. They give us intercalated histories of the United Brethren, Herrnhuters, Moravians, Bohemians, or Germans, and paste and scissors' episodes on the services of the Brethren at Fulneck, and the missionary labours of Montgomery's relatives in Barbadoes and Tobago. The style of the dual biographers is not without pomp of phrase and specific gravity of utterance. A copy of verses by Mrs. Hofland, which Montgomery once printed in the *Sheffield Iris*, is reproduced in these pages in the following florescent terms: "The poetical corner [of the *Iris*], which had heretofore [1794] been 'The Repository of Genius,' now assumed the less intelligible title of 'CEMPTUCET, or the Bower of the Muses,' and contained the following Parnassian flower from the pen of a friend, Barbara Hoole—afterwards Mrs. Hofland. This not inelegant composition was received with complacency by the editor, as displaying those principles which he would wish to maintain in the '*Iris*,' and it must be confessed that the lines contain touches not unworthy the *Iris de Cælo*, which the author was anxious should shine in the atmosphere of public favour." "The organisation of Montgomery's mind," we are told, *à propos* of his political leaders in the journal aforesaid, "was exquisitely poetical; and never, perhaps, did a person embark on the stormy sea of politics more reluctantly, or was less adapted by talents and disposition to stem the tide or escape the dangers of his situation, than the editor of the '*Iris*.' He had none of the qualities of a 'good hater,' said to be so essential to success; and while he heard the strains of his country's lyre rising around him, he sighed to swell with his own notes the music which enchanted him." We are introduced by the Wesleyan editors (who, by the way, are individually champions of the antagonistic parties into which Wesleyanism is now divided) to a Rev. William Miles, as "the author of a 'Chronological History of the

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on Various Subjects. By John Holland and James Everett. Vols. I., II. London: Longman. 1854.

Methodists,' a work," Mr. Holland *loquitur*, "the title of which is alone sufficient to indicate a mind of a calmer order. As an Irishman, he had some of the impulsive energy of his countrymen; and as a preacher, he was equally admired and beloved by the more intelligent members of his congregation; while to Montgomery he presented the accidental charm of having known and conversed with Ireland's sweetest poetess—Mrs. Tighe. And while his conscience was stirred, his spirit warmed, and his mind expanded by these ministers, his taste was gratified by the chaste and fervid eloquence of the Rev. Robert Newton, the Apollos of modern Methodism." How pleasant, again, the patronising tone in which the writer, fond of "chaste and fervid eloquence," refers to Wordsworth's vigorous prose, as exemplified in the pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, which Mr. Holland assumes to be dead, buried, and forgotten: "The pamphlet *has* perished as predicted [by Montgomery]; but it seemed due to the generous tone with which the Sheffield poet-politician hailed the patriotic Laker in this instance, to snatch from immediate oblivion this brief memento of a very seasonable and clever production." In this sort of way runs the style of the present *Memoirs of James Montgomery*. A little amusing sometimes, though on the whole more than a little tedious. One can spare a smile for such didactic platitudes as the ensuing, though one could better spare the platitudes themselves: "A mere changeling is a pitiable being; and when that change is from bad to worse, the conduct of such a one becomes odious: but there are transformations which are no less signal than laudable. In the estimation of certain parties, any change involves blame; as though it were more honourable to proceed in a reprehensible career than to retreat—more creditable to retain improper opinions than to retract them. Such a sentiment would militate against all scriptural reformation of life or renovation of nature. To persevere in an improper course would be madness; not to recant incorrect opinions the extreme of folly." One more illustration we must give of editorial gravity and emphasis—not lively in itself, but calculated to occasion liveliness in others. Montgomery, we are told, while resident in London as a youth, was no sight-seer, curiosity-hunter, or theatre-goer, and never, on any of his expeditions from country to town, during a very long life, went to see even the British Museum; when asked, many years after his earlier sojourn in the great metropolis, whether he ever visited any of the public institutions, he replied, "No, I had no curiosity for such things at the time." "This," says Mr. Holland—(and it is to the grand finale of the passage now quoted that we beg the reader's hushed and wistful heed)—"This was remarkable in an active-minded youth, nineteen years of age, who had been brought up in the country. There was, however, one striking spectacle, with which the residents of the metropolis are unhappily but too familiar,* which he did go to see—a great fire. The Albion flour-mills, near Blackfriars Bridge, were burnt down on the 1st of March, 1791,—Montgomery witnessed the conflagration." Surely this full stop deserves three notes of admiration.

We own to a disrelish, too, for the Boswellising form into which the

* At the time we write, the recency of a destructive fire in the very locality mentioned by Mr. Holland, gives special corroboration to this remark.

editors have moulded their conversations with Mr. Montgomery. He does not always play first fiddle in these concertos. The chorus has as much to say sometimes as the hero, and we are ready to greet their strophic replies and anti-strophic rejoinders with cry of "Off! off!" If enough is as good as a feast, too much is as bad as a surfeit. Messrs. Holland and Everett are occasionally too much for us. Squeamish tastes may therefore be excused for feeling the effects of a surfeit, and for wishing the worthy editors a lessened familiarity with the laxative French *de trop*, and a better acquaintance with the continent Latin *ne quid nimis*. The reader may desire some specimens of the Boswellised dialogues; but our space is too narrow to admit of the plural number: if one example will suffice, then let him (to adopt the style of an eminent wholesale dealer in foot-notes) "look below," into the foot-note hereunto appertaining,*—and whilst he is perusing *that*, we will be moving on leisurely overhead, so that when he turns up again from the lower regions he can easily overtake us *en route*.

There is not much to narrate in the "life extern" of Montgomery. Born at Irvine, in 1771, the eldest of three brothers; removed in 1775 to Ireland, and there placed *sub ferulâ* of one Jemmy M'Caffery, the schoolmaster of Bally Kennedy; thence transplanted to the Moravian settlement at Fulneck, six miles from Leeds, where he remained while his father and mother proceeded to Barbadoes, in the work of foreign missions; he here, in early boyhood, evinced a yearning after poetical distinction—secluding himself, in moody reverie, from his Fulneck school-mates—quizzed a little, probably, for his plenteous crop of "carrotty

* Daniel Parken, once-editor of the *Eclectic Review*, to which Montgomery contributed largely, is thus discussed:

"Everett—'Was Parker, in your opinion, a decidedly religious character?' Montgomery—'I am persuaded he was: our intercourse, both personal and epistolary, convinced me of this: but I much regret that my last letter did not reach him, because it contained some allusions to the rest and the communion of saints.' Everett—'His general health must have been feeble, to suffer a fatal shock from such an apparently slight cause.' [Mr. Parken had been thrown out of a gig, and he never got over the accident.] Montgomery—'It was so: and his mind must have been at the same time in a singularly morbid state, judging from the unusual tone of his letter to me. Have you read the specimen of his poetry which I lent you?' Everett—'Yes; it is smooth and elegant: but there is a want of power, of imagination. The writer has been more indebted to his academical studies than to his poetic feeling. His verses are those of a scholar, and indicate less a fervid temperament than a cultivated mind.' Montgomery—'You are pretty nearly correct: and that is the character of a large proportion of the current poetry of the present age. Miss Seward's clever verses, so much praised at one time, are now never read; and almost the same may be said of Dr. Darwin's rhymes, brilliant and full of science as they are. Hodgson, deservedly admired as he is, will never be popular; his poetry being, as you say, that of the school. There are many clever and even elegant versifiers, who would never have been heard of, if they had been, like Burns or Bloomfield, brought up at the plough.' Everett—'Had you ever any opportunity of judging of Parken's abilities as a practitioner at the bar?' Montgomery—'No; I believe he was considered rather heavy as a speaker; but he had hardly entered the arena, and his department of practice was not one in which the glare of eloquence was necessary: had he lived, he would doubtless have made a respectable figure in his profession. He was remarkably ready with his pen; and spoke with great fluency and propriety in conversation.' Everett—'Your friendship and correspondence with Parken must have formed an interesting and—to yourself, at least—happy period of life.' Montgomery—'The pleasure of the intercourse was mutual.'"

locks," and his scorbutic habit, and defective eyesight, — and therefore welcoming the more gratefully the calm of sequestered retreat. He could not join the boys at cricket, nor in "sliding on the ice," which his biographer calls "a pleasant juvenile exercise"—adding, "in which we have heard him say he was wholly unsuccessful." The discipline and educational system at Fulneck were pervadingly religious, but not of a crabbed kind. Montgomery was devoted by his parents to the work of the ministry, and was specially trained with a view to that office—being instructed in Latin, Greek, German, and French, in History, Geography, and Music—that he might be fully equipped for the functions of the Moravian pastorate. But one day the master took out several of the lads into the fields, and read Blair's "Grave" to them behind a hedge; and thenceforward the vague aspirations of the red-haired recluse, after converse with the Muses, and consecration to *their* ministry, assumed a more definite character; from the date of that hedge-side reading they were marked by form and pressure. He began to write largely, and on large subjects; one being entitled "The World," and intended to comprise an epitome of moral, religious, and civil history—as comprehensive, indeed, as the *magnam opus* introduced in Racine's *Plaideurs*. School tasks were now found to be tasks in more than name only, and were postponed by the poet that should be to such poetry as then could be. Moravian Dons frowned, expostulated, grew more and more Donnish. Young poet *en posse* only grew more and more poetical *in esse*. They would not let him be a minstrel, and he would not let them make him a minister. So the Heads of Houses conferred, found the undergraduate *en contumace*, and rusticated him. Not that they dismissed him nowhither, or left the world before him where to choose his place of rest. The sphere fixed upon by the rustivating powers, wherein to locate this defiant juvenile, inveterate in *carmina scribam* and *nolo episcopari* resolves, was—a village huckster's shop. James plied at the counter as long as he could stand it; but that was not long. One fine Sunday morning he took French leave of the huckster. This time he would rusticate himself—would select his own "future in *rus*." The selection he made was odd enough. If his choice had been Hobson's, he could scarcely have chosen otherwise: the place he fixed on was a "general store" in the village of Wath, where for some twelve months he stood behind the counter again, and dispensed split-peas and groats, sugar and shoes, cloves and broad-cloth, treacle and tinware, to those who had need of them (and the needful). Twelve months were enough for this magazine miscellany, and then James Montgomery, just out of his teens, made for London. He waited on Mr. Harrison, publisher, of Paternoster-row, to whom he had despatched a MS. volume of poems, and who found room for him as a shopman. Here he cultivated literature with all his time and strength, striving hard to push his way into celebrity, but always baffled. Dispirited, he retraced his steps to the encyclopædic shop in the village of Wath, and again devoted himself conscientiously to pannikins and peppercorns. Attracted by a newspaper advertisement of "Wanted, a Clerk," at Sheffield, he went thither; and there settled down as in his proper place. His employer was proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, and upon that, and subsequently the *Iris*, Montgomery became engaged as a prominent contributor. The troubles he got into, by his political liberalism, are

pretty well known, and the sincerity of the sufferer equally respected. Calmer times came; he published, early in the present century, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and became famous. The *Eclectic Review* placed him on its staff of critics, and in its pages he "reviewed the whole of his contemporaries" who were known as poets, except Byron, "and no one can say," he alleges, "that I have done them injustice." The allegation goes further than most readers will go, who are at the pains to peruse the allegator's Eclecticism. But let that pass—though a protested note.

He was now a recognised power in the republic of letters, and visited or corresponded with other powers, smaller or greater—with the *Eclectic* galaxy, Parken, Olinthus Gregory, Josiah Conder, &c.—with Aikin and Roscoe, Chantrey and Southey—the letters of the last forming the most interesting portion of the present volumes, which leave off at the year 1812, in which appeared "The World before the Flood."

Jeffrey's treatment of his poetry galled Montgomery beyond measure. Constitutionally sensitive, and tainted with melancholy, he was cut to the quick by the flippant tone and derisive accents of the then oracular *Edinburgh Review*. "It was evident," he writes to Daniel Parken, "that the assassin had determined to strike my reputation dead with a single blow; and I felt for many days after receiving it, as if he had succeeded. At first I was so astonished that I could hardly credit my eyes"—a naive declaration which vilipended authors by the thousand might adopt, if they would, on reading a detracting review of their darling ventures. Again, and to the same sympathising friend, and an editor, he writes some weeks later: "I *will* thank you for your consolations on the subject of my escape with barely my life in my hand from the tomahawks of the northern banditti. It is a strange thing that evil should be so much more effective than good in this miserable world. All the kindness of all my friends has been exerted to soothe me for the malice of one cowardly enemy who spat in my face in the dark, and yet I feel the venom of his spittle still on my cheek, that burns at the recollection of the indignity." Jeffrey was unfortunate in his predictions *de arte poetica*. "We are perfectly persuaded," said the oracular voice from behind the blue and yellow drapery,—plural, plenipotentiary, prophetic, peremptory "perfectly persuaded,"—"We are perfectly persuaded that in less than three years nobody will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or any of the other poems in this collection." The third edition was before Jeffrey when he so prophesied. Eighteen months afterwards we find Montgomery boasting that—to quote his own words, italics and all—"the public continue to read my prohibited book with as much approbation as if it had never been burnt by the common hangman of Parnassus. . . . The *third* edition, consisting of *two thousand* copies, had just appeared when the *Edinburgh Review* of them was published. In less than a year and a half, that edition has been so nearly sold off, that a *fourth* edition is now printing at *Edinburgh itself*." A stranger, addressing Montgomery from New York, says: "The 'Wanderer of Switzerland' has, indeed, an unparalleled popularity in this country: three editions are nearly exhausted in the northern, and I know not what quantity have been printed in the southern states. It is in the hand of every person who has any preten-

sion to taste." The "West Indies," again, within ten years circulated upwards of ten thousand copies, exclusive of the first and costly edition, in a five-guinea quarto volume, illustrated by Smirke and others.

Not that the percentage of copies circulated is a final test of poetical merit—else were James Montgomery a much smaller poet than his namesake Robert, who reckons *his* editions by thirties. The poetry of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" and the "West Indies" pleases the many, in part by the very absence of those higher and deeper qualities with which immediate popularity is incompatible. Montgomery wrote many sweet and eloquent verses, flowery, fluent, and tender. But his longer poems are fatally charged with *des longueurs*. His fine gold is beaten out too fine, and made to cover too large a surface. His sweets produce the cloying effect of a saccharine diet. He often gives us a good thing, but often too much of a good thing. He was as fond as Haydon of painting on a huge extent of canvas. "The truth is," he says, of "The World before the Flood," in a letter to Roscoe, "that this poem, involving the greatest events in the universe, from the creation to the day of judgment, is all in one breath; and unless it can be read in a breath I fear that it will be found incomprehensible." Such a poem should itself have been published in the world before the flood—though even the antediluvians might have been foiled at taking it in at a breath—of accommodating their respiration to the inspiration of the bard. "It is the glory of my plan," he avers,—“and I am neither ashamed nor afraid to boast of this, because it is plain matter of fact—that no little views have been permitted to narrow it: the basis of my poem is as broad as that of a pyramid, and the form of the superstructure is as simple; I dare not say that the top reaches heaven, but it aspires thither.” But we must defer any particular remarks on his writings until other volumes of the Memoirs shall have brought us to the period of his poetical prime, which in 1812 he had by no means attained. Suffice it here to record our reverence for the religious purity of his strains, and admiration of many a musical *interval* in his elaborate compositions, and of several entire gems among his lyrical treasures. As Wilson said of him, all his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings, are moulded and coloured by religion; in which he, as a poet, lives, and moves, and has his being; so that not merely does *he* breathe delight in the sunshine of the open day, as we do, heedless of its source, but he is religious *sensibly*, and meditates on all themes with pious attribution of his power to Him who gave it. It was his characteristic that the Modern Pythagorean seized upon, when limning a series of "Poetical Portraits" ("orient pearls at random strung"):

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

ENSIGN PEPPER'S LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

Before Sebastopol, February, 1855.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—I write to you in obedience to injunctions in your recent letter, which I received with Aunt Priscilla's; but it's not that I have much to say either of myself or the siege. The siege is just as it was when I wrote in December, progressing backwards; and I'm the same, but I'm very plucky, and ready to hold out against any odds. Pluck does not always answer, though, for food and warmth, and some of the best of us go off into the grave, pluck and all.

You complain in England of your changeable climate, but the Crimea bangs everything. Morning, will be warm and lovely; mid-day, murky and snowy; dusk, sleet and high wind; midnight, sharp frost—rather too sharp for the vitals out here; next morning, ground hardened over, and you may walk out (treading gingerly) and not go into the mud above every twenty steps, but you'll get back to tent without a nose, if you don't keep rubbing it with snow; three o'clock, when you have heaped on every available article of apparel, including the sleeping blanket, out bursts the sun, the mercury rises to 70, or thereabouts, the mud shows out again, in its liquid state, and you feel as if in a vapour-bath, and in danger of smothering with heat.

The worst frost set in the 5th of January. I was off duty for that night (you can chalk it up) and went with the rest of us to bed—that is, we lay down on the ground, under our threadbare tent, and covered our heads with the blanket. The cold was so intense, that, tired as we were, it was impossible to get to sleep, and we awoke frozen, in the morning. The blankets were frozen, where we had breathed, our clothes were frozen, and our boots (some new ones we had managed to bag, out of Balaklava) were as rigid as pokers. Jamieson, one of our ensigns, crawled in, stiff, from the trenches: he had been ailing for weeks, only there was nobody to take his duty. We got up then, and tried to force ourselves into the frozen boots, but it was no go, and I went out, bare-foot, to look up a fellow who waits on me and Gill. The snow and ground were hard and crunchy, and I had no feel in my feet. Who should I come upon, but Major Gum—we are always meeting him when we don't expect it—and he called me a young fool, and asked if I wanted to see my feet drop off, or else what brought me out without my boots when he knew I'd got a pair. So I asked if he would please to show us how our boots were to be put on, and he came into the tent. It was a tent of misery. Everything in it more wretched than another: the bare ground; the clothes standing up of themselves, stiff; the white faces looking out from their dirty blankets; some raw pork and biscuit in the pan; a charcoal fire, with a tin pot on it; and Jamieson lying down in a corner. Gum saw how ill he looked, and asked what he had had to eat. "Nothing, to speak of, for a long while," Jamieson said, for he could not swallow the rations, and was too weak to forage out anything else. "Have you no coffee?" inquired Major Gum. "What's

the good of coffee to us?" cried Tubbs, who never minds what he says to our superiors—he would accost the field-marshal, as soon as look at him, if he could get a chance of doing either—"it's green, major." And out he tumbled a heap of useless berries at the major's feet. "What do you drink then?" cried Gum to Jamieson, crossly—"water?" "I don't know where he would get water from, major," answered Tubbs, "unless he put snow in his mouth, and let it melt." "What's that in the tin pot?" returned the major, looking at the stove. "That's for him, sir," said Tubbs, "and for us all too; we want it just as bad as he does, only we have more pluck. It's tea, and will be three goes, as big as thimbles, apiece for us, when it's doled out; and we got it at a thundering cost at Balaklava." "Oh, come, Jamieson, cheer up!" cried the major, who's not a bad man at bottom, "you'll be all right again soon. There's scarcely one of us who is not ill, but we manage to knock along." Well, if you'll credit it, dear sir, with that, Jamieson breaks out sobbing, and then began to excuse himself. "It's not for the fever, major," he says, "or for the pain, but it's the weakness; and the thoughts of home over-come me. I could have died fighting as well as any of them, but it is hard to go of neglect and starvation—to go off by inches. I had a letter from home yesterday——"

Nobody knows what Jamieson was coming out with, about his letter, for at the moment, Tubbs, who was brewing, upset the tin pot, putting out the fire and the tea together, and poor Jamieson looked round, with his greedy eyes, as if he could have beaten the charcoal for getting all the drink. So there was an end of our breakfast, for we had used all our charcoal.

Of the horses that remained to us, poor ill-used wretches, dozens died that night, and were found stiff in the daylight; and the men were shovelled up from the trenches with their noses or toes, or ears or hands frostbitten, and had to go into field-hospital—such as it is. I have got a fur comforter, which I bought from a fellow who died—that is, I bought it at the sale of his effects—and I wrap that round my ears and nose, and have managed to come out of the trenches with them whole, but when the fur gets wet, with the breath, and freezes, it's like a piece of raw-edged glass to the lips and face.

That day the surgeon saw Jamieson, and said he must go down to Balaklava hospital, but there was an everlasting fuss to get him there. He could not go without an order, and there was nobody to give it, so he stopped in camp for ever so many days. He ought to have had some medicine, but there was none—there never is. It gets wasted somehow. I'll give you an instance. One day news came that a vessel had arrived in Balaklava with medical stores. Down tramped the surgeons, crowing over everybody, because they got their physic in, and we didn't get our provisions; but weren't they in a passion when they reached the ship, and came to see their medicines! All the bottles were broken and their contents swimming in the hold, and the powders and pills, and salves and leeches had got loose, and were floating in it: all a smash and a mash together. It was nobody's fault at all, dear sir, only the ship's: she would persist in pitching and rolling, the captain said—and how was he to help her?—it was her nature. It's true that some heavy stores of

shot and shell had been stowed in the same compartment with the bottles and pill-boxes ; but that was only an error in judgment, and what business had the ship to flounder and pitch ? The surgeons were excessively crestfallen, and said they should report ; but as nobody's authorised to receive such reports, they got no hearing.

After a week spent in the mud at camp, with a blanket over him, and a piece of tarpaulin tied round his throat, which was sore, Jamieson got taken down to Balaklava. The French lent us some mules, and he was swung behind one, and the procession started. I hate to meet these processions : the fellows look more like corpses than living men : and a good many become corpses before they get to Balaklava. Jamieson had a jolt for it ; for the mules were obstinate, and would put their feet in all the holes, and as some are knee-deep, you may judge of the effect.

Three days afterwards I went to see Jamieson. My stars ! what a wonderful place that Balaklava hospital is ! If I get ill, I'd rather lie and die in camp than be shoved there. I couldn't find where he was lying, and the place was so crowded, and the filth and confusion so great, it was difficult to get along : besides the groans. I turned to struggle out again, for my breath and sight were leaving me with the stench, when I saw an arm lifted towards me from the floor, where the chaps were lying. It was Jamieson. Poor old chum ! death was stamped on his wasted face, and he signed to me to stoop down over him. " Well, old boy," said I, thinking I'd cheer him up, " are you almost ready to come out to camp again, and take a spell at the trenches ? " " I shall never go out of here again," said he, his great mournful eyes straining eagerly on me, " till they carry me out feet foremost." " Oh, that be blowed," I answered, making my words as merry as I could ; " never say die. How do they treat you here ? " " As well as they can, I think," he said. " I don't want to complain, for it's not their fault. A doctor has seen me once, and said I might have some tea, and I have had a drink twice in the three days." " Do they dose you well ? " I went on. " They have got no medicine to dose us with, and no comforts for us, and there are as good as no doctors. You never saw such a lot, Pepper, as are taken away every morning dead. I don't believe one in twenty *need* have died, had there been anybody to bestow upon us common care. I know I should not." " Now don't give way like that, Jamieson," I said ; " you'll live to make old bones yet." " Pepper," he cried, shaking his ghastly head, " you know where we live : if you escape the common fate here, and get back to London, go and see my mother, and tell her I died in Balaklava hospital. Don't tell her how things were, out here : it would only grieve her, to hear that three parts of those who are under the ground were coolly murdered, and nothing less. *You know it, Pepper.* But let that pass—for me, all is nearly over. Give my love to my dear mother, and tell her I should not so much care to die, if I could have seen her again, and heard her say she forgave me for all the uneasiness I have ever caused her."

All this made me feel queer, dear sir, fearing it might be my turn next, so I thought I'd cut it, and wished Jamieson good day. But he called me back, to say if anything good came out for him, any hamper, we were to divide it ; and that I might have his trousers, which were as

good as new (so to speak), having only three holes in them, two in the knees and one behind. He died that night.

Some cheering news was brought one morning into camp—that the *Golden Fleece* had come into Balaklava harbour, with hundreds and thousands of sheepskin coats for us officers, presents from Trieste. As many of us as could stand the sea of mud, tore down to Balaklava, and there we boarded the good ship, and were regaled with a view of the bales. The captain said he was anxious for somebody to come and relieve him of them, and we stopped till there was no chance of their being got out that afternoon. After days of impatience, and no coats appearing, we made another journey, and, if you'll believe it, dear sir, the ship had sailed, taking the coats back in her. The quartermaster-general's department had refused to land them, as it had not been paid the compliment of receiving official advice of their arrival. We turned away, exploding with wrath, shivering and shaking in the bitter cold, feeling the deficiencies in our garments all the more keenly for having had our imaginations exalted up to sheepskin coats. Some of us have got coats, such as they are, served out to us now; but they are not the sheepskins of the *Golden Fleece*. I think they were all made to fit one man: some can't stretch into them any way, so they tie their sleeves round their necks, as the lazy Italians do, and let the coat swing behind. The boots are the worst, such as have reached us, and our poor devils of men have to go barefooted. They are made too small for the feet, and can't be dragged on anyhow—but the men have to pay for them. Once, when we were all shoeless, a ship's load arrived at Balaklava harbour. And there the ship stopped, and the shoes in her, for the captain could get nobody to relieve him of his cargo. One official said it was not in his department; another said he could get no orders from Lord Raglan; a third, that no bill-of-lading had been sent to *him*; a fourth, that he never acted but under direct orders from her Majesty's Government; and a fifth said, the army had got plenty of everything. So the captain went storming and swearing out of port, with his ship and his shoes, and our naked feet rejoiced on in their nakedness. Many such jokes occur here, dear sir,—in fact, we seem to be in for nothing else. One famous affair came off, causing much diversion in camp. The surgeons wrote home for brandy and port wine for the sick, and the Government sent back a ship full—I am not clear as to the exact quantity. By the time it arrived (for it took its own time), the sick it had been wanted for were gone where cordials could not avail them, and many generations had gone after them; but there was still a full list on the books—as there always will be out here—and the surgeons brought a gleam of recovery into their wan faces, by promising that before night they should all have a taste—dysentery ones brandy, weak ones wine. At night the coveted reinforcements arrived at camp, and the medicals (crowing again) set to, drew corks, and poured out the port wine sparingly. It looked very funny—a greeny, yellowy, whity liquid, thick and oily. One of them had the pleasure of tasting it. He smacked his lips before he began (thinking the benevolent Government had opened their hearts, and sent out a supply of *crème de menthe* to comfort the weak insides), and took down a decent glassful before he discovered his mistake, and it was too

late then to spit it out. It was castor-oil—best, cold-drawn castor-oil! When they came to the brandy, that turned out to be another sort of oil, darker than the first, and with such a peculiar perfume that everybody was knocked backwards. It was balsam of Co-something—I forget the name, but Tubbs says it's Latin for prussic acid. The doctors went into the field hospitals, and told the patients that the brandy and wine had not come, only plenty of castor oil: they might have some of that if they liked. I don't know whether they accepted the offer, but a lot of lives went out before morning.

One night I was in the trenches, stamping my feet to feel if I had got any (for it is no unusual thing to find one, or both, gone), when a most singular noise, overhead, attracted my attention. It was as a rush of a mighty body through the air, and a cracking of cords; but I could see nothing, for the night was dark. "What's that?" I said to one of the men. "Don't know, sir," he answered, "unless it's some bird of prey on a large scale—a griffin, maybe, with iron tails and claws. He makes row enough." He just did, whatever it was, but it was soon past. In the morning, Gill, who had been in tent that night, asked if I heard the row: it woke him, and half the camp. The next day, while I was lying down, getting a nap after the night-work, a wonderful hubbub rose in the camp. Tent doors were lifted, officers and men rushed out, consternation was on every face, and nobody could tell what for. I rushed out with the rest, thinking it might be the Old Gentleman appearing with all that commotion. Every eye was directed to a distance, and sure enough it was an old gentleman—but not the one I expected. He wore a white feather, and was riding in the midst of a crowd of horsemen. It was the commander-in-chief! It was; and it's not my fault if you won't take it in. After months of seclusion or absence (*which*, is a dispute here still) he had appeared to gladden the eyes of the camp. Some say he had been here all along, sleeping away his time, and that the previous night, while he was reading some leading articles in a newspaper, he suddenly opened his eyes, stared very much, and called out that his staff were to attend him somewhere the next day. But the more general belief is, that the nocturnal disturbance we heard was a balloon, bringing his lordship back to head-quarters. A fellow, who is an orderly, or something of that, at Lord Raglan's house, came into camp that evening, and told us the staff was turned upside down with astonishment when his lordship issued his orders for a sortie amongst his own men: such a blacking of boots, and brushing of coats, and oiling of hair, and wondering what could have taken the commander! The orderly said his lordship was going out once a fortnight, at least: and it looks like it. He has been down to Balaklava three or four times, and singular to relate, each time, a ship has been on fire in the harbour. Not much damage has been done as yet, for they have contrived to extinguish the fires; but as sure as my name's Tom Pepper, they'll have a blow-up some day, if they let them take fire indiscriminately. The harbour is crammed with ships, and some have got powder on board.

The obedience to official routine here is admirable, and will be a feather in the war's cap as long as its history shall last. Not a thing is done without direct orders from home—from the War Minister, or the Horse

Guards or the Secretary of State, or *their* secretaries. The despatches must be written on official paper, syllables divided, letters as large as corks, a wide margin, have a seal as big as a saucer, and be tied round with red tape. Failing the tape, they are not to be taken in, and then nobody acts, and everything's at a stand-still. It certainly causes some delay and confusion, but I know you will rejoice, dear sir, to find how attached we remain to our good old constitution. Every officer here, from Lord Raglan downwards, would submit to have their heads cut off rather than issue an order not first sanctioned by the red tape. They would send the whole army (what's left of it) into boxes of four deal boards nailed together (to speak metaphorically, for such luxuries as coffins don't penetrate here), to be screwed down out of sight, and would never interfere to keep it alive, unless they get the red tape telling them to do so. We have exemplifications of this admirable system every day: I'll give you one. Some men were taken with cholera, and certain comforts were necessary for them—it might be medicine—or cordials—or charcoal—or stoves—I forget which, but there's the same bother to get each of these things, though they may be close at hand. The surgeon applied to the general of division; general answered that application must be made in writing. "The men are dying," remonstrated the surgeon. "What if they are?" retorted the general; "we can't violate official etiquette." So the surgeon went back, wrote his demand, and sent it in. Back it came in a few hours. General's compliments, and it was signed on the left-hand side instead of the right, which must be rectified. So the surgeon shrugged his shoulders, wrote another paper, signed it on the right side, and sent that in. Some more delay, and back came the paper: the general begged to inform the doctor that he was not the proper officer to apply to; it should be the commander-in-chief. Up goes the application to head-quarters, and nothing is heard of it for a day and a night; then comes a message that the field-marshal has nothing to do with the point at issue—the surgeon should have addressed himself to his colonel. So the doctor, driven nearly wild, goes to the colonel and asks him. "It's not in my department at all," answers the colonel; "you must apply to the commissariat." "That makes three days and nights that I have been bandied about from one to the other," squeals out the doctor, in a rage, "and the soldiers were dying when I first applied." "Poor fellows," cries the colonel, "how are they?" "All dead," replies the doctor, "and if I had obtained what I wanted, I could have kept them alive. And now I have got more in the same sore need, and they'll die. This is a shameful state of things." "It's in accordance with official routine," snapped the colonel; "we are all right so long as we obey that. What would you have?" I am sure all these details will delight you, dear sir, attached, as you are, to our glorious old state, and to the ancient cry of "Church and King." I will tell you a little more, before closing. We had some cargoes of potatoes and fresh vegetables sent here, but their bills-of-lading, or bills-of-something, were not made out in strict accordance with official demands, and I am proud to inform you that, rather than receive them *unofficially*, they were destroyed upon the shore. The smell, during this process, was not very sanitary, and our men were decaying of scurvy, which the fresh vegetables would

have cured, therefore the authorities take the more merit to themselves for sticking to etiquette. When articles of this sort come in, the master of the ship reports, and asks Captain Christie to give an order to land his cargo. Christie won't; says he must ask Mr. Filder; Filder says he must ask a brigadier; brigadier says he must ask the commander-in-chief; and commander-in-chief says he must ask anybody but him. We are intensely proud of all this, especially as it passes in sight of our allies.

Admiral Boxer has done so much good at Constantinople, established such effective order in harbour, and placed the transport service on so humane and systematic a footing, that they are now sending him up here. It cannot be denied that Balaklava requires some keen supervisor, for its state in town and harbour is—the one, waist-deep in mud, offal, dead animals, and the like; the other, chock full of ditto, ditto, ditto. I won't offend your ears by mentioning the items more particularly, but, when summer comes, if we don't have the old London plague here, it will be a miracle.

The most extraordinary news has arrived! That some young generals are coming out—Barnard and Rokeby—quite boys! They both want, at least, a couple of years of sixty! Of course nobody believes it; but some good old fellows out here, with shaky legs and no teeth, cry out that if this is to be it, the service had better go to the deuce. They wanted the Government to send Lord Seaton here, instead of despatching him over to Ireland, where no fighting's going on. *He's a respectable age, eighty.* But sixty! the thing's preposterous.

Lord Raglan visited the trenches one day—it's a fact!—and, in going away, he dropped a paper, which a sergeant picked up. It seems to be a copy of a despatch, and I have no objection to transcribe it for you:

“Before Sebastopol, February, 1855.

“MY LORD DUKE,—I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Grace that the weather is seasonable. The sun comes out by day, but goes in at night, which causes some variation in the temperature of the four-and-twenty hours. There is a wind occasionally; and I have known it to blow from all four points—on different days. The mercury sometimes rises in the glass, and sometimes falls: and the moon occasionally favours us by shining.

“Such of the soldiers as are not on the sick list, remain healthy.

“Sebastopol is still in our view, and has not changed its site: neither have we changed ours.

“My staff render themselves remarkably efficient, especially in making themselves comfortable, in which they succeed better than might be expected from the very limited sources at their command. I beg, therefore, particularly to recommend them to your Grace, as deserving of promotion.

“I enclose the list of casualties to the present date.

“I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke——”

The rest was torn off; but I know you will be proud to possess this much, as a souvenir of our great commander. The straightforward simplicity of its style has excited the most unbounded admiration in camp.

We hear that a General Simpson is coming out here, as something—nobody knows what. Some say he is to be Lord Raglan's head; others, only his tail: a few affirm that he is to write all the field-marshal's despatches for him; others, that he will but fold and seal them. We shall see. It's said that his lordship does not like it.

You asked in your letter, dear sir, whatever we do with all the steamers we have got out here. They stop in harbour. Several of them are splendid, powerful vessels, and of course it is not right they should be fatigued with overwork, wearing out their engines, and burning their coal. It has been thought they might have cruised about the shores of Asia Minor (a most productive country) to bring the army regular supplies, provisions, wood, forage, &c., and so have kept it going: but there are people, you know, who always will grumble and suggest. The officers hold nice little dinners and soirées on board, of a night, and invite friends from shore, and make themselves social; which they could not do if they were blundering out at sea, and had to work the ship. I can assure you things go on quite satisfactorily.

I cannot deny, however, that illness is on the increase. We have rarely cases of cholera, but lots of frost-bites (a very nasty disorder, when the extremities come off), and typhus fever, and dysentery, and scurvy, and weakness, and death. The reinforcements die off as soon as they land; and, indeed, we are all dying together. Some are in the trenches five nights out of seven.

But our mortality is nothing, as compared to that at Scutari: the patients there are dropping off wholesale, and the doctors are so polite as to accompany them. A lieutenant, who came up here with a cured lot, says the British ambassador at Constantinople encourages the mortality, as a good means of getting rid of the surplus population. This is probably "official" again; so long life to Lord Stratford!

I can say less about the horses than I did in my last, because there are fewer of them. They have grown to be nine feet long—though Gill says it's only their look, from being so thin. They are tied up, out of reach of each others' teeth, to give their manes and tails a chance of sprouting again, and they are regaled with a half meal of chopped straw twice a week. A ship-load of forage came, the other day, into Balaklava, but in the hurry of putting it on board, the red-tape regulations had, by some unfortunate oversight, been omitted. So the forage was very properly refused, and sent back again.

There has just been a great battle at Eupatoria. We were not in it, chiefly the Turks and Russians, and I have no time to relate particulars. Turks won. Lord Lucan has been recalled, in consequence of the affair at Balaklava, Nolan's Order, as we call it here, and is gone home with his son, Lord Bingham.

Accept my best thanks for your kindness, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours very dutifully,

T. PEPPER.

Death-and-Skeleton Trenches, before Sebastopol,
February, 1855.

DEAR AUNT PRISCILLA,—You say I am to write and tell you how I spent Christmas-day. Very jolly. We had a stunning plum-pudding and two animals. I am not quite sure what the latter were: I and Tubbs bought them for Russian wild geese, but a Zouave, who came in while we were cooking them, said they were *chiens sauvages*. I am pleased to hear you were so merry at Christmas; and though poor Jessie cried, when you drank my health, and hoped I had something to eat and drink, tell her to keep up her courage, and perhaps I shall be at home next Christmas-day, if this inf—righteous war is over. I hope, dear aunt, you will excuse mistakes, and if you see any wrong letters, or half words, in my epistles, please skip them, for they are caused by the wretched pens and paper we get in the Crimea.

What with promises in newspapers, and letters from home, advising us of them, we made certain of having the camp full of luxuries for Christmas-day. One officer had a bale of turkeys advised to him (his father's a squire in Norfolk), and a dozen tins of bread-sauce, which had only to be hotted up; another fellow had got an invoice of ten hams and a case of raspings; Stiffing's grandmother was sending him seven tons of black-puddings (her writing was not very legible, Stiffings says she's more than seventy, and we couldn't be sure whether it was "tons" or "strings"); Gill's mamma forwarded some gallons of mock-turtle, and his sisters a pound apiece of toffy, and some almonds and raisins and peppermint-drops; Major Gum expected a fat buck; Jamieson's mamma advised him of some ducks ready stuffed, and seventeen apple-pies; another chap heard of some wine and frosted cheese (or toasted: word illegible again); and I looked out for your hamper, which you said was on the road. Tubbs has got no father or mother, and nothing was advised to him: he didn't expect it. Well, nothing came; not a single package! There were waggon-loads of things lying on the wharf at Balaklava (and they are lying there still, what have not rotted), but they were of no avail to us. We don't know whether our things formed part of the heap, and never shall know. Major Gum, in passing our tent, heard us mildly grumbling over the management, and he looked in, and told us that patience and resignation were virtues, and we must exemplify them in our own conduct. So we said patience might be—I mean to say, of course we do.

Well, we thought we'd try and make a Christmas dinner for ourselves, as we were done out of one from home. Some of us juniors (very nice fellows, dear aunt, all about my age—who spend our leisure time trying to improve each other's minds, and keep up our arithmetic and other sciences) went exploring down to Balaklava in our handsome toggery. Tubbs wore Russian boots, slit in front, and coming halfway up his legs, with a tarpaulin cloak, or sack, down to his knees, so that his wanting an essential article of apparel was not too conspicuous; Gill had on a pair of red trousers and two shirts—the one has got no sleeves, and the other has nothing else, so he puts them on together; Stiffing was in a brass cap and sword; Jamieson started in stockings and green drawers, and a

silk necktie he had picked up, supposed to belong to one of the staff, but he was cold and went back again; and I sported a great coat with a train (for it was made for a seven-foot grenadier), and baybands from the knees downwards. When we had explored Balaklava, and bought as much as we could get, so far as our money went, and swo—reprimanded the thieves of sellers, we shouldered our spoils, and floundered back to camp. Jamieson was asleep in the tent, and since then he has gone down and died in Balaklava hospital.

The next afternoon, which was Sunday, and a wretched day, we set on to make our pudding—don't tell Mr. Strathorn. First there was nothing to mix it in, for the crowns were gone from our hats, till Stiffing proposed a drum, and he went out at dusk and boned one, and brought it in on his back. When we had punched one end out, we set it on the floor and broke in the eggs. Stiffing wanted to put them in whole, and beat them up shells and all, for he had seen their cook do it for jelly. Then we turned in the flour, and a sack of raisins, and a big loaf of bread we had bought at Balaklava, and two oranges cut in quarters with the peel, which had cost us three shillings apiece. Jamieson came and looked at us, and said the pudding would be no good unless we put in suet, but Stiffing flew in a rage, and asked if he thought us such consummate idiots as to put greasy suet into a plum-pudding. Then Gill shoved in his word: he had seen his mamma make Christmas puddings, and at least half of what was put in was suet—only he forgot that at Balaklava. Tubbs sided with Stiffing, and they had a shindy, and the pudding waited. I supported the suet party, for it came into my mind while they were quarrelling, that once, when you were angry with Jessie for not eating her cold pudding, she made the excuse that the suet was not chopped fine enough. Most votes carried the day, and the suet was decided for; but we had got none, and Jamieson affirmed the pudding would not boil without fat. Gill offered a bottle of hair-oil he had chaffered for with a corporal, servant to one of the staff, and who said his master had got a superfluous quantity; and Tubbs said, perhaps tallow candles, if we took out the wicks, might not taste badly, but we were afraid of both. At last we got some rations of pork, and cut the fat into pieces as big as a walnut, and put that in, and some sugar, and a can of rum, and mixed it all up together with our fingers, agreeing that the first who sucked them should be out of the stirring. Jamieson had lain down again, after getting the fire ready, some charcoal and wood (something we had bagged and cut up), and a great camp kettle on it, which we had borrowed; but when we came to put in the pudding there was no cloth to boil it in. Nobody had foreseen that, and there we were at a nonplus, and concluded we should have to demolish it raw. We tried the raisin sack, but the pudding went out as fast as we pushed it in, for there was a great hole in the bottom. Then Jamieson looked up from the floor, and said we might have a pair of the stockings he bought at Balaklava, at such a cost, if it would not spoil them for wearing. It was just the thing—they were quite new, fresh from the loom; but we had a rare bother filling them. When it was done, and the tops tied round, they looked like great fat sausages, as long as young serpents, and we coiled them up and dashed them into the water, scalding Stiffing. Jamie-

son, who was good for little else, undertook to keep them boiling, which he did—at least he said so—till the next day, Christmas. They turned out beautifully, and were the jolliest puddings you ever tasted. The stockings had both burst in the pot, but that was nothing—I told Tubbs he rammed the stuff down too tight—and we had to carve them in slices, through the stockings, like you do your roly-dumplings. Jamieson looked blue to see his new stockings cut up, but there was no getting at the pudding any other way. It was very prime. I'll make one for you, if you like, dear aunt, some day when you have visitors, if I live to get home. We had got a ham at Balaklava, but I don't tell you what we paid for it, and the two animals, all very juicy and nice, and a jolly dinner we had, and lots of fun. I don't think, after this, you can say we are bad caterers. The only one who didn't enjoy it was Jamieson; but I suppose he felt that he should soon hook it, poor fellow, and that kept his spirits down. The worst was, I had to leave and go into those horrid trenches at night, and I wished them in he—. This is the falsest pen!—it meant to write "Halifax."

But you must not think we have a Christmas dinner every day, and fire to cook it with. I wish we had. We get neither food nor warmth; so that I can't brag much of our health and strength. Sickness is pretty prevalent: eight thousand were taken down from camp in six weeks. A good many are frost-bitten, for the cold here is awful. Some have tried to warm their tents at night with charcoal fires, so as to get to sleep, which the cold won't let us do; and when they came to wake up in the morning, they were stone-dead, suffocated by the charcoal. How would you like, dear Aunt Priscilla, some night, when the glass is lower than it will go in England, to take your stand on the top of Clapham Church, with nothing on but a clear muslin petticoat? Don't you think you'd be frost-bitten all over by morning? Well, we have to do worse than that.

Our commander-in-chief has returned to the Crimea. He came one night in a balloon. It made a noise in the air like a griffin, with rushing wings and iron claws. He is made a deal of out here, is this commander of ours, and is everybody's idol. Nothing can equal his attention. He has got on horseback himself, his own, veritable self, and gone down to Balaklava; not once—or twice—or three times—but even four!!! And so anxious are the army to show their sense of his lordship's condescension, that they have set a ship on fire each time and made a bonfire of it. He has been once into the hospital. The staff were indignant, and followed, holding their smelling-salts to their noses.

The government, both at home and here, display their usual anxiety for our welfare. A notice was sent home that the sick in camp were in want of cordials, port wine and brandy, with a request that supplies might be forwarded. But her majesty's government, in their admirable judgment, deemed it inexpedient to trust medical men with intoxicating liquors, so they forwarded, instead, an unlimited quantity of good, wholesome castor-oil. We never shall see such a government again, live to be as old as we may. It's said that her majesty is going to enlarge the chapter of her Knights of the Garter, and give all the management, at home and out, a blue ribbon apiece. There's no other reward adequate

to their merits. Captain Christie expects two, one on each knee. Some porter came here in a ship—such a lot of it!—which so angered the authorities that they sent it back again. They wish us to learn to live without drinking; and, as they forbid porter and wine, and there's no water and no tea, and the coffee that's served out is unusable, we have little difficulty in complying with their wishes. Vegetables they quite set their faces against—potatoes especially—and all the cargoes that come in, after being put to decay on the wharf, are pitched into harbour. We can with truth say, that the management, both here and at home, is perfectly miraculous.

I have nothing to say about the war or the siege. Some night skirmishes take place occasionally, and the French and the Russians blaze away at each other. That's all.

Give Jessie a kiss for me; and, with respects to the Reverend, I am, dear Aunt Priscilla,

Your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

Blaze-away Trenches, before Sebastopol, February, 1855.

DEAR GUS,—I told you I'd write again if I were alive; so here goes.

We are in the d—eepest mess: worse than ever. No pen can paint it—especially these worn-out stumps we get here. Dying by hundreds, going into hospital by hundreds, and everybody getting away from the camp that can. We used to do the work of three, now we do that of six; and it's certain that very few will live it out. Old Gum has done nothing but blow up for this week past; saying some traitors have been writing home and have let out all about our condition, for letters have appeared in the newspapers which never ought to have been read by the public; and he suspects us juniors. Gum can't lock up our pens and tie our tongues; and I shall write to you in spite of him, for I know you'll be dark. I was cautious in what I said to my old governor to-day, and drew it very mild.

One of the fellows out of our set has gone and hooked it: Jamieson—a right sort, but a bit of a girl. He bequeathed me his grey trousers, and I've got them on, but some letters and things in the pockets are to go to his mother.

Speaking of letters, we hear you say, in England, that the complaints, which go out from camp, are manufactured at home. Gus, I'd give you half a year's pay, if you'd come out and see what's going on here, with your own eyes. They'd never get it out of their sight. Why does not Mr. Gladstone come, or the Duke of Newcastle, or some of that set? What *right* have they to send thousands of their men to a confounded desert, and then abandon them to starvation? Why don't *they* come and show off their incapacity in the sight of the French, and not make us do it? We know, now, that our suspicions, as to treachery, are correct, for it is too barefaced to be longer concealed. It must be one of two

things—that the most pitiable imbecility has fallen upon England's rulers, upon all who have the conduct of the war, from the highest to the lowest, or that they are playing into the hands of Russia, and disgracing their country, so that she may no more hold her place as mistress of the world. Gum salves us over—though nobody goes on about it worse than those old ones, if they think we are out of hearing—and assures us that prime ministers and secretaries of state and boards and admiralties are liable to mistakes like other people. Well, we don't deny that, as they are not infallible: but when the mistakes bring forth misery and confusion and disgrace and death, why don't they rectify them? We landed in September, and now it's February, and what has been done to stop the disease, the mortality, the *incapacity*, that are rife amongst us, growing more rife day by day? Nothing. What has been done to accelerate it? Much. Do they think these facts are not spoken of in camp? We are all growing disgusted together, and that's the naked truth. There is no discipline left amongst the men; there is bitter rebellion in the hearts of the officers. Does our country know the dire straits to which we are reduced—the extraordinary acting of those placed here, in management? Or does she wilfully shut her eyes and say, "Out of sight, out of mind?" You may think, Gus, I am coming out rather strong in oratory, but I can tell you that some of us have had our indignation roused, and have leaped, from reckless school-boys, into thought and feeling. Look at some of the facts. In October and November the horses were famishing, and the highest personage out here (for it's of no use to keep these things dark any longer) shot between twenty and thirty of his, which were dying of hunger. If the horses of his royal highness could not get supplied, how do you suppose those of officers who were not royal, came off? In December, when I last wrote, I said hundreds were dead, and those left were eating each others' manes and tails. Two months since have passed, the old have died out, fresh horses have been brought, which in their turn are famishing, and who has ordered, or provided, forage for them? None. Five whole months of this state of things, and nothing done to remedy it! Yet Asia Minor would give forth largely of her abundant stores, and crowds of steamers are lying useless in Balaklava harbour. But now listen further. Not three weeks ago, a cargo of forage did come in, oats, bran, barley, *but nobody would give orders to land it, and it was sent back to Constantinople.*

There is the same reckless indifference to human life. We are literally dying of want, and who cares to supply our needs? None. Salt pork, salt pork, salt pork everlastingly, or *nothing*; for, many a day, the men have half or no rations. Yet large herds of cattle and flocks graze on the plains of Asia Minor, poultry, vegetables, fruit, may be had there, almost for the fetching, and the same idle steamers lie in harbour, eating their chimneys off and John Bull's money. Oranges and lemons might be brought to us; lime-juice we ought to have. Potatoes and vegetables, which did come in for us, were refused by the officials, because the bills of lading were written with blue ink instead of red (something of that), and they were left to grow into a mass of corruption on the side of the harbour. Yet, at that very moment, we were dying of scurvy, and these

same officials knew that fresh vegetables would be to us as the manna was to the Children of Israel. Porter, which was sent to us all the way from London, was returned back again, because no official invoice, from some green board with a body of muffs round it, was forwarded of its departure. The sick were perishing in camp, brandy and wine were necessary to them, so another board of muffs undertook to send it, and despatched, in mistake, a full cargo of castor-oil. Meanwhile, short commons and these "mistakes" are telling upon us, and we are dying wholesale. Many have had their lives frozen out of them. We have no wood; what little could be found is exhausted; all available tools and articles, that will burn, *are* burnt, and the charcoal doled out to the men is enough for a three hours' fire twice a week. How can they eat their rations any way but raw? Yet firewood, in the abundance of plenty, is only waiting to be fetched from Asia Minor, and still the good steamers lie in idleness. Several hundred sacks of charcoal came in, one day, to port, but they were not tied up with red tape, and not a soul would touch them, so there the ship and her cargo remained. The captain got in an agony, fearing he should be obliged to sail about for ever with that dreadful charcoal, and he went on his knees to Captain Christie. But Christie was obdurate and would not suffer it to be landed, and at last the captain took it away with him, and probably is cruising about with it still. Things are all managed in the same way. Brigadiers, superintendents, Filder, Christie, Commissariat, Commander-in-Chief, they are all in the same boat, displaying their own imbecility, and destroying the army; and it looks as if they had made a league together to do it. Suppose one of them, say the Commander-in-Chief, were to give an order for the benefit of the men, even though it were not in accordance with official routine, does he fear the Government would bow-string him for it? The *nation* would honour him for bursting through these insensate trammels. Who is to account for this long-enduring state of things? Unless it be, as we are told, that Government has issued its secret orders, and we are all to be sacrificed. How dare they tamper with us so? How dare they banish us to these inclement regions, and leave us to cold and nakedness, and famine and disease, not for a few commencing weeks—which, till experience came, might happen to any army—but from month to month, each month showing their incapacity more than the last? Look at our worn and riddled tents! The same land of plenty that could supply other necessities would supply huts, for wood for construction overruns Asia Minor.

It is said, at home—Brigadier Cuff had it in a letter yesterday—that we are now amply provided for, with clothes, food, huts, and firing. All infernal crammers, whoever says it. Waggon-loads of things are piled up alongside the harbour at Balaklava, rotting in the mud and rain; but what's the good of that to us? We hear somebody asserted in the House of Commons that Balaklava harbour was a model of order and regularity. Gill, who's looking over my shoulder, says it was Admiral Berkeley. Admiral Berkeley had better come out, and hire a boat, and sit himself down in it for a day, in the middle of the harbour, and take a sight at it. They are going to send old Boxer up, as harbour-master: he's an irritable old fellow, with not a bit of order in him, and they might as well send out a

comet with a fiery tail. A road ought to have been made up to camp; a road might have been made: we have lazy Turks enough, who would have done it, had they been directed. And now they go to the expense and trouble of a railroad, which may be rendered useless as soon as finished: by the Russians, or by our abandoning Balaklava.

"Where lies the blame of all this? Who is to answer for it? It is a question that is being asked pretty plainly in every tent out here. All our chief officers have cut it, and are being feasted in England; some dining at her Majesty's table, some here, some there. If the war's being conducted all right and above board, why should they shirk the fighting and the trenches, and leave us to battle it out, and do their share of work as well as our own? Were an unhappy wretch of a soldier to desert, he would be taken up, tried, and shot. If treachery is at work, and they have left because *they* won't countenance it and turn traitors to their country, they ought to speak out and say *WHY* they hold aloof. If, on the contrary, things are fair and straight, and these men in high places get indulged with absence, because of their aristocratic birth and connexions, it is time we had a different class of men to officer the British army.

This is not much of a letter, Gus, but we are all boiling over with indignation; and so would you be, if you were one of us. I saw the water in old Gum's eyes, one day, over the sufferings of the men, though he thinks it his duty to blow off to us juniors. Poor old chum Jamieson, with his dying breath, said don't betray to his friends that he had been murdered.

Jessie wrote me a few lines in Aunt Pris's, and said there had been a party at Fanny Green's. Now I have got some questions to ask you. Was there a mistletoe?—Was that bad Lincoln's-inn lot there?—And, did you see him near it with F. G.?—Did she send me any message, and will it be a go, or not, what I asked her about coming to Scutari?

Yours, old boy,

TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

GERMAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.*

BRITISH INDIA has been one of the chief points to which missionary enterprise has been directed: more than one-third of the missionaries scattered through the world have been stationed within its ample territories: and of these nearly one hundred and thirty have entered it from America, Germany, and Switzerland. There are various opinions as to the results derived from their efforts in converting the heathen: and the number of professed Hindu Christians is doubtlessly small when regarded in comparison with the millions of millions who remain heathen still. Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his tracts, has used his powerful pen to deride the impotent efforts of Protestant missionaries, and boasts with some degree of pride about the great success his co-religionists have met with. Such questions we will leave to be discussed in a more suitable arena: and, in the mean while, we propose to our readers to accompany us to the chief seat of the Basel Evangelical Mission, a branch which the German author mentioned below joined in 1851, and of which he has given a very pleasant account.

"The western coast of the Madras Presidency," Mr. Mullens tells us in his valuable account of Missions in South India, "from Honore to Calicut, including the provinces of Canara and Malabar, has been taken as a missionary sphere by the Evangelical Society of Basel. The country is but a narrow slip of land, between the western Ghauts and the sea; it is hilly but fertile, and contains several large seaport towns, among which, Mangalore and Cannanore are best known." The opening of Hindustan to foreign, as well as English, missionaries by the Company's Charter of 1833, first conducted the Basel missionaries to this country. Three missionaries were sent to Mangalore in 1834, and these first established a station. Five others followed in 1836, when Dharwar above the Ghauts, in the extreme north of the Canarese country, was occupied. In 1838 a third mission was commenced to the south of Mangalore, at Tellicherry, and on the arrival of five new brethren, a fourth station was formed in the same year at New Hoobly. In 1842 important missions were commenced at Cannanore, upon the sea coast, and at Calicut. It was to join these missions that Dr. Graul set out from Leipzig, accompanied by his wife. The first place at which the doctor made any lengthened stay was Bombay, where he diligently set about studying the native languages to fit him for his noble vocation. But all his time was not devoted to study, for he found various opportunities of noticing peculiarities and characteristics, the description of which serves greatly to enliven his book.

Among other acquaintances he formed was that of a Parsee broker, who has several magnificent houses in Bombay. His summer château, built in the Anglo-Indian style, in fact, resembled a prince's pavilion. The following is our author's account of a visit he paid him: "I had scarce entered, when my kind host inquired of me whether I would drink champagne or bitter beer with him. I chose the latter. As fire-

* *Reise nach Ostindien.* Von Karl Graul. Leipzig. 1855.
Missions in South India. By Joseph Mullens. London: Dalton.

worshipper, he dared not touch china or glass, as both were prepared by the agency of fire. He therefore took hold of the filled glass with a silk pocket-handkerchief and poured the contents down his throat with extraordinary rapidity. I counted in the spacious hall of reception fifteen chandeliers and twenty sofas. The man philosophised thus: Every Englishman has one or two chandeliers, and two or three sofas in his apartment; if I multiply that number by five, I shall be five times as great a man as he. The walls were—evidently from the same cause—overladen with English copperplates, all battle or hunting scenes: and the drollest thing was, there were regularly two of each impression hanging side by side. I could not refrain from a slight smile or shrug of my shoulders at this notion, and my host derived from it the erroneous conclusion that I found the number of pictures too small. Short and good, he told me, with a sort of nervous hurry, that he had already ordered two boxes of copperplates in England. This, he thought, would account to me for the apparent want of 'quantity.'

During our author's stay at Bombay, he had an opportunity of paying a visit to the Governor-General. Pareil is a magnificent chateau, situated in a half European, half Asiatic, garden. The governor had open house once a month, and as every gentleman was admitted, Dr. Graul would not neglect the opportunity of shaking hands with Lord Falkland. Before breakfast begins, an adjutant presents the newly-arrived guests to the governor, and the four important questions: When did you arrive? and when do you leave again? what have you come for? and how do you like the country? are answered as hurriedly as possible. It seems, then, that even a Governor-General of India has a certain amount of information which he considers it his duty to obtain.

After two months' stay in Bombay, Dr. Graul started for Mangalore, the nearest station of the Mission, where he was hospitably received by Herr Greiner, one of the first Basel missionaries on this coast. The town appeared to the European to be situated in an immense park of palm-tree groves, rice-fields, and sugar plantations. On all sides were shady trees, displaying the most exquisite hues, hedges of aloe, and pineapple, the grass-covered cabins of the natives, built of bamboo—they formed together a beautiful landscape. "Mountaineers met us laden with wild honey, which they brought down to market from the Ghauts. Women, many of them with infants in their arms, solemnly marched round the sacred Pippal on the road side. In the harbour we saw immense heaps of betel-nuts and rice—the staple productions of Mangalore. Further on an old grey mosque informed us that the apostles of the False Prophet had also nestled here. Close to it is a pond, which has played a part in the history of the Mission. At the outset, when the repugnance against the missionary settlement was not utterly extirpated, the carcass of that animal which is a horror to Jews and Mohamedans was thrown into it, and the missionaries accused of the insult. The Mohamedan disturbances, which this entailed, nearly produced fatal consequences for the missionaries."

The Basel Mission in the Tulu country is kept up by six missionaries. In the year 1835, the first attempt was made to instruct heathen boys; but as they were determined not to employ any heathen teachers, it took some time before a school could be established. In 1839, Herr Mögling,

a very talented Wurtemberg theologian, became head of this educational establishment. The school did not effect the anticipated results; the majority of the Pagan, Mohamedan, Catholic, and Protestant half-breed boys, who were picked up from the streets, soon ran away; and even the best among them gave so little hope, that the whole establishment, which had received about two hundred boys in succession, was done away with a few years back. In the year 1840, an English school was also founded. In the next year it boasted of sixty-eight scholars, principally from the higher castes; and it was regarded as an important means "to convert the higher classes of Indian society." Unfortunately, the scholars departed as soon as they fancied they had learned enough to be able to step into a good government situation.

At the same time, the missionaries established an industrial school. Young people belonging to the community, generally of the age of fourteen, were instructed in watchmaking by two European artisans, in weaving and tailoring by natives. A lithographic press and bookbinding establishment are worked by the scholars, and, in addition, two learned tanning and shoemaking in the government establishment at Munsur. But the missionaries do not at all confine their labours to the school. They undertake at various seasons missionary excursions into the surrounding country, and even visit the principal Pagan festivals, where they have a numerous, if not very attentive auditory. In addition, they also strive to be literary. Several Christian books of a more solid character than the so-called "tracts," have been published. For several years two printing establishments have been in efficient operation. Both were originally lithographic; but a few years ago a printer came from Basel with a fount of Canarese types for the press of Mangalore, and quite changed the character of the establishment. Biblical translation, also, owes very much to the Basel missionaries; and Dr. Weigel has for a lengthened period devoted his chief time to a revision of the Canarese Bible.

In addition to their other labours, the missionaries have maintained an exclusive system of itinerancies throughout the districts in which they reside. Mr. Mullins furnishes us with some interesting facts on this subject, and speaks in the highest terms of the zeal and energy of the Germans. He writes:

"Each one of their annual reports contains interesting facts met with in their journeys; and pleasant indeed it is to follow them through the country villages, dealing with all classes of the community, and discussing the great things which concern the salvation of souls. Thus, the reader sees Mr. Albrecht gathering the Lingaits of Dharwar; while Mr. Amame assails demon-worship among the low lands near the sea. Thus Mr. Hebich is pelted with stones among the hills of the Coorgs, and Mr. Moerike makes his home in Badaga huts, that he may convert the population. . . . The Basel missionaries report that the knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of the gospel is very extensively possessed by the people in their districts. Hence a conviction widely prevails that idolatry is foolish, and must go down; the people attend the great festivals more to see the crowd and to buy goods, than to worship heartily and in faith. In this way the Yellama Yalra, near Belgaume, and the Humpee festival, near Bellary, are much reduced in numbers, and the cars cannot be drawn out and home."

The Missions planted by the Basel Society in the Province of Malabar are by far the most prosperous. They are carried on at the important towns of Cannanore, Tellicherry, and Calicut, and have out-stations at Audjarkandi, Chombala, and Palgaut. When the first English bishop was appointed in India, after the renewal of the Charter of 1814, a chaplain was stationed at Tellicherry, of the name of Spring. He was, however, removed in 1828, and but few traces of his active zeal in establishing schools, &c., survived his departure. In 1835, a Mr. Brown proposed to pay the expenses of a missionary to be stationed at Audjarkandi, and the offer was accepted by missionary Gundut, who came to Mangalore to join the mission. Such was the first establishment of the Basel Mission in Northern Malabar. From Tellicherry an offshoot was soon sent out to Cannanore; and in 1842 an opportunity at last presented itself of establishing a third station in Malabar, at Calicut, the capital. A humane gentleman, of the name of Conolly, deeply sympathised with the miserable condition of the Nayadis, in the forests beyond Ponani. Mr. Conolly applied to the Basel Mission for assistance, and Missionary Fritz was sent to the chief town of Malabar, and a native catechist stationed among the Nayadis. These poor people rank in the community even below purchased slaves. They live only in the jungle like wild animals, they sleep in the branches of trees, and at the most only build the poorest hut for themselves. They are looked upon by other branches of the community with the greatest contempt. If a Brahmin comes in their way, they must move off at least sixteen paces; and they must never dare to touch any one of a superior caste. Mr. Conolly formed a plan for drawing some of this degraded class within the bounds of civilisation. He built them houses, set apart some ground for them, and gave them fields to cultivate. The Government after a time relinquished this effort, and the Basel missionaries took it up. They persevered in spite of the almost hopeless apathy and idleness of their *protégés*, and at last two or three were baptised. The Mussulmans, however, some three years back, made up their minds to proselytise the little colony. Suddenly the whole of the people left, with the exception of the three converts, and were received into the Moplah community. Processions, fireworks, and feasts loudly proclaimed the joy and triumph of Islam. As Mr. Mullins justly observes, "this was another instance of what has been called the hot-house system of missions."

We have only one other branch of the Basel Mission to describe—that which has been established in the Nilgiri Hills. "This beautiful cluster of hills," says Mr. Mullins, "lies on the southern border of Mysore, and forms a part of the great block of mountains in which the Ghaut ranges of the east and west coasts of India are fused into each other. The mighty convulsions by which they were produced, have left here the broadest and deepest traces. Several distinct ranges, of varied formation, have been thrown up within a small space: of these the Koondas on the west, and the Nilgiris on the east, are the most conspicuous. . . . The pass of Konoor, by which the traveller descends into the eastern plains, is one of the most lovely valleys in the whole of Southern India. Upon its beetling crags, and deep dense woods; on the light green jungle and the gushing streams, amongst which the road winds for sixteen miles, the worn-out dweller of the plains gazes his fill and turns away—only to look again."

These hills are peopled by various sections of the aborigines of India, who, in language, religion, and habits, differ entirely from the Hindus or the plains. The principal tribes are the Badagas, or Burgers, and the Todawars. The Badagas first attracted the attention of the Basel Mission, and an establishment was founded at Kaity, which lies near Utacamund, the European sanatorium. The Badagas are divided into four nadus, or districts, each of which is ruled by a chief, called Gauda. The whole people is closely connected by caste and intermarriages, and they form a compact mass almost impenetrable to foreign influence. They have no less than nine castes among them: and they submit, like the Hindus of the plains, to the guiding tyranny of its rules. It may be imagined how difficult it was to introduce any notion of Christianity among them, but the Basel missionaries have made the attempt, and though their efforts have not hitherto been crowned with success, the seed appears to have been sown in good ground. Mr. Casamajor was the first European who turned his attention to the benighted condition of the Badagas. According to Mr. Mullins, "on retiring from the Madras Civil Service, he built a beautiful house, having a Badaga village close behind. He obtained first one and then another of the German missionaries to visit his people, and fairly set on foot a mission among them. Every day he received the sick, and gave them medicines with his own hand. Every day he sat in his Badaga school, teaching the little hill boys the first elements of the Gospel. He began also to translate the Gospel of St. Luke into their barbarous tongue. But it pleased God to take him away early, and he lived not to see his efforts crowned with any success. By his will he left that house and property to the Mission—a gift equal in value to thirty thousand rupees, desiring that the whole establishment might be maintained after his decease."

The Mission was first properly commenced, in 1846, by the Rev. G. Weigel, who was then visiting the Nilgiri Hills for the sake of his health, and completing at the same time his revision of the Canarese Bible. It was intended to serve a double purpose—both as a station for the local missions, and as a recruiting place for the numerous missionaries stationed in Malabar and Canara. In the latter respect it has been eminently successful: while the former object has also not been lost sight of. The missionaries in the Nilgiris now amount to three. They maintain a constant system of itinerancy, and it is believed that but few of the natives on the hills have not heard the Gospel from the lips of these indefatigable wanderers. They have also founded some schools; and the number of pupils varies according to the fears or fickle disposition of the parents, or the orders called forth by the policy of the heads of the tribe. The missionaries soon discovered that, by gifts of medicine and attention to the sick, they had a means of approaching the Badagas superior to anything else. In one year they vaccinated no less than seven hundred children.

Among the various causes which serve to check the progress of the missionary labours must be mentioned the incessant opposition of the Brahmins. One instance of ingenious malice, by which preaching was impeded in a silent but most efficacious manner, we must mention. A bigoted Brahmin, finding a missionary preaching in a village, caused the pepper in a shop close by to be stirred up, and was mightily pleased when the fits of coughing which followed drove both the missionary and his

congregation from the spot. Another obstacle to the truth is found in the deep ignorance and perverted views of morality which prevail. One instance will suffice, for which we are indebted to Mr. Mullins. Mr. Müller, a missionary, once appealing to a man's conscience with respect to the rewards of good and evil, was answered by the following story: A certain butcher bought a cow, tied her by a rope, and was about to bring her home, when suddenly she broke loose and ran away. In running after her he met a man, who in his whole lifetime never told a lie, and on his asking him whether he had seen his cow, he was told by him that, if he followed this road, he was sure to catch her. On went the butcher: not far off he met another man, who in his lifetime never told the truth, and putting the same question to him, he was told that he was quite in the wrong road, and if he wished to find his cow he must go to the left. After this, both these men died, and they were called before the judgment seat of God. The final sentence was that the latter, because he had saved the life of the cow by telling a lie, was rewarded by being born twenty times a king; while the other, who by telling the truth would have caused her destruction, was condemned for twenty lifetimes to be gnawed by worms. On this anecdote Mr. Mullens justly remarks: "Confounded and perverted ideas like these are constantly met with, and though they are absurd enough to confute themselves, yet the poor people applaud and adopt them with superstitious fondness."

There are a few arrangements in the missionary economy of the Basel Society which differ from other societies. For instance, it is a rule made by the house-committee, and reaffirmed by the missionaries themselves, that every missionary and mission family shall receive a subsistence allowance and not a fixed salary. And, in order to reduce expenditure to the *minimum*, unmarried missionaries are expected to reside with others, receiving a very small pittance beyond their board. Nor can they marry without permission being first obtained. In this manner it has been brought about, that, annually, twenty-four missionaries and sixteen missionaries' wives are supported for the small sum of twenty-three thousand rupees; house-rent is not included in this calculation—the dwelling-houses belong to the society, and the missionaries, consequently, live rent free. Building and repairs cost six thousand rupees more. The missionaries' journeys, moonshees, and postage, are paid for separately. A very large portion of the funds of this Mission is obtained from Christians in India. The missionaries derive about 45,000 rupees from Germany, and receive from ten to twelve thousand rupees in India.

"This proof of the great liberality of the English Christians in India to a German Mission deserves especial mention. It shows the great sympathy which is felt for their labours, and the hearty confidence with which the missionaries are regarded. The individual donations which their subscription-lists exhibit are perfectly amazing. Subscriptions of one hundred rupees are quite common; but those of two, three, and four hundred, also occur. Such assistance has been eminently useful to the Mission from its establishment, and without it the operations of the society in India would be greatly curtailed."

We have dwelt on this subject from a feeling that the efforts of the Germans in the cause of religion are not rightly estimated in this country. It is too much the fashion to regard religion as thoroughly ignored among our German brothers, and that rationalism has quite gained the

upper-hand. We trust that the facts we have brought forward will serve to dispel such an opinion, and prove that the Germans have the good cause at heart as sincerely as ourselves, though, unfortunately, the resources at their command are but slight, when compared to those of our English missionary societies. But we are glad to find so liberal an advocate of the German missionary in Mr. Mullins. His review of the religious system in India is drawn up impartially and without the slightest bias: where faults are to be corrected, he does not hesitate from pointing them out, and we naturally feel the more confidence in his account of German missions. We may, therefore, wind up our account of the German Evangelical Mission by quoting his eloquent remarks, when closing this section of his book:

"The Mission which has now been briefly described is not carried on by English missionaries under a government to which they naturally belong, and in a society of which they are born members; it is a Mission established and maintained by foreigners for the welfare of the subjects of a foreign government. But to labours like theirs what English Christian will not extend a hearty welcome, and pray for a hearty blessing! Fellow believers in the Great Truth of Salvation, they have become fellow workers with us in seeking the conversion of Hindustan. Thrice blessed be their purpose—thrice blessed their holy toil! Cut off more than others from home and fatherland, may they feel the sacrifice a thousand-fold made up by Him for whom it is made!"

A DREAM AND THE REALITY.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

I DREAMED a bright and blissful dream,—

And had I mines of gold and gems,
The glory and the pomp of earth,
Her sceptres and her diadems,
I'd give them all without a sigh
Could I but make that vision stay,
And shed upon my waking hours
The light that on my slumbers lay.

I saw the dying sun look forth
From the bright chamber of the west,
Where gold and purple fire-tinged clouds
Curtained his proud and gorgeous rest.
But far above him, pale and fair,
In lucent blue the young moon shone,
Like patient grief that veils her brow,
Till pride and might their worst have done.

A river wandered far and free,
By meadow slope, by hill and wood,
And purple flow'rs and yellow flags
Bent down to kiss the glowing flood.
Sweet was the summer wind that raised
The careless locks upon my brow,
And stirred the long and silky grass,
And waved the dark-green alder bough.

A Dream and the Reality.

Sweet was its cool and balmy breath,
 And sweet the murmur of the stream;
 But sweeter were the joyous tones
 That echoed softly through my dream.
 And once again—young glad some things—
 We watched the bright waves rolling by,
 Changing their tints with every hue
 That mantled in the evening sky.

And in the brake our curious eyes
 Looked down upon the linnet's nest;
 We found the wild bee's mossy cave,
 And to our lips the brown cells prest.
 We brought the lilies to the land,
 We tore the bright moss from the oak,
 Made swords and lances of the reeds,
 And, wild and laughing, I awoke.

Awoke to hear the wintry wind
 Moaning as one in fear and pain;
 Now far away on hill and fell,
 Now hoarsely shrieking back again.
 To hear against my window dashed
 The softly-floating feathery snow,
 And think the dim grey morning light
 Would see a stainless world below.

To know that dark and weary months
 Of wailing storms must onward pass,
 Before the leaf is on the bough,
 Or meadow blossoms gem the grass.
 The sullen river rushes on,
 Angry and swollen, to the sea;
 And dull as lead the sparkling tide
 That danced and shone so merrily.

Awoke to know that summer suns
 Will wake the trees and fields to bloom—
 But oh! their splendour cannot break
 The icy slumbers of the tomb;
 And some who were my playmates there,
 Upon that green and sunlit shore,
 Shall see the blossoms bud and blow,
 The summer flush and fade, no more.

And some, who bear a heavy heart
 Within an overladen breast,
 Would gladly lay their burdens down,
 And share the sleepers' envied rest.
 The world hath stilled the joyous laugh,
 And marked the young face for its own;
 And Hope—with weary, bleeding feet,
 Faints in a path with briers strown.

But some—the dearest of them all—
 Are far away beyond the sea;
 And youth may pass, and age come on,
 Yet never bring *them* back to me.
 I own a light and careless heart,
 Yet in that midnight hour was fain
 To weep—and wept the more that tears
 And fond regrets were all in vain.

CARLSRUHE THEATRICALS AND REALITIES; WITH A FEW
WORDS UPON THE GERMAN BURNS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

ANOTHER page or two must complete my notices of "*Our First and Last Winter at Carlsruhe.*" I have mentioned the theatre as one of our most frequent sources of amusement. Its interior was said to have been constructed upon the model of a *Roman* theatre; but I did not myself recognise the resemblance to any original that I remembered; and it will be sufficient to describe it as consisting of three tiers of boxes, with wide balconies in front, and the usual pit. Here, at the moderate nightly expense of a florin (about 1s. 8d.), or for a monthly subscription of seven florins, we could enjoy an opera or drama three times a week, given by performers who, taken altogether, were equal to any that I saw in Germany. The boxes for the duke and duchess (who are generally present) with those for their *suite*, and for the Margraves, occupy a considerable portion of the centre of the first tier. In the balcony immediately before them is the *Fremdloge*, or box appropriated to strangers (to which the admission is about two shillings); and the remainder of the first balcony to the right is entirely occupied by the officers of the troops (sometimes amounting to five thousand) who are stationed at Carlsruhe. This military patronage of the drama is, to some extent, secured by a deduction towards the expenses of the theatre, from each officer's pay; but it is very trifling, the contribution of a subaltern being only about half a *gros écu* (or two shillings English) a month. Being admitted on such easy terms, they are very regular in their attendance, and as they always appear in uniform, they give a brilliancy to the house. In addition to these military contributions, there is a payment from the ducal treasury of 100,000 florins yearly; or about eight thousand three hundred pounds; so that, on the whole, a Carlsruhe manager does not conduct his affairs in constant fear of the *Gazette*.

The performances are never, as in England and France, prolonged to weariness. A single drama, or a couple of shorter pieces, occupying about three hours, is usually the utmost extent; and when they bring out operas the change is so frequent as to afford a variety rarely enjoyed. In Italy the same opera is repeated for weeks. During the season I was in Carlsruhe we had "*William Tell*," "*The Pirate*," "*The Bayadere*," "*Robert le Diable*," "*John of Paris*," "*Fidelio*," "*The Siege of Corinth*," "*The Gazza Ladra*," "*Tancred*," "*Ivanhoe*"—(I give their names in a *lingua franca*)—and probably others that I forget.

Our dramas were too often mere translations from the French or English. Amongst the latter I recognised my old acquaintance, "*Simpson and Co.*" (as *Der Unschuldige muß viel leiden*), "*X Y Z*," the "*Three and the Deuce*;" and, one which was the very last I ever expected to see in a foreign language, the "*Wild Oats*" of O'Keefe. Those who still remember their enjoyment of this clever five-act farce, with its continual quotations from our favourite dramatists, will be aware of the difficulty of translating it; but the German has accomplished his task with

great dexterity; and by adding to the quotations from Shakspeare a few others from Schiller, &c., he has produced a piece as amusing as the original.

Some of the *best* of the *German* dramas, and the most interesting to a stranger, were those which were descriptive of their own manners or habits, or founded on their early history. The higher class of productions by Göthe, Schiller, Lessing, &c., were rarely acted. An historical play on the death of Cromwell, of which a German friend, in whose taste I had confidence, spoke highly, was given when I could not attend; but I was much gratified with their *Hans Sachs*, and with parts of *Johanness Gutfenberg*.

The latter is written by one of the female authors of modern Germany, and its first act appeared to me to display considerable talent and power. The situation and feelings of *Gutfenberg*—full of enthusiastic confidence in the success and importance of his invention—but deserted by his impatient and wearied friends; persecuted by his creditors; selling the silver helmet won by his ancestor in the tourney at Mayence, to satisfy their claims; and at last, through the intrigues of the clergy, abandoned even by his wife; yet still persevering with high-minded hope to complete a discovery of which he describes the effects upon the destinies of mankind with noble eloquence—were all either beautifully embodied by the poet, or made to appear so by the admirable acting of *Deverient*. But the progress of the piece was less satisfactory. The daughter of *Just* very coolly steals the first printed Bible from her father, in order to present it to *Gutfenberg*, whom the intrigues of *Schäffer* have thrown into prison; and historical truth is disregarded in making *Schäffer* himself the most despicable of villains.

Of the farces, or dramas of common life, one of the truest representations of the manners of the working classes—their drinking, smoking, mandlin sentimentality, and speech-making—was *Das Ffest der Handwerker*; and one of the most amusing, *Zu ebener Erde, und erster Stoch, oder Die Bauren des Glücks* ("First and Ground-Floor, or the Freaks of Fortune"). It is a kind of duplex farce, for which two separate stages are prepared, one being placed above the other; and it has two plots, dovetailing into each other, with double sets of songs, duets, and situations. On the first floor is a proud *millionnaire*, surrounded by all the splendours and luxuries of wealth. On the ground-floor (an arrangement of which continental life admits) is the family of an old-clothes man, whose brother-in-law, to indicate a still lower degree of poverty, is called in the bills a "broken down" member of the same profession. While the *millionnaire* is giving a delicious banquet, and his champagne is poured forth in sparkling profusion, the family on the ground-floor is seen scarcely satisfying hunger on black bread and water. While the one, surrounded by pampered menials, has abundance till it oppresses him, the others, encircled by ragged children, are unable to raise money even to pay their miserable rent.

But the wheel makes a revolution. The bankruptcy of his son, and extensive losses which, as usual, do not come in single file, destroy the splendid fortune of the *millionnaire*; and he is finally reduced to abject poverty. In the mean time, by a simultaneous progression, first by

finding a large sum of money in the old coat of an Englishman, for the restoration of which there is a handsome reward; then by a prize in the lottery; and lastly, by the discovery (never made but on the stage) that his eldest son, an adopted child, is the son of a rich lord who leaves him thirty thousand a year (a mere trifle in a drama), the family of the old clothes man is raised to wealth. They take the apartments of their ruined neighbour; and the removal of their effects was a laughable *tableau vivant* which might have been copied from one of Cruikshank's sketches of "*Michaelmas Day*." The poor *millionnaire*, who has now no effects to remove, succeeds them on the ground-floor; but the marriage of his daughter to the newly-discovered lord—formerly a poor clerk who had long been attached to her—makes all end happily.

Besides such pieces as I have sketched, and the amusing extravaganzas of "*Lumpacivagabundus*" (whose very name is comic), one of the most popular dramatic amusements in Western Germany was a series of farces in ridicule of the "*Frankfort Cockney*," who is personated as Herr *Hampelmann*. His representative (a very clever actor of such characters, of the name of *Hassel*) was as great a favourite as *Liston* was with us; but his style of acting was more like that of *Odry* at the *Variétés*. The majority of the class of persons whom M. *Hassel* represented are not considered remarkable for the extent of their information. On one occasion—which may be taken as a specimen of the wit—Herr *Hampelmann*, having heard of our "*Two Houses*," addresses a lady who has travelled in England, "Pray, ma'am, when you were in London, did you lodge in the *Upper* or the *Lower House*?"

With this I might finally quit the theatre. But I cannot help noticing a practice of the German stage, which is offensive even to those who, like myself, do not pretend to be too severely serious. It is the constant profanation of the name of the Deity. Whether it be tragedy, comedy, or farce, such expressions as *Gott!*—*Eicher Gott!*—*Guter Gott!*—*Mein Gott!*—*Großer Gott!*—*Gott bewahr!* &c., are introduced so frequently as to be painful. The same occurs occasionally in ordinary conversation; but it does not strike one so offensively as when the words are given in the loud intonations of the stage.

Of the powers under whom we lived I have little to say. During our severe winter it made me shiver to see the public functionaries attending the levees of our opposite neighbour, the Margrave, in court-dresses and white silk stockings. The coachmen who brought them were more sensibly wrapped up in immense mantles of fur; and even the horses of the Grand Duke were covered with handsomely-ornamented leopard-skins. These frigid appearances gave one little desire to be presented; and the retired life of the court—became more so by the death of a near relation—made it scarcely worth the trouble. With the exception of a dinner, there was not a single public entertainment at the *château* during the whole of the winter. It is otherwise only justice to mention that the English were freely and cordially received; and the Grand Duchess was a great admirer of our literature. But the reigning family was certainly not popular. They passed through their people unnoticed by any sign of respect or regard; even the ordinary civility of touching the hat being often enforced by a sign from the attendants. The only one towards

whom any demonstrations of affection were shown was the Dowager Grand Duchess Stephanie. She, I was told, rarely entered Carlsruhe without being met and escorted by the cavalry of the *Bourgeois Guard*. Though then without power, this niece of the Empress Josephine was still esteemed by the people. We had the honour of being presented to her both at Baden and at Rome; and I was not surprised that her amiable and *spirituel* character should have been appreciated by the inhabitants of a capital to which her court once gave life and elegance. Her position with regard to the reigning family was connected with the mysterious story of *Caspar Hauser*; but it was difficult to trace the rumour to anything worthy of belief.

I do not know whether it was owing to the severity of the weather that the *deaths* were more frequent at Carlsruhe than I should have expected in so small a population—at that time I had never served upon a sanitary committee, and I felt little interest in such subjects—but I rarely took my daily walk without meeting the sumptuous hearse which formed the only peculiarity of their funerals. It was different from anything I have seen. The framework was a broad platform, raised above the wheels of the carriage. From its edge hung a rich drapery of black cloth, festooned and very gracefully arranged so as entirely to conceal the wheels, and on a slight elevation above the platform was a receptacle for the coffin. This, like the rest, was covered with black cloth, upon which were broad strips of white in the form of a cross, and garlands of flowers were sometimes hung round the draperies. There was something awkward, however, and difficult in the motion of this unwieldy machine, though its general appearance was imposing and in excellent taste.

There is a practice connected with the same subject—and it prevails in other parts of northern Europe—which shows how slowly the inhabitants of a German town give up their ancient customs. When a member of a family dies, the survivors are not satisfied with a brief announcement of the fact; but a long advertisement appears, appealing to relations and friends for sympathy and consolation. A husband announcing the death of his wife, says: "*After six short years of happy wedlock, this, to me irreparable, misfortune presses the more hardly as I am the father of five young children. I, therefore, ask for silent sympathy.*" Another of these announcements shall be given *verbatim*. It runs as follows: "*In his inscrutable decrees has God this day deprived me of a deeply-beloved wife, and my two children of their excellent mother. She died of an inflammation and fever in her twenty-eighth year; and, after but four months, followed her dear father to the grave—too soon, alas! re-opened. Dated ——— and signed ———.*"

Now, though no human being can refuse his pity for such calamities, I am afraid that, in the artificial state in which we live, such notices as these are read amongst the ordinary advertisements of a newspaper with indifference, if not with levity. Indeed, that they are so treated, even by the Germans themselves, is sufficiently shown by a notice of this description being made one of the principal points of ridicule in the farce of the *Berföbenc*. And this will seem but natural when it is remembered that those who read them have no means of knowing whether they are the expression of real grief, or merely a hypocritical conformity

to custom. The publicity thus given to their sorrows may be attributed to the importance attached by a German to everything connected with himself or his own affairs. A sentimental butcher, for instance, who had been unable, from illness, to attend to his business for some weeks, announces his convalescence in a long advertisement. The recovery of an emperor could not have been put forth with more emphatic solemnity. And, unsatisfied even with this, he attaches to it another advertisement still longer than the first, expressive of gratitude to his surgeon, "*whom I recommend (he says), from the bottom of my heart, to a highly respectable public when necessity occurs, as a man who, attentive to his vocation, and regardless of his trouble, continually imparts aid and comfort to the sufferer.*—Signed W. H., Master Butcher." Here, again, we have excellent feelings made ridiculous by their being unseasonably obtruded upon the public.

With the statistics of Carlsruhe I shall not meddle. The Grand Duchy has the highly honourable distinction of being only *second* amongst the states of Europe as regards the proportion of its inhabitants who receive the benefits of education. It contains, for a population of about a million and a quarter, two universities, and public schools of all kinds. At Carlsruhe there is a Polytechnic Institute, where the sciences, modern languages, and some of the arts, are taught at an expense to each student of 60 to 100 florins (or from 5*l.* to 8*l.*) *per annum*; and at the Lyceum, where boys from *ten* till about *eighteen* years of age are prepared for the universities, the expense is still more moderate. Nor is female education less liberally provided for. At the *Höheren Töchter Schule* (or, High School for Girls), which is conducted by professors of most respectable character, the first class of scholars are taught French, letter-writing, geography, history, literature, &c., for 36 florins (or about 3*l.*) *per annum*; while private teachers advertise to give instructions of an hour daily in French and "artificial flower-making," for a single florin a month. Even at the universities, the necessary expenses of a student do not exceed about 50*l.* a year.

With all this, however, it must be confessed that the superstructure of knowledge does not seem proportioned to its extensive foundation. I can reverence, with the humility which conscious insignificance must produce, the talents and acquirements of the great scholars of Germany; but the majority of their countrymen are not well-informed; on general subjects they are often grossly ignorant. I have known a professor describe the Red Sea to his pupils as "separating Europe from Asia;" I have heard a world-known publisher remark that "the steam-engine was invented by the Americans;" and the worthy Professor G—— (who fancied that his pronunciation of English was better than my own) was under the impression "that the natives of Great Britain were never sea-sick." He supposed, probably, that "*England's fast-anchored isle*" rode at her moorings, and her people became accustomed to the motion. On local matters, unconnected with their own pursuits, there is the same want of intelligence; not from defective capacity, but from mental inactivity; and, out of any six questions asked from the generality of Germans, the answer to at least five would probably be, *Das weiß ich nicht*. I have said that this is not perhaps from want of capacity. There

is only one thing for which Nature seems to have denied them the necessary faculty. It is the science of numbers. If Liston, or his more than rival, the Italian Vestri, had wished to study the most perfect expression of puzzle-headedness, he could not have taken a finer model than a German tradesman receiving his bill. His bewildered, "*Vier und zwanzig:: vier und zwanzig: acht und vierzig: zwei mal acht und vierzig::*" and the labyrinth that follows—which he appears as if he could neither thread nor retrace—would be very amusing if they were not often also very provoking. It must be admitted that the memory of these countries is difficult; but, with an aptitude at calculation, this difficulty would of itself produce dexterity. On the contrary, all the skill they acquire seems to consist in preventing an unsuccessful guess from ever operating against themselves. They may be slow at finding out that twice *twenty-four* are *forty-eight*, but they never receive it as *fifty*. Yet they are a people one must like. They are good-humoured; and probably, according to *Colonel Sibthorp's* theory, "because they eat beef and drink beer like Christians."

Amongst the most intelligent of the Germans who had favoured me with their acquaintance at Carlsruhe, was Herr von S——, with whom I passed many agreeable hours. His mastery of our language was perfect; his knowledge of its modern literature greatly beyond that of most of my countrymen. Of this there was sufficient proof in his *Englische Bibliothek*, a collection (extending to four volumes) of translations from the best articles in our reviews and periodicals, with illustrative and biographical notes. In one of our walks he pointed out to me a monument in the *Schlossgarten* to the poet Hebel, and, while speaking of him, I shall often use the words of my companion himself.

Hebel was the German Burns. In his subjects, as well as his original position, he resembles our great poet. They are the loves and habits, the hardships and enjoyments, of rural life, described by one who had seen and felt them. His ballad of *Der Bettler* might seem to have been taken from Burns's "When wild war's deadly blast is blown;" but both are tinted with the peculiar feelings of the countries which produced them.

The burst of affection with which the soldier returning to his home—so changed as to be forgotten—is at last recognised, is given by Hebel in a few lines that I have ventured to translate, adhering to the same measure as the original:

"*Der Fels, der Frieß, mi Frieß isch do.*" U. f. w.

O mercy! my Friedlin!—my Friedlin, 'tis thou!
O welcome, my Friedlin, I well know thee now!
How oft thy lov'd image, in shadowy wood,
Or mist-covered meadow, beside me has stood!
How oft has my heart been with thee in the fight;
In the perils of battle, in blessing and blight;
My tears and my prayers have been offer'd for thee;
They have sav'd me for Friedlin, my Friedlin for me.
How fast throbs my breast!—'tis a rapture too great!
Come, mother!—my Friedlin—he stands at our gate!

As these poems are in the *Ueermanische* dialect, they have to be trans-

lated even for the generality of Germans. I am aware how imperfectly I have given the easy simplicity of Hebel's verse; but I have not used him worse than his countryman, Dr. Von Adrian, who, in his German version, renders *our Gottes Milde* by *Uns' Stills blutigen Strömstoff*. It is extraordinary how little the Germans generally seem sensible of the effect of such a phrase, or of the image it presents. In Italy one is almost led to idol-worship by the beautiful effigies of the Virgin which win the gaze even of heretics; while in many parts of Roman Catholic Germany, it is painful to see, at every step, a blood-stained figure of our Saviour, so coarsely executed that it is a caricature upon humanity; and almost a blasphemy against God. To a like tone of mind we may attribute the expression *Wie Blut und Rill*; so often applied by a poetical lover to the complexion of his "fair one."

I have spoken of the resemblances between Hebel and Burns. Both were born about the same time, in the "country side." Hebel in a remote corner of one of the most pastoral parts of the German Oberland; at the little village of Hausen, near Basle. Both were of humble origin: the father of Hebel was a poor weaver. Both passed their boyhood in the labours and employments of the fields, but here the similarity of their *personal* history ceases. Hebel had the good fortune to meet with some kind-hearted and discerning men who afforded to the indigent but talented youth the means of education, and of studying divinity and philology at a university. With these advantages, he rose by degrees from the situation of under-curate and assistant-teacher in a small provincial town, to that of teacher and professor at Carlsruhe; and at last attained the highest preferment to which a Protestant clergyman in Germany can aspire—the rank and dignity of Prelate of the Lutheran church. Even then, however, he continued to devote some portion of his time to giving lessons in rhetoric, and in Greek and German literature, at the Lyceum of Carlsruhe. He was of an even temper and of a tranquil disposition, and so flowed the tenor of his life—which he closed, as became a pastoral poet, not in the court atmosphere and bustle of the little capital of the Grand Duchy, but in the lonely shades and balmy breezes of the gardens of Schwetzingen; to which, in hopes of restoring his impaired health, he had retired some time before his death. He was never married, and does not appear to have resembled Burns in the ardency of his feelings.

As poets, both drew their inspiration from nature; but with this difference, that Burns contemplated her in all her simplicity, Hebel through the veil of classic recollections. Both loved and sought her: Burns with the glow of passionate admiration; Hebel as the object of moral feelings, from which some lesson might be taught. Burns is emphatically *the rural poet of Scotland*; Hebel, though a poetical illustrator and describer of country scenery, and of the characters and manners of the peasantry amongst whom he had lived, seems either designedly or unconsciously, an imitator of the pastoral poetry of Greece. Burns feels and paints with corresponding power; the sadness and sufferings of human life; while Hebel either avoids those darker shades, or tempers them with pious resignation. They both possess simplicity (as expressed better, perhaps, by the French word *simplicité*) in an eminent degree, and both have a rich fund of humour; but while that of Burns is broad and

genuine, Hebel's—more restrained and refined—is rather perhaps a sly, good-tempered irony, than those blendings of mirth and mournfulness, laughter and tears, wit and simplicity, derision and kindheartedness, which delight us in our own more gifted poet. Burns's poems also include a much wider range of subjects than Hebel's. The author of the *Allermanische Gedichte* is a clever and benevolent country curate, who describes with true poetical feeling the scenery that surrounds him, and the lives and manners of his flock, while Burns is one of those original and powerful minds that never appear, with the same combinations, more than once in the history of a nation.

To translate Hebel into English would be merely to discharge a debt of gratitude; as Burns, with all the difficulties he presents even to many Englishmen, has found excellent translators in Germany. There are few who will not recognise the closeness and spirit of the following version, though they may be unacquainted with the language in which it is written:

Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier!
 Mein Herz ist im Hochland, im wald'gen Revier!
 Da jag' ich das Rothwild, da folg' ich dem Reh',
 Mein Herz ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh'. U. f. w.

It is almost *verbatim*,

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go, &c.

And in another piece the difficult task of preserving the *humour* of the original seems admirably accomplished, though the translation is more free.

"Nun, wer klopft an meine Thür?"
 "Ich, mein Schatz!" sprach Findlay.
 "Geh' nach Haus! Was treibst du hier?"
 "Gutes nur!" sprach Findlay.
 "Wie ein Räuber schleichst du doch!"
 "Raub' auch gern!" sprach Findlay.
 "Treibst vor Morgen Unfug noch!"
 "Allerbings!" sprach Findlay. U. f. w.

In Burns:

"Who is that at my bower door?"
 "O wha is it but Findlay."
 "Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!"
 "Indeed maun I," quo' Findlay.
 "What mak ye sae like a thief?"
 "O come and see," quo' Findlay, &c.

A few years ago there appeared in *Blackwood* a translation of some of Burns's poems into French; the last language—even amongst *Mezzofanti's many tongues*—in which we should ever have expected to see them. Those I have now given were published under an assumed name in a literary journal, edited by Dr. Wolfgang Menzel, and are attributed to Gutsav Pfizer, the author of an excellent *Life of Luther*.

And now, to descend. Though it is an abrupt transition, I cannot quit the subject of Carlsruhe without mentioning that its markets were

excellently supplied; and with the exception of bread (which was equal to about sixpence the quartern loaf, for the best), the prices of all ordinary articles of consumption were lower by one-half than they were in England. While, for the epicure, "an artful Italian" kept a constant supply of soles, salmon, codfish, oysters, *dindons aux truffes*, capons, *poulardes de Brest*, red-legged partridges, and game of all kinds. The fish was generally brought from Holland; but when the navigation of the Rhine was impeded by ice, we had supplies, by way of Strasburg, from Marseilles, and still deliciously fresh. Cookery, in a nation where the gratification of the appetite has never been unwisely disregarded, is considered so important a part of the education of every lady below the highest rank, that the daughters of most respectable people were sent to receive instructions in the kitchen of the hotel where we had often stayed; but they were confined to their place of study, and under the eye of the landlord's wife.

Even the waiters at such places are generally from a class much superior—in station at least—to ours. Instead of being drafts from our domestic helps, or disappointed aspirants to the honours of the stage, they are often the well-educated sons of comparatively wealthy parents, and are sent merely to learn their business previous to purchasing or inheriting a similar establishment. It is the consciousness of this superiority that makes them so ready to repel—and sometimes, perhaps, with a good deal of insolence—the contemptuous tone assumed by many of our young countrymen in addressing a class of persons who, in England, very rarely resent the insults of a liberal paymaster.

Of Carlsruhe I shall say no more. Should I return to my *memoranda*, it will be with reference to other parts of Germany, and to names which are held in honour.

A FESTA-DAY IN CAPRI.

ALL was sunshine and mirth in Capri on the day that claims S. Costanzo for its patron saint; and as the procession wound along the steep and narrow paths which here fulfil the office—though anywhere out of Syria or Dalmatia they would not be honoured with the name—of roads, gaily fluttered the white veils in the light May wind, and brightly sparkled the black eyes, seldom seen to greater advantage than among the orange-groves and vineyards that bloom along the precipitous shores of the Bay of Naples. As we stood at the arched gateway of the little town, whose inhabitants were now passing before us, there were few among them who failed to receive a kindly smile or word of recognition from my friend, long a resident upon the island, and gratefully smiled they in reply, while their lips still chanted the praises of the saint whose festa they were assembled to honour. Mother and maiden, man and boy, there they were, decked out in their gayest; the elders among them pre-

serving in their dress some few remaining traces of their graceful island costume, which the younger portion had, alas! discarded to make way for that which, in their innocence, they termed dress *à la Branchuys*. I knew not if it was accidental, or whether the remark made as to other parts of Italy applies here also, but it seemed to me that there were few among the fairer sex who were more than mere girls or less than old women—old, shrivelled-up, emaciated women, whose features mingled in strong contrast with the plump, merry faces of the girls; and the same, though not in so great a degree, might be observed of the men.

As we turned to descend by a steeper path than that which the procession followed, so that we might again fall in with it, how beautiful was the scene that lay before our eyes! Immediately in front of us soared Vesuvius; not, as I had seen him five years before, with his swarthy head darkened by clouds of smoke, and vomiting forth at intervals, with sounds like distant thunder, huge masses of molten rock, amid flames which night made visible; but quiet and majestic like his brethren that rose around him, and peaceful as the blue, the bright blue sea that sued and sighed wistfully at his feet, and which seemed yet more beautiful in its contrast with the green vines and darker olives so pleasantly spread along the shore. Among chestnut-groves to the right appeared the white walks that glisten in Castellamare, and to the left arose the darker palaces of Naples, while straggling between the two, and at this distance appearing to be connecting streets of one huge town, were seen the little villages of Portici, Torre del Greco, and Anagnina, through which, as though to remind us that we were not living in the days of Virgil, the railway-train was steaming. Further to the right, and at a distance of four or five miles, though the pure atmosphere made it seem much nearer to our English eyes, jutted the promontory that conceals Sorrento; and if we turned our eyes about as much in the opposite direction, they fell on Ischia and Procida, and the lower coast where Baia lies, though it was scarcely discernible from the place on which we stood.

I had remained in Capri longer than I had at first intended, on purpose to see this festa, enjoying the hospitalities of my good friend Pagani, whose inn is not nearly so well known as the primitive yet comfortable arrangements and the merits of its proprietor deserve; and I had no reason to regret the delay. For the Blue Grotto, though beautiful indeed, is the least of the things worth visiting in this delightful island, and I grew, I know not how, daily more enchanted with all that it contains; ay, even to the point of feeling my antipathy to Tiberius gradually melting away. And now as the scenes which he loved to look upon were rendered to me yet more fascinating by all that light and life confer I felt my heart glowing with a sense of enjoyment rarely experienced after the fairy days of childhood have passed away; and growing thereupon sentimental, I nearly missed my footing down the rough path by which we were hurriedly descending. My friend's ready arm probably saved me from broken bones.

We reached the point of intersection soon enough. The road here was strewn with rose-leaves and other flowers, of which enough grown wild to lead astray maidens wiser than Proserpine, goddess though she was; and not the road only, for as the procession came in sight we saw

that flowers had been showered on man and maiden, as they passed before their neighbours seated on the walls on either side of them. The gilt image of St. Costanzo was buried up to the chin. Truly their office can have been no sinecure to the four bearers in that burning sun; but it was a post of honour, and they did not mind the fatigue, but trudged merrily along under their burden, until they reached the little chapel to which they were bound. An ugly little building in truth it was, all whitewash and tinsel; but the good folks seem to love it, notwithstanding; and now it was dressed out in all its festal drapery, and before the porch were gathered those whose laziness had kept them from joining the procession, and who now were waiting its arrival, chatting and smoking, or consuming their leisure and their bajocchi in the purchase of gingerbread and other comestibles at the stalls which had been set up on the little piazza.

The ceremonies of the day ended before twelve; and we separated to rest, during the hot noontide, under an engagement from my friend to meet again at his house half an hour after sunset, or, as they say here, at twenty-four o'clock, to be spectators of a "festa di ballo" (as it was rather magnificently termed) which he had organised on this occasion for the amusement of his simple neighbours. So, ere it was dusk, and while the horizon and Ischia were yet glowing in the brightness of a southern sunset, thither we went. We were the first to arrive; but not long afterwards came the parroco, and the medico, and the great commandante himself, and a troop of black-eyed maidens, their veils of ceremony laid aside, though they did not look the less pretty for that. And the band of the island, consisting of a tambourine and a guitar, having struck up, and the little difficulties concerning precedence and so forth, for which your Italian is a great stickler, having been happily surmounted, tarascone and tarantella followed in rapid succession. And then came wine and cakes, and tarantellas again, in which we took part to the best of our limited knowledge. And suddenly some one, bolder than the rest, proposed—what think you?—a contredanse! Now, be it known to all who ignore the same, that a contredanse in civilised countries is nothing more than a quadrille. But oh, ye gods! what a quadrille was here! 'Twas a perfect *olla podrida* of Terpsichorean art—all dances mingled together, chaises; and waltz, and promenade, and galoppe, with a trifle of polka by way of variation, and all at the pleasure of our leader. And who so good a leader as our gallant Tenente?—a sad and sobered man, indeed, was he on most occasions; for imprisonment and banishment for crimes of which he had never even heard the names had, in these days of revolution, worked their influence upon him, and turned the bright waters of his manhood into a well of bitterness; but now gay and lighthearted as on the day when first he had sported a new uniform in the frescoed salons of Naples, he footed it merrily under the awning through which the perfumed breath of night was wafted from the orange-groves.

After a second specimen of this new-fangled dance, prolonged somewhat beyond the common, I was not sorry to retreat for a while to my friend's sitting-room up-stairs, in order to enjoy uninterruptedly the scene from the window. "The night of cloudless climes and starry

skies" was glorious indeed to behold! Below, the fire-flies were sitting about, as though the stars had taken wing from above. The melody of a thousand plashing waves fell upon my ear. In spite of the music and mirth below, I could hear them as they rushed through the arched rocks of the Fareglioni, as they swept along the narrow channel which divides the mainland from the precipice on whose summit are the ruins of the palace of Tiberius, as they broke upon the shingles of the Marina. And once, while I sat there, from the tower of the ancient cathedral boomed forth the knell of another hour that had passed away never to return, bringing us nearer to a morrow not appointed to dawn upon one of those who were even now dancing below!

Suddenly the music ceased. The noise of hurried feet struggling up the stairs succeeded to the measured cadence of the dance. The voice of eager inquiry, of sympathy, and of sorrow, supplanted the laughter that had reigned before. On inquiry, I learnt that the poor commandante, so lately full of life and spirits, had been seized with a fit of apoplexy, and was even now being carried up the stairs which he was never more to descend alive. They laid him on my friend's bed. At first he uttered a word or two thickly in answer to the questions of the anxious doctor; but gradually his breathing became more stertorous; veins were opened in his arms, in his hands, in his feet, but the blood would not flow. A messenger was sent for leeches, and none were to be got. I shall not easily forget the voice of the poor wife, when they asked her what they should pay for them, and she answered "*Qualunque prezzo.*" It was the voice of poverty indignant to be niggardly in so great an extremity. No sum would be too great to give for the chance—it was, alas! but a faint one—of saving her husband's life. They had roused her from her sleep to hear that her husband was dying, but she gave way to no womanish grief, until the last sad offices had been performed by the priests who were waiting in the outer room. Then, at length, the voice of her sorrow burst forth. They led her down the stairs, on which a drop of his blood was still visible. She dipped her forefinger in it, and placed it to her lips. It was touching to observe the various ways in which she expressed her reverence for him who was no more, peculiar as they appeared to one at least of those who were present. Doubtless she was an affectionate wife—probably she was a good woman; for my friend told me that as she passed by the shrine of Our Lady, on the way to her desolate home, she flung herself on the ground, and implored on her knees that succour in her sorrow which an All-merciful God alone can give.

And thus ended our Festa-Day in Capri.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Something about Nuns and Convents—The Quirinale and Pius IX.

I HAD seen a saint made at St. Peter's when I came first to Rome. I have now seen a nun made, and the second ceremony edified me more than the first, because, having deeply studied ecclesiastical Rome, I understood it better. There is a small church on the left hand, descending the hill from the Quattro Fontane towards Santa Maria Maggiore, before whose door we found ourselves at nine o'clock last Sunday morning. Who the tutelary saint of that small church is, no bigger than an "upper chamber," I do not know. Our kind monk, Padre S——, was in waiting to receive us, ushered us in, and placed us close to the altar, garlanded and wreathed, and draped with red and white and gold, mixed with flowers and boughs; the floor of the church was also strewn with box and bay leaves, exhaling an aromatic perfume as the heavy feet of the crowd went and came. We were early: the altar was untenanted, with a crimson desk and cushion placed in front for the officiating cardinal. There was a great deal of running to and fro; for it seemed a simple primeval sort of place, unused to such grand and solemn ceremonial: the *custodè*, anglicè, *pew-opener*, a little humptidumpty woman, looked all cap and ribbons, bustle, and confusion. She and the Swiss Guards, in their parti-coloured uniforms, standing right and left of the altar, were incessantly at cross-purposes, causing the poor little soul to blush deeper and deeper at each fresh mistake. Then there was a naughty little shred of the garment of Aaron, dressed in a surplice, who dogged about in company with another little priestikin, and caused great scandal by the faces they made from behind the altar at each other—a *mésinconvenance* instantly and sternly checked by a tall and solemn priest, who, laying violent hands on both, drove them ignominiously forth among the crowd, in a state of great affright, the little fellows' bright eyes staring wildly around. It was a festa—a great festa—and they wanted to enjoy it their own way; the poor things knew no better.

After the pew-opener had rushed about in and out of the crowd many times, putting chairs in impossible places, where they won't stand, and evincing various evidences of a temporary aberration of intellect, contemplated by the Swiss Guards with a certain grim and cynic composure, a bell sounded lustily—a buzz and hush went round the crowd—the Guards opened a passage—and Cardinal Mattei, a venerable man, entirely clothed in red, advanced, and knelt on the cushion prepared for him. He was followed by a suite of gentlemen—his confessor, &c.—all habited in black, somewhat in the Sir Walter Raleigh style, wearing swords and chains, who, during his orisons, stood around him. After he had risen and taken his place in front of the altar opposite the congregation, two ladies, the Countess Marescalchi and Mrs. Scott, wearing veils, advanced, accompanied by priests, leading by the hand two little children. They took their places on chairs facing the altar. After a pause, and the singing of invisible female voices from behind the altar, advanced the four sisters,

who, having previously taken the lesser vows, were now to make what is called *their profession*. They were habited as Sisters of Mercy, wearing black robes, and white linen cloths folded over and about their heads in those indescribable coifs peculiar to nuns. Each bore a lighted candle in her hand; their eyes were bent on the ground; and they were accompanied by two other elderly sisters, similarly habited, who had already taken the full vows. The solemn funereal procession passed into the enclosure around the altar, each sister making her reverence to the benevolent-looking cardinal sitting on his fauld-stool, being closed by two lovely children, fair and pure as alabaster, habited as little angels—an innocent delusion—their extreme beauty much favoured with draperies of blue over tunics of pale pink, classically disposed about their delicate little persons, sandals on their feet, and having wings covered with feathers. These little creatures bore each a salver: the one containing wreaths of the brightest and freshest flowers, the other crowns of green thorns, their great dagger point standing out several inches—thorns that recal those heads of the divine “Man of Sorrow,” such as Guido and Carlo Dolce could create, so agonising and overwhelming to the mind, as imaging the true and sacred tale of suffering, shadowed fairly forth.

By the time the various groups had ranged themselves around the altar, the sacred space was quite full. It was a rich and varied tableau, combining the ingredients of an admirable picture: the calm, venerable cardinal in the centre; on one side the six nuns, in their dark habits, bearing, as the wise virgins of old, “their lights burning;” on the other, the group of attendant gentlemen and priests, the little angels in their gay draperies, the veiled ladies and their little charges, with the great crimson velvet curtains enclosing all in their heavy folds. Music now burst forth from the hidden choir in full and joyous strains, befitting the happy celebration of the celestial espousals. The cardinal was invested with splendid robes of white and gold; a jewelled mitre being placed on his head. The ladies (secular) then advanced, and, kneeling at his feet, presented the two children, who received at his hands the consecrated oil on their foreheads—a renewing of the baptismal vows; answering, I take it, to our own ceremony of confirmation. Oil that has been solemnly blessed can only be used in the most solemn rites, such as the coronation of sovereigns, the anointing the dying, in extreme unction, and other exceptional occasions, and is only to be touched by the hands of a priest. A fillet of white silk was therefore fastened round the heads of the children, giving them the appearance of early Christian catechumens. At the conclusion of this graceful preface to the other ceremony, the children, and the two ladies acting as their sponsors, retired to their seats, and were seen no more.

Music broke the pauses, joyous hallelujahs, and *Te Deums* and *Jubilates*; amid which songs of praise, the nuns advancing, kissed the hand of the cardinal. Their confessor, a tall, ill-favoured man, who had entered with them, and taken his place within the altar, now rose, and in Italian besought the favour of the cardinal to permit his addressing a few words of exhortation to his spiritual daughters.

Such an occasion would furnish an admirable opportunity for a man of eloquence and intellect to make a splendid discourse, but the *papre* here present was a common, coarse creature, who brawled in a high-pitched

voice, like a presbyterian minister, for about twenty minutes, in praise of virginity, and extolling the sacrifice these "*coraggiosi Giovani*," as he styled them, were about to make, and then sat down. The nuns again advanced opposite to the cardinal, and knelt—the little angels, who had looked very faint and weary, bearing the flowers and thorns, while the padre continued his stentorian oration, drew near, and the ceremony proceeded.

I cannot attempt to give all the particulars of a long and complicated service. I notice the salient points alone. One nun, representing her fellows—all bearing the lighted candles, of a size much resembling a torch—made a speech in Italian to the cardinal, to the effect that she and her fellows desired to lay aside all worldly pomp, desires, and vanities, and to attach themselves wholly to that divine bridegroom who will one day descend to claim his own, and knock. They desired to suffer, to obey, to renounce all and everything for His sake—father and mother and friends—so as to be found of him. This was all pronounced in a clear, cheerful voice, without any apparent emotion whatever; in fact, it wanted modulation to make it interesting; and great and noble as was the sacrifice they were making, from this very cause it was devoid of interest, and lacked that poetic charm of melancholy and sad renunciation with which the imagination invests a nun's vows, separating her from all she loves in the world *visible*, for the sake and love of that *invisible* country—that bourne from which no traveller returns—beyond the skies.

At the close of the nun's oration the cardinal addressed certain questions to them all, and I heard them promise "to go wherever they were sent." What a world lay in these simple words—the renunciation of what we love next to life, our liberty—"libero arbitrio"—"to go whither they were sent." Poor souls! what a vow, and what fortitude would be required to fulfil it, when we remember that these being Sisters of Mercy, and employed in nursing the sick—not being confined within any particular convent—undertook the most painful and revolting duties fellow-worms can perform towards each other. "To go whither they are sent," into contagion, filth, sorrow, and death—to minister to the wants of the suffering wretch that the world disowns—to receive his last sigh—to close his starting eyes! Oh! holy and sacred vocation when sincerely fulfilled! Surely your treasure will be "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," if—oh, frail sisters!—ye are enabled steadfastly to keep these vows. May Heaven and all its saints help ye, and guard ye in the stony path before you! Their lights burnt brightly now, and all looked fair for the weary journey. But who knows?

The cardinal then took a pair of large scissors from off the altar, and cut from the head of each a handful of hair, which he presented to them. Receiving the hair from him they cast it from them, with these words, said in clear, round, unhesitating accents: "*Rinunzio al mondo e a tutte le sue vanità.*" There was almost *hate* and *defiance* in the tone and the action, as though the thought of this world was sin, and pain, and sorrow; but no one present could for a moment question its entire sincerity—it was the free spontaneous expression of the internal essence. The cardinal then addressed them in Italian.

"*Mie sorelle,*" said he, "you have chosen, like Mary, the 'better

part; you will be the brides of that unseen and invisible bridegroom, whose coming the church militant earnestly awaits. Will you, like him, choose the crown of thorns, or will you prefer the chaplet of flowers? Here are both. I desire that you make your choice."

The little angels now advanced, bearing each their load.

"Eminentissimo," replied the nun who had all along acted as spokeswoman, "we only wish in all things to follow the example of our Divine Lord; we beseech the blessed Virgin, Maria Santissima, and all the saints to help us in this our resolve. Like Jesus, we desire to wear the crown of thorns, which we now take."

Each advanced, and taking a crown of thorns from off the salver, the two elder sisters fixed it on the top of their white coifs. Bearing these marks of our Saviour's agony, they had accomplished the symbolic rites of the Church, and had become eternally dedicated to Him in Time as in Eternity. They kissed the hand of the cardinal, then saluted tenderly each other; and, after listening to some more joyous music from the invisible choir, celebrating the mystic espousals, they withdrew as they had come. I could see them well as they passed out. Some were strikingly young and handsome, of that classic type of Roman beauty, consisting in fine lines and grand massive features, reminding one perpetually of the antique, with those deep, dark, unutterable glancing eyes, only to be seen in the South—profound, fathomless, glorious, as the depths of their own blue heavens! Peace go with the holy maids, and joy in the great vineyard of the Lord, whither they were bound; and may they never repent those solemn oaths, chronicled by the Church in our hearing!

"Ah, poverine!" exclaimed that excellent creature, Padre S—, when all was over. "Dio li protegge! What a life—what sacrifices! Ah, chi lo sa!" (What words can tell?) And his honest eyes ran over with tears, for he—a monk of Valombrosa—*knows* practically what it is to take up that Cross here below, and kiss and wreath it with the flowers of humility and resignation, when it is most heavy and most bitter, in memory of *Him*, our glorified Lord, whom, Heaven be praised! we all join in adoring, and by whose merits *alone* Catholic, Protestant, or Greek can hope for salvation!

The church of San Antonio, on the Esquiline, is known to every one as the place where the animals are blessed. It is also well known to Romans as the convent where are manufactured the palms used by the Pope and cardinals in the high mass at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. This year no less than twelve hundred were woven out of the "canne," or reeds (growing in waving forests on the banks of rivers and in marshy places), by the industrious nuns, who, living under what is called "clausura," can never leave their monastery like the free, but certainly more suffering, "Sisters of Mercy."

Padre S— took us to see the great palm made for the Pope, and sent to him every year from San Antonio. He, poor man, was in ecstasy over its elegance and fancy; if it had been a rare cinque-cento toy, worked by the hand of the immortal Cellini, he could not have more extolled it. It certainly was wonderful how the conceits and fancies of grapes, and wheat-ears, and leaves, and flowers could all be cut out of hard round reeds; but the design was poor and confused, and the introduction of artificial flowers into the festoons gave the whole a tawdry appearance.

It was a huge thing, nearly six foot high, meant, of course, only for ornament and not for use.

But what engaged me much more than the palm was a sight we saw in the interior of the cloister, whither, thanks to our tonsured friend (who is the confessor of these good sisters), we had penetrated. There was a small table, immediately below a heavy double-iron grating, shaped like a window in the wall. At this table sat an elderly man of the working class and a boy. Behind the grating, and distinctly visible, was a real "cloistered nun," conversing with these her relatives, and all the while busily plying her finger in weaving, and cutting, and twisting a palm for the coming festa. Her figure and head were wrapped in a mantle of black serge; her face was enclosed in a close-setting coif. She was young, and positively *beautiful*; of that high aristocratic beauty peculiar to Romans. Fresh roses mantled in her cheeks, and her eyes quite pierced the envious iron bars. She looked gay, smiling, and happy, and was conversing on evidently cheerful and animating subjects in a low voice with her relatives. I could scarcely take my eyes from her, she looked so surpassingly handsome; she seemed positively irradiating the gloomy precincts around her. Padre S—— informed me that nuns are at all times permitted thus to meet and freely to converse with friends and relatives.

"But," said I, "should they *abuse* the indulgence, what then?"

"Oh!" said he, "that rarely occurs; but in such a case, the abess would interfere and admonish the sister. Would we like to see the mother superior?"

"Oh, extremely!"

"Well—we should see her; for she was 'una buonissima creatura e molto sua amica.'"

So we passed into an inner room, and sat down before precisely such another little table under a similar double grating. As Padre S—— passed the lovely nun, she respectfully rose and saluted him: this attention was shown by virtue of his office of confessor to the community. After waiting some time, a little old wrinkled woman, bent nearly double by age, emerged from the dark recesses beyond—like some fairy of the good old days—who, in the "*Deus ex machina*" way, only appears to do good, and counteract evil and wicked spirits. Her countenance, though extremely aged, expressed mildness and amiability. She saluted us kindly, and seemed quite delighted at our praises of the Pope's great Palm.

"Sì," replied she, "un bel lavoro molto bravo."

We had not naturally many subjects in common, specially as the good old lady would not consider us as *Christians*; but we got on very tolerably. She looked at the children and asked their ages, and admired them—until quite ashamed of martyring her any longer, I begged to "*levarle l'incomodo*" (as the Romans say), and withdrew. Certainly my impression of the nuns of San Antonio is decidedly that they are cheerful, happy, and enjoying all becoming freedom.

Many of the boasted hills of Rome exist but in name, or in the excited imaginations of antiquarians; but the Quirinale is really a respectable and visible eminence, conspicuous from all quarters of the city. Baths and temples are said to have decorated its base. A temple to the *Deus*

Fidius (or of good faith) is particularly mentioned—a deity with a horn—assuredly, the Romans had very small dealings. On the summit, near the site of the very magnificent but small church of St. Andrew, belonging to the Jesuits, rose the stately Temple of Quirinus, dedicated to Romulus. When that unprincipled, though fortunate, founder of young Rome had established his brigand dominion over a motley collection of exiles, refugees, thieves, and murderers, gathered by promises of refuge and certainty of warlike spoils from all parts of Italy, he suddenly, after a long and prosperous reign, disappeared from the presence of the multitude during an assembly of the people without the city; the heavens darkened, clouds gathered over his throne, a blackness as of night obscured the day, and thunder and loud winds bursting forth announced some tremendous convulsions of nature. When the tempest passed and the light reappeared Romulus was gone.

The people declared that he had been murdered, but the priests and patricians maintained that he was caught up to heaven, and that it behoved the quintes and the plebs to worship him as a god; the question being satisfactorily settled by the credulity or invention of a certain Alban, Julius Proculus by name, descended from Ascanius, the founder of the “long white city,” who affirmed, that on his way to the Forum, Romulus had met him, ennobled and dazzling in countenance, and arrayed in radiant armour. Julius, astonished at the apparition, thus addressed it: “For what misbehaviour of ours, O king! or by what accident have you so untimely left us in utter calamity, and sunk the whole city in inexpressible sorrow?” To which the shade graciously replied, “It pleased the gods, my good Proculus, that for awhile I should dwell with men and found a great and glorious city, and afterwards return to heaven from whence I came. Farewell. Go tell the Romans, that by the exercise of temperance and fortitude they shall attain the highest pitch of human greatness, and I, the god Quirinus, will ever be propitious to them.”

Thus spoke the unrighteous murderer of his brother, and disappeared. So a temple was built, and the royal impostor Romulus there deified and honoured under the name of *Quirites*, as a martial, or warrior god; and the hill was called Quirinus on which his temple stood, and is so named even to this day. But these uncertain and allegorical chronicles of a dim and misty antiquity all vanish before the glorious *coup d'œil* of our own day, or but lend a graceful legendary character to one of the most striking scenes in the Eternal City.

On the summit of the height appears the magnificent fountain of Monte Cavallo, so named from the horses and their godlike leaders, Castor and Pollux, standing in grand and solemn repose beside the rampant steeds. The names of Phidias and Praxiteles are engraven on the pedestals, and antiquarians at least agree that they are of Grecian workmanship: their exquisite classical beauty none can dispute, of that calm ideal character marking the divine. Between them rises an obelisk of red granite, brought hither from the mausoleum of Augustus, whither it was borne to commemorate some Egyptian triumph of Rome's first great emperor. That obelisk, bathed in the sunlight, carries back the mind to the burning sand deserts bordering the Nile, the gigantic temples and the mysterious rites of which Herodotus himself could not write without trembling at their horrible sublimity and mystical significance. Now its base is bathed by a pure and delicious fountain gushing forth, a perennial source

of abundance and freshness sparkling in the sunbeams, and putting to shame, by its transparent clearness, the snowy whiteness of majestic marble forms that guard it. Beyond are churches and edifices bordering the ample piazza; in one corner a glimpse of the Rospigliosi Palace, embowered in trees, with the immortal Aurora shrined in its pretty pavilion; opposite, the walls of the Colonna gardens, overmantling with verdure and lading the air with the perfume of roses and luscious orange groves, under whose shade the French cavalry collect, and, *al fresco*, groom their horses, arranged in long files along the wall, and sing French songs, and cry "*sacré*," as unconcerned as if the ground they stood on was not consecrated by world-wide legends of the classic past.

On the opposite side, facing the fountain, extends the vast palace of the Quirinale, crowning the hill like a diadem, and descending through whole streets in its interminable extent. It impresses, from the very simplicity of its architecture, essentially different from the florid magnificence prevailing at the Vatican. It is at the Quirinale, built by Paul III. and Gregory XIII., that the conclaves of the sacred college take place; and at that window which one sees conspicuous over the grand entrance, the new pope is presented to the Roman people. A place renowned as the scene where the ancient Romans worshipped the temporal power of their deified king, and the Catholic world receives its chief, adding a fresh link in that glorious chain penetrating so many centuries, must demand from me some few details.

When the pope is dead, the cardinal-chamberlain knocks three times at the door of his chamber, calling on him by his Christian and family name, and his title as pope. After a pause, he turns to the attendant clergy and notaries, saying, "*Dunque è morto*"—"He is then dead." The fisherman's ring is then brought and broken in pieces; the great bell of the capitol tolls, the bells of every one of the innumerable churches in Rome responding to its deep and solemn note. The sacred college of cardinals meanwhile assembles, whilst the body of the deceased pontiff is exposed to the sight of the people, in the Vatican Basilica, who come and kiss his feet.

On the ninth day the cardinals are assembled in the Quirinale chapel, where the psalm, "*Veni, Creator*," is sung. The immense extent of the palace, running down the Via Pia to the Quattro Fontane, is entirely divided into little cells and chambers, uninhabited unless on these solemn occasions, when the cardinals are confined there until after the election of a new pope, in order to prevent any possibility of communication from without during the sitting of the conclave. Each room contains a bed, a few chairs, and a table; the cardinal princes once installed in these dismal little cells, hung with green serge, the doors of the palace are walled up, as also the windows, except one pane, just sufficient to admit a gloomy light into the conclave.

The Prince of Savelli, by virtue of an hereditary privilege, keeps the gates, and provisions are conveyed to the cardinals and their attendants by means of revolving circular cupboards, such as one sees used in convents. There are confessors, doctors, surgeons, two barbers, and a carpenter, also shut up. The cardinals rise at six o'clock, when a bell rings, and a voice is heard in the long corridors calling out, "*Ad capellam Domini*."

The election, which takes place in the chapel, is by ballot; the great

powers of Catholic Europe having each the power of a single veto against any single cardinal, but no more. When the number of votes make it evident who will be elected, a bell sounds, and his name is pronounced aloud. He is then asked if he accepts the election. On responding to which demand in the affirmative (for history informs us of no pontiff who ever refused the proffered honour) the cardinals fall back, respectfully leaving him alone. He then announces by what appellation he intends to reign, it having been the custom for the popes to change their names at their election ever since the time of Sergius IV., who, being christened *Peter*, declined to bear the name given by Christ to the first among the apostles. The new pope is then arrayed in white and crimson, with the red embroidered shoes bearing the cross, the cardinals kiss his feet, and he is invested with the fisherman's ring.

The "*Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*" is then sung by the fine papal choir, unaccompanied by instrumental music, and the cardinal-deacon, preceded by the mason and carpenter and the master of the ceremonies, proceeds towards the window in the Loggia over the grand entrance to announce to the people the election of the pope.

An immense multitude inundates the piazza; the windows, the roofs, are one moving mass of human beings, ebbing and flowing like the stormy waves of an angry sea. All Rome is there, the plebeian and the patrician, mingled in one common sentiment of intense curiosity among the throng; cries, and screams announce the excitable nature of the fiery Italians; they can brook no delay—the cardinal is too long in coming—the carpenter is a *birbante*, and they curse the mason, and send him to the infernal gods of both ancient and modern Erebus for his laziness. "*Ci vuol il nostro Papa. Facci vedere il nostro Papa!*" "*We must see him. Give us our Pope!*" thunders on all sides. The smaller canaglia mount sacrilegiously on the beauteous statues of Castor and of Pollux, bestride the Grecian steeds without ceremony, and fling around the water from the basin on the crowd who cannot escape, crying out to be shown their Pope. The guards, in this moment of interregnum, are of no avail; they are mocked at and disregarded. They, too, end by joining in the cry of "*Il Papa—il nuovo Papa!*" It is a moment of thrilling interest, of dramatic suspense. Suddenly there is a great pause—a silence, a stillness as of death falls on that assembled multitude; the wall of brick, that built up the window, totters, it falls with a crash, and the cardinal deacon stands forth on the Loggia, and the last notes of the soft music of the choir are heard dying away in the distance. At the sight of the cardinal there is a long hush; the crowd trembles, rushes forward, and then again is still, and religious silence reigns.

"I announce to you," says his eminence, "joyful tidings; the Most Eminent and Reverend ——— having taken the name of ———, is elected Pope."

The piazza resounds with enthusiastic applause, roars, shouts, and cries of delight and triumph; the silver trumpets sound clear and pure above the riot; the great guns of Castel San Angelo bang forth their iron bolts, the sound of artillery from the walls, and every fort in Rome unites in chorus with the deep harmonious sound of the great bell of St. Peter's and every other church in the city.

In the midst of this exulting jubilee, where earth calls on the mighty echoes of the mountains and the high vault of heaven to respond to and

participate in its joy, the father of the Catholic world himself appears on the balcony, and indulges the enthusiasm of a delirious people by his sight. When Pius the Ninth was elected, his tender heart was so overcome by the overwhelming greetings and applause by which he was received, that he actually burst into a flood of tears, and was removed, fainting, from the Loggia—sad presage of his reign, begun in tears to end in sorrow—caused by that same unchastened and wild licentious spirit that predominates so fatally among his unbridled subjects. But the people have not yet done. After the Pope withdraws, they rush forward, and, by virtue of an ancient privilege, proceed to the interior of the palace where the conclave sat—seize on everything they can find as their lawful booty, and cause a general havoc and confusion, until the illumination of the city calls off the uproarious rabble to a wider arena wherein to *sfogare* their boiling passions in the innumerable streets of the great Capitol.

It was from that historic window Pius the Ninth was in the habit of showing himself to the enthusiastic Romans at the period of his wild popularity, when they called him forth to heap blessings on his head, to applaud and cheer him for the boon of liberty his government ensured them. Here he received all the ovations which an excited and grateful nation are capable of rendering. Sometimes he was called forth in rain and wind, and came, obedient to their wishes, to gratify them by his presence, and dispense blessings around—blessings of price coming from a good and a Christian man who lives near his God. Those two short years saw many thrilling scenes of love, devotion, and enthusiasm, many gorgeous pageants, many soul-inspiring services, when the temporal and spiritual powers invested in the beloved Pope seemed to render him more than mortal in the eyes of all men. But the dark days came hard—the chord was too tightly drawn—it needs must slacken. The excellent and saintly man was gradually despised; he, in his simple-hearted goodness, granted weighty reforms too rapidly and readily. The excited people, finding they had but to ask, grew senseless and unreasonable, and desired all law and government to be annihilated, and that Pius should head a red republic—a moral chaos. The fickle population, accustomed to action and excitement, could brook no repose—pageants, festas, and sights must amuse them, laws be destroyed, and new concessions keep their minds on fire. The Pope, unconscious of the gulf opening beneath him, confident in his people's affection and his own justice and rectitude, for a time headed the course of events, flung himself in the rushing tide of the changing time, and endeavoured to please every party by his compliance, his mercy, and forbearance; directing and piloting all, if so it might be, towards the heavenly haven whither his own course was surely set. But it would not do; he could not conscientiously, and he would not wrongfully, answer the expectations of a licentious and now brutalised populace. He would have secured their freedom, but they yelled for anarchy; the wild flames of revolution in the tremendous '48 were abroad, and soon reached the walls of the ancient queen of cities.

The people being just in that maddened state of excitement ready to listen favourably to any novelty, and finding that, *reformer* though he was, Pius would never become a *revolutionist*, they came to hate their idol, and to tear him down from the household altars which they had

reared to him. Oh! it was a sad and melancholy epic, full of deep pathos and powerful phases of passion, those brief two years of his happy sovereignty! But it was soon past, and its pleasant and beneficent memories trodden rudely under foot. And then came the senseless and cruel murder of Count Rossi, at the Palazzo della Cancelleria, that most patriotic and enlightened minister, the temporal support of the papal throne; and then came rumours of war and danger and rebellion: the same people who had once so loved him now gazed at the Pope in stern and ominous silence; then came the attack on the Quirinale, where he lived—the brutal attack on the sovereign that would have spent himself for the people God had placed him to rule over. Then he was no longer safe in once happy Rome; for a republic was to be established, and, save the Swiss guard—faithful as steel—he was alone and undefended. Then came the flight, when he passed out of the great portal (where first he had been saluted by the unstable Romans) disguised as a priest in company of the Bavarian ambassador—Count Spaur—and fled over the frontiers to Mola di Gaeta, where he was received by the King of Naples, kneeling before the fugitive pontiff, surrounded by his family, and lived many long months in a kind of splendid captivity.

Another pope, years ago, was dragged from the Quirinale, which would seem fatal to the papal power, by a different, though not less brutal, violence, when general Radet, the envoy of Napoleon, scaled the garden walls, at the head of a band of soldiers, and at three o'clock in the morning forced his way into the sleeping-room of the venerable Pius VII. They obliged him to rise, dress, and accompany them, with his faithful minister, Cardinal Pacca, to a carriage in waiting, and thus, in the silence of the night, bore off the Pope a prisoner. After driving some time towards Florence, the Pope asked Cardinal Pacca if he had brought with him any money. "Your holiness knows," said he, "I was dragged out of my apartment as you were from yours, and had no opportunity of taking anything." On searching their purses they found nothing but a few bajocchi (pence). "See," exclaimed Pius VII., "all that remains to me of my kingdom."

I have been led to greater length than I intended in recounting the vicissitudes recalled by the Quirinale; and I must now relate my own impressions when I visited yesterday that interesting palace. I entered by a portal under that same window so celebrated in the history of the nineteenth century, in the front of the palace, cresting proudly the brow of Monte Cavallo. An enormous cortile occupies the centre of the building, surrounded by a fine arcade, from which the grand marble staircases ascend. This cortile is as public as the street now that the Pope inhabits the Vatican, which he leaves about the month of July, when the air becomes unwholesome; and although the particoloured Swiss guard ostentatiously parade up and down, bearing their halberds, all the dirty little boys of the quarter find a convenient playground in the cool shade of the pillared corridors; the *botchi* balls roll; and that everlasting game with their fingers, "*Uno, due, tre*," which the Italians do really seem to understand from the very hour of their birth, proceeds unmolested. Now and then a cardinal or a monsignore appears; they stare, stand aside, and then begin again, nothing abashed.

On mounting a fine staircase we entered a nobly-proportioned hall, richly decorated with frescoes, from whence opens the chapel where the

conclave for the election of the popes is held, and where the dove, it is said, descends on the head of the elected cardinal. These mysterious precincts are not, however, visible to strangers. Three ante-rooms lined with beautiful marbles, are next passed, ending in a kind of corridor, lighted by a spacious window looking out to the front of the palace. This is the window so celebrated in papal history as the scene of such varied events, and which, during the sitting of the conclave, is walled up. Beyond is a splendid apartment, lined with fine Gobelin tapestry, representing subjects from our Saviour's life, opening into a still grander hall, furnished in a similar manner, but more resplendent with gold and colours, where, under a canopy of crimson velvet, the popes give audience to crowned heads and magnates of the highest rank. The chairs are of wood and without cushions, as no one, of whatever rank, is permitted a more comfortable *pose* while in the presence of his holiness, who is, however, himself accommodated with a most luxurious "poltrona" (literally an idle-chair). Conspicuous in every room are placed one if not two superbly carved crucifixes of gold, ebony, ivory, and precious gems; striking mementoes in these gilded saloons. Next in order comes another audience-room, of smaller dimensions, but still superb; and so on and on to a snug little boudoir, or writing-room, where the Pope's seat is still prepared under a velvet canopy, in an immense arm-chair, before a table on which stands a large crucifix. Shelves surround the room, curtained with crimson silk; that colour also prevailing in the Pope's bedroom—a nice quiet little room where the vicar of Christ upon earth lays him down to rest on a small iron bedstead, screened with curtains of red silk. Two or three diminutive chests of drawers, a sofa, and a few chairs, constitute all the furniture. A benitoire for holy water hangs against the wall, a prie-dieu desk for private devotion; and some crucifixes and religious ornaments complete the arrangements of the room. Nothing can be more simple; it would rival in plainness the bedroom of the great Duke at Walmer. It may not be generally known that Pius began life as a soldier, and belonged for many years to the Guardia Nobile, whose especial province is to guard the person of the pontiff, whom they never quit day or night, reposing outside the door of his chamber. The late Pope, Gregory, perceiving his vocation for a religious life, advised Pius to renounce the military career, which he accordingly did, and was ordained a priest, taking part soon after in a missionary expedition in South America. Perhaps few modern popes have known as much of real practical work—a day-life—as Pius. I have before mentioned the charming and benignant expression of his countenance. His features are good, and although beaming with unmistakable kindness, convey nothing vulgar or trivial: it is a fine, solid-looking head, with grey hair cut à la Titus, particularly adapted to sculpture. Still, in marble one misses the placid and affectionate expression of his black eyes, diffusing a calm peacefulness which must be even felt by those most inclined to dispute his influence. In manner he is kind, though quiet and reserved. He rises at half-past six in the morning, and, what is extraordinary in an Italian, shaves himself, disliking unnecessary attendance. His toilet over, he says mass alone in his private chapel, and hears another in public afterwards. This is to Pius the most solemn and important act of his life. At half-past eight he has fulfilled his pontifical duties and fortified his soul by

prayer and communion. His mind is now free and disengaged for the labours of the day. A light breakfast of coffee and a few biscuits follows, according to the Italian fashion, and then begin his various avocations—Maestri di Camera, Camerieri Segreti, ministers of state, cardinals, prefects, and ambassadors, now crowd the antechambers, and are received by him without distinction.

One touching little trait of sympathy for his people struck me while surveying his bed-chamber. During the two years of his popularity, and when he was styled, even by the people, "*Liberal*," the favourite tricolor republican colours of the people were *green, red, and white*. The Pope wore them, the people loved them—they were a sacred symbol of his love for their cause, and his desire to meet the political wishes of his subjects. After the grand *sconvolgimento*, the entrance of Garibaldi, the siege, and the subsequent return of Pius, it was declared a political crime to wear those colours—women having them in their bonnets were subject to arrest—*red, green, and white*, became an emblem of anarchy intolerable to the existing government. Conceive my surprise when I saw every window in the Quirinale Palace—that palace the scene of the Pope's flight, and where he first experienced the undeserved and bitter loss of popular favour—hung ostentatiously with these colours—even to his bed-room—not looking old or faded, but fresh and bright as were once his hopes!

After passing long suites of rooms we reached the Pope's dining-room—a quite unadorned apartment, where he eats *alone* under the eternal baldacchino, with a crucifix placed opposite. Ever since the too worldly repasts of Leo X. it has been etiquette for the popes to dine alone, in the most simple and frugal manner. It is the highest honour for reigning sovereigns to be admitted to their table, and one rarely accorded. At Castello, or elsewhere, during the *villeggiatura*, when etiquette is somewhat relaxed, a few cardinals and prelates sometimes, but rarely, are invited. Pius's dinner is said only to cost one scudo (about 5s.), and to be discussed in twenty minutes, during which short time he converses with the secretary of state. After dinner, like a true Italian, the Pope retires to his room and takes a short siesta, after which he drives out, when without the walls alighting to walk on the public road.

The windows of the Quirinale overlook the delicious gardens sloping down the steep sides of Monte Cavallo, divided into stately walks by deep clipped hedges of yew and evergreen oak, bordered by statues and Termini, bright fountains and jets d'eau enlivening the centre of each division, among parterres of flowers. Under the dark cypress groves and ilex trees a perpetual coolness reigns; massive sculptured terraces edge the hill, and descend in long flights of steps to sequestered spots, in a shrubbery below, where the winding paths conduct to springs and cascades gushing from the rocky banks—an elegant, though somewhat gloomy, plaisance, well adapted to the tonsured grandees for whose enjoyment it is formed. In many of the rooms there are some good pictures, principally of the Decadence; but I was particularly struck by the principal chapel, painted entirely in fresco by Guido and Albano—it is quite a little *bijou*—so fresh and glowing one might fancy the colours but of yesterday. A large altar-piece of the Madonna with the Angel is, to my thinking, one of the most perfect and exquisite works of Guido, although Rome boasts such matchless and numerous specimens of his skill.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

DUELLING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE were many circumstances which tended to make duels more frequent in the last century than they are at present. The inefficiency of the watch, the unlighted state of the streets, the proximity of fields and secluded places to the city and west-end, the fashion of wearing swords and hangers, the immoderate taste for gambling, the practice of drinking deeply, even in good society, the violence and acrimony of political feeling, the frequency of intrigues and amours in fashionable life,—all, doubtless, contributed to swell the list of murders which were perpetrated under the name of duels.

Did the stranger who sat opposite to you in the coffee-house differ from you in opinion ; did the blacklegs, with whom you had just lost a few thousands at faro, after cozening you out of your estate, jeer you upon venturing no more ; did your friend refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of your mistress over his, there was no other remedy than a duel, and a duel was accordingly “got up,” and fought—frequently in the room even where the dispute arose—as in the following instance, which we copy from a newspaper of 1770 :

“As Mr. C—— was yesterday passing the Adelphi coffee-house, he was met by Mr. L——, with whom he had had a slight dispute the day before, in which some offensive words had been used. Mr. C—— dragged him into the coffee-room, and, locking the door, handed him a loaded pistol, and pointing one himself, desired him to fire. The pistols being discharged without effect, Mr. C—— drew his sword, and called on Mr. L—— to defend himself, but the report of the pistols and the clashing of the weapons attracting the attention of a club which was assembled in the adjoining room, the door was broken open, and the combatants were separated without further injury.”

The peculiar notions of the age rendered a duel almost a necessary resentment of an affront, punishment of an injury, or settlement of a dispute. What says Dr. Johnson ? “He, then, who fights a duel does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence, to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there were not that superfluity of sentiment, but while such notions prevail no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel.” Here, then, we have the least chivalrous of philosophers giving a specious justification of this barbarous practice, and allowing the lawfulness of murder when it was necessary to preserve a man’s station in society !

A duel at this time was “open to persons of limited means,” as the advertisements would say. There was no outlay required in the purchase of hair-triggered pistols ; no expensive trip to Wimbledon-common or

Wormwood-scrubbs. A sword was always ready at hand, and the green fields and retired lanes were close to Charing-cross, and an angry partisan, a ruined gamester, or a heated bacchanalian were converted into a mutilated corpse in less time than is now occupied in choosing a place of rendezvous. A half-pay officer, or a retired captain who "had a taste that way," although frequently a stranger to both the parties concerned, would always come forward to offer his services to either of them as second, and while the drowsy watchman was slumbering on his post, a mortal wound was often given and received in this way in the very streets of London.

A duel was not of much use even to the penny-a-liner, it was too common an event. Each paltry squabble was decided by a duel; every frivolous dispute was followed by a combat; and the persons who had been discussing some political question in the coffee-room, staking their property at the gaming-table, or toasting their respective mistresses at the banquet, scarcely considered their discussion, or their game, or their evening's amusement concluded until they had "crossed swords" in the nearest meadow. Can we look through a single novel written in the eighteenth century, and illustrating its manners, without finding at least a brace of duels in it? It was the fashion for friends to run each other through the body, and the occurrence was, *perhaps*, reported in the papers next day (perhaps not noticed at all), not as it would be now-a-days, headed "Horrible Tragedy!" and emblazoned in large type and garnished with notes of exclamation, but concisely stated as a matter of ordinary occurrence, to the effect that Mr. So-and-so and Mr. Such-a-one having had an altercation respecting a celebrated toast, they had fought in Such-and-such fields, when Mr. Such-a-one was mortally wounded by a thrust from his adversary's sword. What, for instance, can read colder or tamer than the following paragraph from the "Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer" of the *London Magazine* of August, 1735?—

"*Thursday, 7th.*—About six this morning a duel was fought near the Horse Guard-house at Kensington, between James Lee, of the county of Salop, Esq., and Jonathan Andrews, Esq., an ensign in Colonel Reed's regiment of foot at Gibraltar; when, after several passes, the former received a slight wound in his left breast, and the other was run through his body, and died on the spot. Mr. Andrews gave the challenge, and they fought at first in the Privy Garden; but Mr. Lee's sword being broke, they were parted, and went home to their lodgings, which was in the same house. Mr. Andrews would not rest, but challenged him again, and so met his fate."

A more amusing report in the *Westminster Journal* of February the 19th, 1774, shows how general was the resort to weapons offensive among all classes to settle disputes, but, in this case, we have the pistol elected umpire instead of the sword:

"Wednesday a duel was fought behind Montague House, between two journeymen lace-weavers. The combatants entered the field, accompanied by their seconds, when, the usual ceremonies being gone through, one of the parties discharged his pistol, the ball from which took away part of the sleeve of his antagonist's coat; and then, like a man of courage, without waiting for the fire being returned, made the best of his

way off the field. The quarrel began at a public-house, about the mode of cooking a dish of sprats, one insisting on having them fried, and the other on having them broiled. With the assistance of some friends, the sum of three shillings was raised to procure the use of pistols to decide this important contest. To such a pitch is the most honourable profession of duelling arrived!"

Verily we should think these worthy weavers had "other fish to fry" than to get into a broil suited only to their betters! Such disputes as these, got up in such a way, in such a place, and on such a subject, might naturally be considered deserving such a mode of adjustment, and society could have spared either of the two fools engaged in this rencontre. But such valuable lives as Sheridan's, Fox's, Pitt's, Wilkes's, Kemble's, and Castlereagh's, were more than once jeopardised in the same foolish manner. In fact there was scarcely, we should say, a single man of the century who had made himself eminent in letters, art, science, or politics, who had not fought his one or more duels.

These weavers had selected the aristocratic duel grounds "behind Montague House," which, together with Hyde Park, were the general scenes of rencontres in high life. In the latter, the Duke of Hamilton and the infamous Lord Mohun fought and fell, and the seconds, Hamilton and Macartney, were wounded, in the memorable duel of November, 1712 (fought in the presence of many unmoved spectators), of which Swift writes to Stella: "The duke was helped to the Cake-house, by the ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before they could reach the house."

But these "ceremonious duels," as a modern writer says, with a levity hardly consistent with the subject, "to which men were formally invited some time beforehand, and in which more guests than two participated," were scarcely of more frequent occurrence than the "offhand duels—impromptu exertions of that species of lively humour."

"Horace Walpole, senior, quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the stair foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlour in the "Star and Garter" Tavern, in Pall Mall, and fought by the light of a bedroom candle in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall Mall itself."

So says—and says truly—Charles Knight, in that delightful collection of anecdotes and historical facts relating to past and present "London."

Many a high-minded and honourable man fell in as paltry a quarrel as could be conceived. Much noble blood soaked into the fields of Islington and Pancras in a miserable cause; an idle word, a hasty censure, a thoughtless jest, must all be blotted out in blood! And, although the blood that was shed was sufficient to wash away the words that had provoked it, they still remained unrefuted. Courage of this sort, foolhardiness, recklessness, or mere bombast, could neither sustain a falsehood nor support a truth!

STATE OF THE ROADS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It may be as well to prepare the reader's mind for a description of the perils of the country roads, by first inquiring what was the condition of the streets of London. Gay assists us in forming a tolerable estimate of

their appearance. It was only in the leading thoroughfares that the passengers were protected from the waggons and cars by ranges of stout posts, which left barely room for two persons to pass abreast, and in some instances, where the eccentric architecture of the houses had placed some abutments upon the path, there was scarcely room for one. The path, so formed, was none of the best; the waterspouts discharged a torrent of water, in rainy weather, from the projecting eaves upon the heads of the passers-by (for umbrellas it was considered outlandish and effeminate to carry until the century had passed its third quarter), while the stones under their feet were so rough and uneven that, as Gay assures us,

Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside.

Outside the posts it was not safe to venture :

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way,
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street.

Such confusion is not witnessed in all the increased traffic of modern London; the roadways are wider, better paved and drained, and better regulations are enforced, and the vehicles themselves are of a less lumbering construction; so that such an accident as Gay describes is not of every day occurrence in *all* its horrors:

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spattered passengers all drenched in rain.
With mud filled high the rumbling cart draws near—
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crushed is thy pride—down falls the shrieking beau—
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew;
Black floods of mire th' embroidered coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.

The coaches, too, often got "set" in the "channels" that ran down the middle of the streets; but a still worse danger was the unguarded excavation, or unlighted heap of stones,

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common sewers descend.
Oft, by the winds extinct, the signal lies,
Or, smothered in the glimmering socket, dies,
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulf, the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.

A pleasant picture, truly! But it was not exaggerated: Smith, in his "*History of Westminster*," says that, in Saint Margaret's-street, pales were "placed, four feet high, between the footpath and coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury, and from being covered with the

mud which was splashed on all sides in abundance;" and, up till 1750, the ways to the Houses of Parliament "were in so miserable a state, that fagots were thrown into the ruts on the days in which the king went to Parliament, to render the passage of the state coach more easy."

If such were the state of the streets of the metropolis, our readers will be curious to know what was the state of the country roads. Fortunately we are enabled to gratify that curiosity, by quoting a complete survey of the roads made by Arthur Young, the agriculturist, in 1767; but, as there had, no doubt, even then been great improvements effected in them, we will mention some circumstances which will throw a little light upon their condition in the earlier part of the century.

In December, 1703, Charles III., King of Spain, slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there, by desire of the queen. In the narrative of the journey given by one of the prince's attendants, we find the following curious particulars:

"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (*save only when we were overturned, or stuck fast in the mire*) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day, without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once indeed in going, but our coach—which was the leading one—and his highness's body coach would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not *frequently poised it or supported it with their shoulders* from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the duke's (Somerset) house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. *The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them*; and, indeed, we had never done it if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." On the next morning they returned from Petworth, by way of Guildford, to Windsor. But the attendant writes: "I saw him (the prince) no more till I found him at supper at Windsor, for there we were overturned (*as we had been once before the same morning*), and broke our coach. My Lord Delaware had the same fate, *and so had several others.*"

This same road, from Petworth to Guildford, appears to have continued in this condition for some time after King Charles and Prince George of Denmark floundered through it, for, in the *Courier* newspaper of September the 10th, 1824, we find the following anecdote:

"In the time of Charles (surnamed the Proud), Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, travellers were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the Duke had a house at Guildford, which was regularly used as a resting-place for the night by any of his family travelling to London. A manuscript letter from the servant of the duke, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his grace intended to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that "the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the sloughs must come to meet his grace with lanthorns and long poles, to help him on his way."

In 1726 Pope was upset only a mile from Twickenham, as he returned from Lord Bolingbroke's house at Dowley, in his lordship's coach-and-six, when, finding the bridge at Whitton broken down, he had to pass through the river, and the coach setting in a hole was overturned, and Pope "had like to have been drowned," as one of his friends writes in the peculiar phrase of the times.

But, to return once more to the Sussex-roads. Daniel de Foe, giving an account of his travels, under the title of "*A Tour Through Great Britain*," by a Gentleman (London, 1724), mentions in vol. i. (page 54, letter II.), the following anecdotes, *à propos* of the roads of Sussex, in speaking of the "prodigious timber" of the county :

"Sometimes I have seen one tree on a carriage which they call here a tug, drawn by two-and-twenty oxen; and, even then, this carried so little away, and then thrown down and left for other tugs to take up and carry on, that sometimes it is two or three years before it gets to Chatham; for, if once the rains come in, it stirs no more that year, and sometimes a whole summer is not dry enough to make the roads passable."

And again :

"Going to church at a country village not far from Lewes, I saw an ancient lady—and a lady of very good quality I assure you—drawn to church in her coach with six oxen; nor was it done in frolic or humour, but mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it."

But a more general estimate may be formed from the accounts left by Arthur Young. His tour which, as we have stated, was made in 1767, occupied six weeks, and comprehended all the central counties of England, starting from Norfolk and traversing Suffolk, Essex, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire. The work, containing a description of this tour in a series of letters, is full of curious agricultural and statistical information, and incidentally valuable, as containing an account of the turnpike roads at that period. The edition we are about to quote from is entitled "*A Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales*," in one volume octavo. "London: Printed for William Nicholl, at the Paper Mill in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1768."

From among his miscellaneous remarks we pick out the following passages, which lie scattered through the volume in allusion to the state of the several roads over which he passed. The only ones of which he could give anything like a favourable report appear to have been, "that from Salisbury to the other side of Winchester," "the Great North-road to Barnet," the "Kentish-Road," the roads to Chelmsford in Essex, and to Uxbridge, and "the eighteen miles of finished road from Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, to six miles on this side Cardiff;" but, "as to all the rest, it is a prostitution of language to call them turnpikes. I rank them nearly in the same class with the dark lanes from Billericay to Tilbury Fort. Among the bad ones, however, some parts of the road from Tetsford to Gloucester are much better than the unattended parts from Gloucester to the good road above mentioned. The latter is all terrible; much more to be condemned is the execrable muddy road from

Bury to Sudbury, in which I was forced to move as slow as in any un-mended lane in Wales, for ponds of liquid dirt, and a scattering of loose flints, just sufficient to lame every horse that moves near them. As to Norfolk, and her natural roads, the boast of the inhabitants, who repeat with vanity the saying of Charles II., all that I have to remark is, that I know not one mile of excellent road in the whole county." (Pages 248 to 251.)

Of the road from Billericay to Tilbury Fort, which our author seems to have borne painfully in mind, he speaks in hearty disgust :

"Of all the cursed roads that ever disgraced this kingdom in the very ages of barbarism, none ever equalled that from Billericay to the King's Head at Tilbury. It is for near ten miles so narrow that a mouse cannot pass by any carriage. I saw a fellow creep under his waggon to assist me to lift, if possible, my chaise over a hedge. The ruts are of an incredible depth, and a pavement of diamonds might as well be sought for as a quarter. The trees everywhere overgrow the road, so that it is totally impervious to the sun except at a few places. And, to add to the infamous circumstances that continually occur to plague a traveller, I must not forget the eternally meeting with chalk waggons, themselves frequently stuck fast, till a collection of them are in the same situation, and twenty or thirty horses may be tacked to each other, to draw them out one by one. After this description, will you, can you, believe me when I tell you that a turnpike was much solicited for by some gentlemen, to lead from Chelmsford to the fort at Tilbury Fort, but opposed by the bruises of this country, whose horses are torn in pieces with bringing chalk through these vile roads ; and yet in this tract are found farmers who cultivate above a thousand (pounds) a year, but are perfectly contented with their roads." (Pages 72 and 73.)

Pardoning what sounds like a Jonathanism of the eighteenth century, that the loose flints on the Sudbury road were sufficient to lame "every horse that moves *near them*," the assertion that on the Tilbury road "a mouse cannot pass by any carriage," is pretty well borne out by the fact that the waggoner whom our traveller met could not pass by his own, but had to creep under it in order to reach him, and help him with his chaise over a hedge while the cart went by. It must have been, we may presume, no wider for some considerable distance either way, otherwise one of the vehicles would have been backed out, and the desperate alternative had recourse to might have been obviated. From his ridicule of the short-sightedness of "the bruises of the country," it would appear that Essex deserved in the eighteenth the reputation it enjoys in the nineteenth century, of being the Bœotia of England ; and that the "Essex calves" were as adverse to improvement, and as ignorant and indifferent then as now.

But our author has not yet done with Essex :

"I found upon a journey I took from this place (Chelmsford) to Bury that the road to Hedingham is excessive bad ; and from Sudbury to within two miles of Bury still worse. Their method of mending the last-mentioned road I found excessively absurd ; for, in nine parts out of ten, the sides are higher than the middle ; and the gravel they bring in is nothing but a yellow loam with a few stones in it, through which the wheels of a light chaise cut as easily as in sand, with the addition of

such floods of watery mud as render this road on the whole inferior (query, superior) to nothing but an unmented Welsh lane." (Page 211.)

But we must not allow our traveller to expose the whole truth about the Essex men and their roads—it would be too unkind; besides, they are pretty well known and estimated at the present day. Let us hear what he has to say of the roads in the other home counties—of Buckinghamshire for example:

"From Wycombe to Stoke the turnpike road declined greatly; inso-much that I could scarcely believe myself in one, for, near Tetford, they mend entirely of stone dug out of the hills, which are like quarries, and are in large flakes, so that, in those places that are just mended, the horse hobbles over them as if afraid of breaking his legs." (Page 88.)

"So much for Buckingham." Oxfordshire has no better roads; they seem to have been, in fact, much worse:

"The road (from Tetford to Oxford) is called by a vile prostitution of language a turnpike, but christened, I apprehend, by people who know not what a road is. It is all of chalk-stone, of which loose ones are everywhere rolling about to lame the horses. It is full of holes and ruts, very deep, and withal so narrow, that I with difficulty got my chair out of the way of the Witney waggons and various machines perpetually passing. The tolls are very dear, and vilely unreasonable, considering the badness of the roads." (Page 90.) . . . "This road" (from Witney to North Leach) "is, I think, the worst turnpike I ever travelled in—so bad that it is a scandal to the country. They mend and make with nothing but the stone, which forms the understratum, all over, quite from Tetford to the other side of Oxford. This stone, which rises in vast flakes, would make an admirable foundation for a surface of gravel, but, by using it alone and in pieces as large as one's head, the road is rendered most execrable." (Page 101.)

We cannot wonder at the frequency of such accidents as the escort of Prince George of Denmark met with, on such roads as these, where the chaise wheels had to roll over stones, "as large as one's head"—we can only wonder how the horses ever got over them. Here is another splendid road in Gloucestershire:

"I was infinitely surprised to find the same stony, hard, rough, and cursed roads, miscalled turnpikes, all the way from Gloucester to Newnham, which is twelve miles. It is all a narrow lane, and most infamously stony. It is the same stone as the other side of the Severn, but much harder, and, consequently, more jolting and cutting to the horses' feet: nor is it so much a level, but ruts all the way." (Page 111.)

It is quite a relief to hear that there *was* a good road in England at this time, after one has made his head and bones ache with the mere contemplation of these horrors. Here is one running through parts of Wiltshire and Hampshire:

"The road from Salisbury to Romsey, and the first four miles from thence to Winchester, I found so remarkably good that I made particular inquiries concerning their making and mending it. It is many miles as level, as firm, and as free from loose stones as the finest garden walk I ever beheld, and yet the traffic on it is very great by waggons, but scarcely the print of a wheel to be seen, and I really believe there was

not a loose stone to make a horse stumble nineteen miles from Salisbury." (Page 172.)

But as he approached Wales, the hills began to trouble him :

" From Newnham to Chepstow, the road continues excessively stony, and made in the same vile manner as that from Gloucester. In many places the road is so very narrow, that my chaise with difficulty got through it without rising on the banks. There is one circumstance which would render the best turnpike in England extremely bad to travel, and that is the perpetual hills, for you will form a clear idea of them if you suppose the (face of the) country to represent the roofs of houses joined, and the road to run across them." (Page 113.) . . . " But, my dear sir, what am I to say to the roads in this country—the turnpikes, as they have the assurance to call them, and the hardness to make one pay for? From Chepstow to the half-way house, between Newport and Cardiff, they continue mere rocky lanes, full of hugeous stones as big as one's horse, and abominable holes. The first from Newport were so detestable, without either direction posts or milestones, that I could not persuade myself that I was on a turnpike, but had mistook the road, and therefore asked every one I met, who answered, to my astonishment, ' Ye-as.' " (Pages 120 and 121.)

In another edition of his Tour, in which he describes the state of the road between Preston and Wigan, in 1770, he cannot restrain his anger :

" I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this *infernal highway*. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would the devil, for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts which I actually measured four feet deep, and floating with mud only from a wet summer!" " What!" he cries, holding up his hands, and shuddering at the thought, " what must it, therefore, be in winter?" Ugh !

If he had pushed as far as North Wales, he would have found, even at that period, excellent roads, when the mountainous character of the country was taken into consideration. But we could have wished he had visited Lincolnshire, so that we might have heard what kind of roads that county then had. We suspect they must have been very bad indeed ; or else they have since degenerated instead of improving. From the accounts, however, which he has given us, it will be observed that not the slightest care was bestowed upon the roads, either in providing suitable materials to mend them, when such materials were not already upon the spot, or to make the most of what the country afforded, and to turn it to the best use.

The general state of the high roads appears, then, to have been even worse than that of the cross roads and by-lanes of Essex, Suffolk, and Surrey, at the present time. It will also be observed, that the few portions of good road described are in counties where the land is very poor and light, and *vice versâ*, thus literally making good the old English proverb, " There is good land where there is foul way."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1757, complains sadly of " the new turnpike road" from Godalming. On starting from Pet-

worth, he has to pass "through a street about two hundred yards long, full of deep holes, and a precipice on one side of the street," and although on passing through a turnpike gate, he proceeds upon "a firm road," it is only "full wide enough for any single cart, but, by no means wide enough for two, so that whenever two meet, the one must drive down into the mud at the side of the bank, and, as there were no ditches nor drains to carry off the standing waters from those flats, they must soon be worse than the old clay roads." A fearful "trench, or ditch," crosses "the whole road from side to side about half a mile from the gate." But the worst predicament our traveller got into was at North Chappel, five miles from Petworth, where, the road being soaked with a previous shower, "it took my horse up to the belly the second step he made on it, and, had I not immediately dismounted and clambered up to some bushes, I had there been lodged for a season."

This reminds us of the case of a medical man who had occasion to take a by-road, abounding in bogs and quagmires, in an obscure part of Essex. Having arrived at one of the bogs in which his horse sank deeper at every step, he called to a boy at a distant farm, and inquired whether there was a good bottom. The reply was in the affirmative, but as he progressed, he found that himself and his steed were likely to be soon swallowed up in the bog, which continued to get deeper, and he indignantly cried out, "I thought you said there was a good bottom to this road?" "So there is," replied the urchin, "but *you have not come to it yet.*" We presume the same reply would have been given to the correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (who, by the way, ventured to make his journey "*after September,*" upon being assured that there was a turnpike road), and, as he scrambled to some bushes with his horse up to the belly in the mire, it might have been some consolation to him to know that there *was* a turnpike road, but he had not come to it yet!

But nearly all the information we possess of the state of the roads in the eighteenth century, is of a period when great improvements had been effected, both in the making and mending of them, and the greater part of it relates to the turnpike and great leading roads only. What they had been at an earlier period of the century, or what the by-roads were at that time, we have no means of ascertaining, but we may form a pretty correct conjecture, we dare say, of the tremendous difficulties which the traveller by them had to encounter. What we know is sufficient to help us to a guess at what we do not know, in connexion with this subject.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

(CONTINUED FROM "THE RECEPTION OF THE DEAD.")

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

THERE arrived one day at the Château de Beaufoy an invitation to dine at a neighbour's house. Madame de Beaufoy declined it for herself, saying she was too old for dinner parties, but the rest accepted. Adeline de Castella, when the time came, and she entered the carriage that was to convey them thither, sat in it, listless and absorbed, for she knew she should not there meet Mr. St. John, and the evening to her was now worse than lost that was not spent with him. Her mother noticed her silence, and inquired if she were ill.

"Only the headache," replied Adeline, who had lived long enough amongst the English to acquire their common excuse for abstraction.

"Maria!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Beaufoy, suddenly addressing her sister, "I declare, there's Mr. St. John! Where can he be walking to in this heat?"

Adeline turned and saw him, a thrill of rapture rushing through her veins. They returned his greeting, and drove on.

Where can he be walking to? *She* surmised—that it was but to obtain a glimpse of her as their carriage passed. She was no longer pensive: a heightened colour came to her cheek, a brilliancy to her eye, and her spirits rose to exaltation. But they sank again at the tame, spiritless evening. To others it was gay, not so to her, for her heart was far away, and she only cared that it should and the marrow be nearer. No singing, after his voice, brought music to her ear, and the dancing was no longer the dancing of other days. Had he been her partner, indeed—but as it was——

It came to an end at last, and they entered the carriage to go home. Madame de Castella and her sister settled themselves to sleep, and to the jolting over the uneven French roads. Not so Adeline. As they neared the lane which led to the lodge, her breath came fast, and she looked anxiously from the carriage, peering into the duskiness of the night. It is hard to say what wild thoughts were in her head—that *he* might be there, watching for her, as he had been in the afternoon. But all was still and undisturbed, and she sank back in the carriage with a sinking of the heart. But in another moment she was again looking out, hoping still, hoping on, till they drove into their own gates. Had she been of the other sex, or did custom sanction her remaining abroad at that hour, she would have waited in the solitude of the open air till morning, and been repaid, oh, how richly! by a distant glimpse of the vehicle that contained *him*. She was thinking this, as she ascended languidly to her chamber.

The next day was the birthday of Mademoiselle de Beaufoy, which her mother always insisted upon keeping, and a dinner was to be given in the evening. M. de Castella was expected to arrive for it from Paris. In the course of the day a note was handed to Adeline, and its hand-

writing brought a wild flush of pleasure to her cheeks. It was from Mr. St. John, stating that he was called to Odesque to meet a friend, who would be passing through it on his way to Paris, and he did not know whether he could return for dinner. It was but a short note, worded as a brother might write to a sister, yet she hung enraptured over its few lines and held it to her heart; she almost cried aloud in her excess of ecstasy, and stealthily, her cheeks a rosy red, and her face turned to the darkest corner of the room, she pressed to her lips its concluding words—"Frederick St. John." The first letter from one we love—it is an epoch in life. It stands alone in memory, as the *ONE* letter of existence, bearing no analogy to the stern real ones of later years.

The return of M. de Castella, after an absence, had once been a joyous event to Adeline. Now, she looked forward to it with indifference. It was not that she loved her father less; but other feelings were tame and absorbed in this new passion which had sprung up in her heart. The day wore on, however, and M. de Castella did not come.

The last dinner-guest had arrived, and they waited to hear the announcement of dinner, but Adeline had looked in vain for Mr. St. John. A strange, sick feeling of expectancy had taken possession of her. Questions were addressed to her, which she answered at random, scarcely hearing their purport. Was *another* evening to pass without seeing him?

A sudden opening of the door, the servant threw it wide upon its portals. Adeline caught one glimpse beyond it, and heard the man's words:

"Monsieur Saint John."

She turned, in her agitation, to one who sat next her, and spoke rapid sentences to cover it. She did not look, but she felt he had advanced to Madame de Beaufoy, now to Madame de Castella, and now he was speaking a few whispered words of congratulation to Agnes. She hoped he would not come to her just then: her tremor was already too great for concealment. Oh, the rapture, the unspeakable rapture that thrilled through her whole soul at his presence! That a human being, one like ourselves, should cause such!

They were pairing off to the dining-room. St John was talking with one of the lady guests, and Adeline saw him turn sharply round, as if he would have advanced to her. But a wealthy neighbouring proprietor, rejoicing in the long-sounding title of Monsieur le Comte Le Coq de Monty, took the white tips of Adeline's gloved fingers within his own.

But he sat next her: whether by accident or successful manoeuvring, he sat next her: and, more than once, in the course of the elaborate dinner, their hands—their hands!—met, under cover of the table-linen, and then all around, save him, were to her as nothing.

Mr. St. John shone to peculiar advantage in society. Handsome without affectation, gay without levity, accomplished without display, and possessing, amidst all his high conversational powers, that apt gallantry and readiness at light phrases which attracts the ear. To witness him, thus shining in society, enhanced Adeline's pride in him; not her love, nothing could enhance that.

Mr. St. John was the last guest to leave, and they went out with him on the colonnade, and descended its steps. It was a lovely night. The

transition from the hot rooms, with their many lights, to the cool, pure atmosphere outside, was inexpressibly grateful, and they walked with him to the shrubbery and part of the way down it. Madame de Castella suddenly recollected Adeline.

"It may not be well for you, Adeline, this change to cool air," she said. "Let us run back: who will be in-doors first? Good night, Mr. St. John."

She turned with Agnes de Beaufoy, and the windings of the shrubbery soon hid them from view. Adeline would have followed, but a beloved arm had encircled her and held her back, and St. John drew her towards him, and snatched the first sweet, tremulous kiss of love. Maidenly reserve caused her to draw away from him, otherwise she could have wished that kiss to last for ever. "Oh, Frederick! if mamma——" was the only agitated rejoinder that came from her lips, and she sped away, her hand lingering, to the last, in his.

"Why, Adeline!" exclaimed her aunt, as she came up, "lame as I am, I can beat you at running."

She stood at her chamber-window, looking at the lovely scene outside, yet scarcely heeding it, her hands pressed upon her bosom to keep down its agitation and its excess of happiness. She glanced up at the starry heavens, and wondered if the bliss, promised there, could exceed this of earth. She seemed to be realising some ecstatic fairy-dream of her childhood. Silently she paced her chamber, unable to rest. She recalled his whispered words: she recalled those fleeting moments which had been an era in her life: and when she did sink into a wearied slumber, it was only to live over again the reality; to dream that that light touch of Mr. St. John's on her lips was present, not past.

The next morning Madame de Beaufoy was ill: she had an indigestion, a very favourite malady with the French. Madame de Castella was also anxious and uneasy, for no letter had arrived from her husband to account for his non-appearance; but she hoped it might come by the evening post.

After dinner Madame de Beaufoy was well enough to sit up and play at cards in her dressing-room, her two daughters bearing her company. Adeline was down stairs alone, waiting and hoping for Mr. St. John; now, standing before a mirror, hastily arranging one or other of her drooping curls, glancing, with conscious vanity, at the rich crimson which expectancy called to her cheeks; now, stealing to the colonnade, and looking and listening.

Suddenly the room-door opened, and Adeline stepped inside from the colonnade, her heart beating wildly. But it was only her mother, who began to rummage amongst the silks and worsteds of an ivory basket. "Only her mother!" How full of ingratitude is the heart to those who have cherished us from infancy, when this all-potent passion for a stranger takes root in it!

"Adeline," said Madame de Castella, "your aunt has mislaid her green floss-silk. Will you look in my work-box?"

Adeline unlocked the box, found the silk, and handed it to her mother, when again the door opened, and this time her pulse did not quicken in vain. It was Mr. St. John.

"I am glad to see Madame de Beaufoy is better," he observed, as he came in. "She nodded to me from her dressing-room."

"Oh yes, thank you. Ah! here's news at last!" exclaimed Madame de Castella, as the old Spanish servant, Silva, entered with a letter. And, with a "pardon" to Mr. St. John, she broke the seal.

"M. de Castella says something has occurred to detain him," she explained, skimming its contents. "He will not be here for a week. Here's a message for you, Adeline."

She looked up, half frightened.

"Your papa desires his love to you, and——You are quite a family friend now, Mr. St. John," broke off Madame de Castella, turning to him, "so I do not hesitate to speak before you. And I dare say the subject is not unknown to you."

St. John bowed.

"Your papa's love, Adeline, and when he comes, he shall bring M. De la Chasse with him. You are no doubt aware, Mr. St. John, of the position the Baron holds, relative to our family—to Adeline."

Another bow from Mr. St. John.

"I must ask you to excuse me for half an hour," proceeded Madame de Castella. "My mother, when not well, is a little exacting. I will be down as soon as I can. Adeline, do your best to entertain Mr. St. John."

St. John closed the door after Madame de Castella, and returned to Adeline. She was leaning against the window-frame for support, pale and trembling, a livid look of despair settled on her features. St. John wound his arm round her, and became himself her support. He called her by the most endearing names, he pressed the sweetest kisses on her face, he besought her not thus to give way to despair, he assured her there was no cause to do so, for that never, never should she be any other's than his.

He had been silent hitherto, at least so far as words went, but that was over now. He spoke of his plans and prospects; of the winning the consent of M. de Castella to their union. He pictured their future home in the favoured land of his birth, the land to which she was so much attached; and Adeline, as she listened to his soothing words, became reassured: she almost felt, as she stood there, clasped unresistingly to his side, that no power on earth should avail to separate them. Long before Madame de Castella returned to the room, words, which no time could obliterate, at least in *her* heart, had been spoken. They had betrothed themselves, each to the other, less formally, but oh how much more to the purpose, than in that other betrothal in which she had borne a part.

II.

ONE morning a letter was delivered at Madame de Nino's, specially addressed to that renowned preceptress herself, and written by Madame de Castella. It contained an invitation for two of her pupils to spend a few weeks at the Château de Beaufoy, Miss Carr and Rose Darling.

Madame took the news into school after morning class, with a sealed note from Adeline to each of the two young ladies, which urged, in nervous, anxious terms, their acceptance of the invitation. I will say one thing for Madame de Nino's school—bad as the soup and bouilli were, she never opened the girls' letters. With regard to Miss Darling, announced Madame, as her mother was now sojourning in the town, it was for that lady to accept or decline the invitation, as she judged proper; but Miss Carr could not be allowed to accept it: it was her last

term at school, and if she went out then, she would lose her chance of the prizes.

Mary Carr was too old to care for school-prizes, and she was anxious to know what was going on at the château, so she wrote to her friends in England for their consent, and obtained it. Madame could not gainsay *that*.

They were to start on the Wednesday, and the previous afternoon they both went to spend with Mrs. Darling. Captain Darling had arrived from England that day, on a short visit to his mother. Rose looked very shy at her brother: they had not met since he left Boulogne the previous autumn, after Rose's trip with him in the fishing-boat. Mrs. Darling was a pleasant woman, very gay and indulgent to her children—just such a one as Rose will make in time. Rose was like her in person, too. The two elder daughters were there, rather staid ladies in manner, five and seven-and-twenty. Rose was always in hot water with them, for they were shocked at her wildness: they applied to her various sorts of hard names, and she, in return, called them "old maids" to their faces, and to the school.

"What St. John is that?" suddenly exclaimed Captain Darling, hearing Rose mention Mr. St. John's name.

"St. John of Castle-Wafer."

"Frederick, or the elder brother?"

"Frederick."

"Oh! to be sure," remarked Captain Darling. "You could not have met the other, for he never stirs out of his home from January to December. Where did you say you met him?"

"At the Castellás," returned Rose. "Do you know him, Frank?"

"What a question! As if everybody did not know Fred St. John! The Misanthrope—the title the world compliments the other with—I have only heard of. It is all up, I believe, between Fred and the old one."

"Old one!" repeated Rose. "Do you allude to his father?"

"His father died when Fred was in petticoats," returned Captain Darling. "His brother is old enough to be his father, and he had the 'broughtings up' of Fred."

"Is he rich—Frederick?"

"Rich in debts. Master Fred had as pretty a patrimony when he came of age, three or four years ago, as one could wish for. I should like to drop into its fellow to-morrow. But he went the pace, to perfection: and he is one of those easy, good-natured fools, whose lips can't form the word No to a petitioner, be it friend or stranger. The sums he got eased of by borrowers, none can tell. The fellow's mad after paintings, too; raving about 'high art,' and the like; and, what with squandering good money in buying specimens of the Old Masters, and lavishing help upon modern ones, which he was quite ready to do, let them be ever so obscure, and dancing half over the world after picture-galleries, that no sober man would ride a mile to see, Master Fred got cleared out, and into the hands of the Jews. One can't help liking the fellow, though, in the midst of it."

"But St. John of Castle-Wafer has heaps of money," returned Rose.

"Rich as Croesus. But there has been a blow-up between them; though they say he loved Fred as the apple of his eye. I don't know

any particulars: I have not dropped across Fred since. England's too hot to hold him, I fancy—to the reputed sorrow of Sarah Beauclerc.”

“Sarah Beauclerc!” interrupted Rose, quickly. “One of those Gorgon girls in Eaton-place, Frank?”

“No, no; the other branch of the family. Daughter of General Beauclerc.”

“Oh! I remember now,” cried Rose. “One of the loveliest girls living.”

“St. John seemed to think so, for he was ever after her. A more decided case of flirtation I never saw. But Fred's used to that. He is just the man for it. Half the women are mad after him.”

“Flirtation's nothing,” rejoined Rose, impatiently. “But was it serious between him and Sarah Beauclerc?”

“How should I know?” retorted Captain Darling. “The world said it was. Budd, of ours, who has the credit for being at the top and tail of everybody's business, affirmed there was never anything in it. But we thought he was jealous, and wanted to make up to the girl himself.”

Rose dropped her cross-questioning and fell into a reverie.

The reader has probably little difficulty in divining that Rose and Mary Carr were summoned to the château at the instigation of Adeline. As the time approached that was to bring her father and the Baron de la Chasse, Adeline's fears and suspense became intolerable. She knew her father's haughty, unbending character, his keen sense of honour. He would be the last to force her into an unpalatable union, and, had Adeline expressed the slightest repugnance when it was first proposed, the affair would have been at an end. But she had cheerfully consented to it; the writings of betrothal were signed on both sides, and M. de Castella's word and honour pledged. Never, Adeline feared, would he allow that betrothal, that word to be broken; never would he consent to entertain proposals for her from another.

Now, that her eyes were opened, she saw how fearfully blind and hazardous had been the act by which she consented to become the wife of the Baron de la Chasse, a personal stranger. There are thousands, besides Adeline de Castella, who consent in the same unconscious haste, and know not what they do, until it is too late. It is gratifying to a young girl's vanity to receive an offer of marriage; to anticipate an establishment of her own; to leave her companions behind. Marriage is to her a sealed book, and she is eager to penetrate its mysteries. If a voice from a judicious friend, or a still small voice in her own conscience should whisper a warning to wait, to be sure she is on the right path ere she enter its enclosures irrevocably, both are thrust aside unheeded. So the wedding-day comes surely on, and soon the once eager, careless girl awakes to her position, and beholds herself as she really is—sacrificed. She is the wife of one whom she cannot love; worse still, perhaps not respect, now she knows him intimately: there is no sympathy between them; not a feeling, not a taste, it may be, in common. But the sacrifice was of her proper choosing, and she must abide by it: deliberately, of her own free will, she tied herself to him, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, until death shall them part. She has linked herself to him by a chain which divides her from the rest of the world; every thought of her heart belongs, of right, to him; she is his companion and no other's, and must obey his behests; at uprising and down-sitting, at

the daily meals and in the midnight chamber, she is his, his own, for evermore. This fate would have been Adeline de Castella's had she not met with Mr. St. John. Without casting a thought to the future, a regret to the past, she consented to go to the altar with M. de la Chasse. He was indifferent to her, but so were all others, and she saw not that indifference in its true colours. She understood it now.

A strong presentiment overshadowed Adeline that the first broaching of the subject of Mr. St. John to her father would be the signal for their separation. She therefore wrung a promise from her lover that he would be, for the present, silent; that during this visit of the baron's, which was to last but a few days, he should continue to appear as he did now—an acquaintance only. St. John fell in with her wish, conditionally: he had private reasons, which he explained to Adeline, for not wishing to make his proposals for her yet; but he must be guided, he observed, by the conduct of the baron. "If he should begin to treat you as a lover, Adeline," he exclaimed, "I should fling prudence to the winds and step between you."

"Oh! Frederick, she answered, her cheek a burning red, "endearments—tender speeches—are not known in France, in our class of society. Of that, there is no fear. The baron will be as politely ceremonious to me as he would be to the greatest stranger."

"I shall hate to see him even speaking with you, Adeline," was Mr. St. John's remark. "Of course there will be opportunity for that, and special opportunity, he being the only visitor in the house."

"What a blessing," thought Adeline, "if we could invite some guests while he is here!—it would be easy, then, never to find myself alone with him." As she spoke, an idea, like a ray of light, flashed into her mind—why not send for her two old favourite schoolfellows? She petitioned her mother to invite them, and, as the reader has seen, it was done.

Late in the afternoon of as hot and brilliant a day as the sun of July ever shone upon, the carriage, containing Rose Darling and Miss Carr, which had been sent to Odesque to meet them, drew up at the château, in the very jaws of the lions. Mary Carr looked out. There, on the broad steps where she had last seen him, looking as if not an hour had passed over his head since, stood Mr. St. John.

He assisted them to alight, and Adeline ran out to receive them, so charmingly lovely in her white morning dress and pink ribbons. Madame de Castella also came, and, after a cordial welcome, ordered the coachman to speed back with haste to Odesque, or he would not be in time for the arrival of the Paris train. "I expect my husband M. de la Chasse," she explained, addressing her visitors.

Mary Carr involuntarily looked at Adeline. She met the gaze, and a burning crimson rushed over her face and neck. Was it at being reminded of the baron's approaching presence, or did the recollection of Miss Carr's last parting warning occur to her?

A little while was given to refreshment, and then the young ladies retired to their rooms, to unpack and dress for dinner. Before six, the party had reassembled, including Mr. St. John. They were in the yellow drawing-room (*salon jaune*), for that overlooked the approach to the château, though it was a room kept for ceremony and rarely used. The travellers were momentarily expected, and Adeline was pale with agitation.

"Dear child!" ejaculated Agnes de Beaufoy, in a low tone. "I wish she would take a little eau sucrée. I had a lover myself once, Mr. St. John, and know what this suspense is."

"See, see!" exclaimed old Madame de Beaufoy, hobbling to the window. "Is not that the carriage?—far off, there—at the turn by the windmill."

It was the carriage; and it came speedily on: the aged eyes were the quickest after all. Two dusty-looking figures were in it, for they rode with it open. Madame de Castilla and her sister hastened to the hall to receive the travellers, and the old lady thrust her head out at one of the windows, as far as she could stretch it. Adeline had risen in agitation, and was leaning on the back of a chair, evidently for support. Her very lips were white. Mr. St. John advanced and bent over her.

"My dearest love," he whispered, "you are ill, and I dare not protect you as I could wish. Be under no apprehension of any unwelcome scene with him, for sooner than suffer it I will declare all."

He took up a flacon of eau de Cologne, and saturated her handkerchief with it. Mary Carr was looking on. She could not hear his words, but she marked his low, earnest voice, his looks, his actions; and saw how it was, from that hour. "There will be tribulation in the house, ere this shall be over!" she mentally exclaimed: but she did not anticipate the deep tribulation that was indeed to come.

The baron did not make his appearance till he had been to his dressing-room. He looked very presentable when he came in, though his hair was shorter than ever, and the curled-out corners of his yellow moustache were longer. His greeting of Adeline was in this fashion: advancing quickly towards her, until he came within three paces, he there made a dead stand-still, and placing his feet in the first position, as dancing-masters say, slowly bowed his head down nearly to the ground, and in ceremonious words, "hoped he had the honour of finding mademoiselle in perfect health." That was all: he did not presume even to touch her hand: as Adeline once said, any such familiarity would, in French society, be deemed the perfection of bad taste. Rose just smothered a scream of delight when she saw the bow, and gave Mr. St. John such a pinch on the arm, to make him look, that the place was blue for days afterwards. But what a bow St. John received the baron with, when they were introduced—distant, haughty, and self-conscious; conscious of his own superiority. Certainly, in outward appearance, there was a wide contrast, and Mr. St. John, on this particular evening, seemed quite aware of his own gifts of mind and person. De la Chasse was superbly dressed: a blue satin vest, curiously-fine linen, all lace and embroidery, with various other et cæteras. St. John was in his slight mourning attire; black clothes, a plain white waistcoat, and not a bit of finery about him; but he looked, as Rose Darling said, fit for a prince.

Dinner was announced. The Baron de la Chasse advanced to the aged mistress of the house, St. John to Madame de Castilla, and Signor de Castilla to Rose. Miss de Beaufoy, Adeline, and Mary Carr, went in together. It was a formal dinner, and Adeline was sick at heart.

It happened, the following morning, that the three young ladies and the baron were in the west drawing-room—the one, you may remember, opening on the colonnade—but the conversation flagged. De la Chasse, though a sensible man, did not shine in that flowing, ready style

of conversation, so easy to Mr. St. John, and Adeline seemed spiritless. Mary Carr quitted the room, and went up-stairs to her chamber, but before she had been there five minutes, Rose came dancing in.

"Where have you left Adeline?" inquired Miss Carr.

"Where you did—with the baron. "I thought I might be *de trop*, and so came away. It is not pleasant to reflect that you may be spoiling a scene, all tenderness and sweetmeats, as Charlotte Singleton calls it."

"Absurd, Rose! Remember we are in France."

Much cared Rose for any reproof. "I say, Mary," she went on, "don't you think there's something up with St. John and Adeline? Did you see him whispering last night to her at the piano, while he was pretending to be turning over for me? It's satisfactory to have two strings to one's bow."

At this moment in rushed Adeline, in high excitement.

"Mary! Rose!—Rose! dear Mary! never you leave me alone with that man again! Promise it—promise it to me!"

"What is it? What has he done?" they cried, in excessive astonishment.

"He has done nothing: it is not likely he would. But I dread to be alone with him, lest he should get talking of the future. He has been inquiring, now, after the engagement-ring."

"But," began Rose—

"Do not ask me any questions now," interrupted Adeline. "I wish to heaven, Rose, you could induce the baron to fall in love with you!"

"Much obliged for the transfer," laughed Rose. "Perhaps you'll get him, first, to dye those appendages of his: yellow is not a favourite colour of mine."

De la Chasse did not intend to remain a week. He purposed leaving on Tuesday morning. His visit passed quietly enough: there had been no break-out between him and St. John, but excessive coolness. Had De la Chasse been an Englishman, an explanation could scarcely have been avoided; for an Englishman would inevitably, by speech, manner, or action, have shown that he was the young lady's lover. Madame de Beaufoy gave an entertainment, on the Monday evening, to as many neighbours as were within driving distance. A *soirée dansante*, the cards said, when they went out.

That same afternoon the three young ladies were in the western drawing-room with Madame de Beaufoy. She was teaching them a new stitch of knitting, but, getting tired, left the room to indulge in her afternoon's nap, which she always took. Scarcely had she quitted it, when the Baron entered, and, addressing Adeline, formally requested her to grant him the honour of a few minutes' conversation.

A strange rising in the throat; a dread, that caused her frame to quiver; a terrified, imploring, but unavailing look at Rose and Mary; and the door closed on them, and Adeline and her acknowledged lover were left alone.

She need not have feared. The baron did not say a word to her that he might not have said to her mother. But he produced from his pocket the engagement-ring, which had been up to Paris to be taken smaller—it was a plain circlet of gold—and requested she would do him the honour of allowing him to replace it on her finger.

Without a word of remonstrance—for what could she say?—and sick at heart, Adeline held out her hand, and the baron ventured ceremoniously to touch it, while he slipped on the ring, in the very act and deed of which the door opened, and into the room strode Mr. St. John, twirling in his hand a French marigold.

He saw them standing together, Adeline's hand stretched out, and meeting both of his, and he looked black as night. St. John was of quick temperament, and on rare occasions gave way to violent explosions of passion. It is probable an outburst would have come then, but the baron, with a polite bow to Adeline, quitted the room. And Mr. St. John, though certain as man could well be that he had no cause for jealousy, gave way to the irritation of his hasty spirit.

"So, Mademoiselle de Castella," he broke forth, "you have been enjoying a stolen interview with your lover! I must beg your pardon for having unintentionally interrupted it.

She turned deprecatingly to him; she did not speak, or defend herself from the charge; but the look of anguish on her countenance was so keen, blended with pure, truthful love for him, that St. John's better nature revolted at the temper he had shown, and he clasped her to him, and held her to his heart.

"But they were cruel words," she sobbed, as he whispered his penitence on her cheek, "and just now I have enough to bear."

"Let this be my peace-offering, my darling," he said, placing in her hand the French marigold.

St. John had, long ago, heard the tale of the French marigold in the fortune-telling cards clinging to Adeline, and Rose Darling's sombre prognostics about himself. He was perfectly willing to accept it as an omen that he *should* exercise an influence over her future life, he said—be the one to make her future happiness. The flower had become endeared to both of them. St. John had been assiduously cultivating them in the garden at the Lodge, and this, that he now gave to Adeline, was the first which had blown. He had plucked it expressly for her.

"This ring, Adeline," he said, drawing it from her finger. "He placed it there, I suppose?"

"You saw him doing so," she answered.

St. John slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, and drew out his watch at the same time.

"Give me back the ring, Frederick."

"No, Adeline. It shall never encircle your finger again."

"But what am I to say if its absence is noticed? He said mamma had given him permission to replace it. She will be sure to ask."

"Say anything. That it fell off—or wear a glove till evening. I will then tell you what to do. I cannot stay longer now."

When Mary Carr was dressed for the evening ball, she went into Adeline's room. Louise was putting the finishing strokes to her young lady's toilette, and very satisfactory they were, when Madame de Castella entered, holding in her hand a small circular case.

"Look here, Adeline," she said, opening it and displaying a costly bracelet, one of beauty and finish so rare, that all eyes were riveted on it. Exquisitely wrought, fine gold links, in the different crossings of which were inserted brilliants of the purest water, with pendant chains shining with brilliants and gold.

"Oh, mamma!" uttered Adeline, "what a lovely bracelet!"

"It is, indeed, Adeline. It is yours."

"Ciel!" ejaculated Louise, in her admiration.

"Mamma, how can I thank you?" she exclaimed, taking the jewel.

"You need not thank me at all, Adeline. It is the baron's present. Make your acknowledgments to him."

Adeline dropped the bracelet as if it had been a serpent, and, but for Mary Carr's quickness, it would have fallen to the ground. Madame de Castella thought it was an accident.

"Don't be careless, child. Put it on. You must wear it to-night."

"Oh, no, no, mamma!" she returned, her cheek flushing. Not to-night."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed her mother; "you are as shy as a child. When the baron presented it to me for you, he said, 'Un petit cadeau pour ce soir.' Clasp it on, Louise."

"Mamma," she implored, a deal more energetically than Madame de Castella thought the case could demand, "do not oblige me to appear in this bracelet to-night."

"Adeline, I insist on its being worn. Persons who know you less well than we do, would suspect that affectation, more than delicacy, prompted your refusal to wear a gift from one who will soon be your husband."

"Not my husband yet," faltered Adeline. "Not till next year."

"Indeed he will, Adeline," said Madame de Castella. "Before we go to the South."

Her colour came and went painfully, and she sat down, gasping out, "We go to the South in two months."

"Dear child," laughed Madame de Castella, "don't look so scared. There's no reason for it: a wedding is quite an every-day affair, I can assure you. This week I shall write to order your trousseau."

Louise fastened the bracelet on Adeline's arm, and she went down to the reception-rooms like one in a dream. If the younger guests, as they gazed on her excessive beauty, could but have read the bitter despair of her feelings, the strife and struggle within, they would have envied her less. A single string of pearls confined her hair from her brow, serving, instead of combs, to keep the long curls in their place, and she wore a pearl necklace; no other ornament, save this conspicuous bracelet of De la Chasse's. But in the bosom of her white dress, almost hidden by its trimmings of lace, was enshrined St. John's French marigold.

The guests had nearly all arrived, and Adeline had done her best towards greeting them, when, in passing in the direction of the colonnade, the baron came up to her. She was longing for a breath of the evening air—as if that would cool the brow's inward fever!

"Permit me to exchange this flower with the one you have there, mademoiselle," he said, holding out a white camelia of rare beauty. And, with a light, quick touch, he removed the French marigold from the folds of her dress.

Did De la Chasse suspect who had been the donor of that cherished French marigold? Did he remember seeing it in St. John's hand that same morning? It is impossible to tell; but he seemed more urgent over this trifling matter than a Frenchman in general allows himself to be.

"Sir, you forget yourself!" exclaimed Adeline, angry to excitement. "Return me my flower."

"It is unsuitable, mademoiselle," he rejoined, retaining his hold of the French marigold. "A vulgar, ordinary garden-flower is not in accordance with your dress to-night—or with you."

"You presume upon our relative situations," retorted Adeline, pushing aside the white camelia, and struggling to keep down her anger and her tears. "Do not insult me, sir, but give me back my own flower."

"What is all this?" demanded M. de Castella, who had come up. "Adeline, you are excited."

"I have incurred your daughter's displeasure, it would seem, sir," explained the baron, showing symptoms of excitement in his turn. "Mademoiselle appeared in the rooms wearing this flower—a worthless, common garden-flower!—and because I wished to present her with one more suitable, she seems to imply that I only do it by way of insult. I don't understand, *ma foi*!"

"Nor I," returned Signor de Castella. "Take the camelia, Adeline," he added, sternly and coldly. "Caprice and coquetry are beneath you."

The baron put the camelia in her now unresisting hand, and amused himself with pulling to pieces the petals of the other flower. Adeline burst into a violent paroxysm of tears, and darted on to the colonnade."

And all about a stupid French marigold!

"Let her go and have a cry to herself," said M. de Castella, walking off with the baron; "it will bring her to reason. The coquetry of women passes belief. They are all alike. It appears I was mistaken when I deemed my daughter an exception."

Adeline, in her tears and excitement, rushed across the lawn. It was certainly a senseless thing to cry about, but, just then, a straw would have ruffled her equanimity. She had been compelled to wear the hated bracelet; she had been told that she would very speedily be the wife of De la Chasse; she had stood by him, recognised by the crowd of guests as his future wife; and, blended with all this, was a keen sensation of disappointment at the non-appearance of Mr. St. John. She stood with her forehead pressed against the bark of a tree, sobbing aloud in her anguish where none could hear her. Presently, her ear caught the sound of footsteps, and she prepared to dart further away: but they were some that she knew and loved too well. He was coming along the shrubbery at a rapid pace, and she stood out, and confronted him.

"Why, Adeline!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. And then, the momentary restraint on her feelings being removed, she fell forward in his arms, and sobbed aloud with redoubled violence.

"Oh, Adeline, what ails you? What has happened? Be calm, be calm, my only love! I am by your side now: what grief is there that I cannot soothe away?"

He became quite alarmed at her paroxysm of grief, and, half leading, half carrying her to the nearest bench, seated her there and laid her head upon his breast, and held her gently to him, and spoke not a word until she was calmer.

By degrees she told him all. The gift of the bracelet, her mother's threats of the coming marriage—*threats* they sounded to Adeline—and the dispute with the baron. Adeline did not say *what* flower it was she was so anxious to retain, whose loss had so grieved her: she could never,

until she should be indeed his, tell him how passionately and entirely she loved. But St. John divined all: he required no telling. And yet, knowing this, knowing, as he did, how her heart was bound up in his, how could he, but a few weeks later, doubt, or profess to doubt, of this enduring love?"

"Adeline," he said, "I have done very wrong: wrong by you, wrong by myself, wrong by De la Chasse. I ought to have declared all before he put his foot in the château. I will do so to-morrow morning."

"Frederick, remember your promise."

"It must be done, Adeline. You know what my own motives were in wishing to remain silent yet a few weeks. But to have you looked upon as his destined wife—subjected to wear his presents—compelled to appear in a false position—this shall not be. Neither did I know the marriage was being hastened on."

"He goes to-morrow morning, and all immediate danger will be over," she urged. "Do not yet speak words that may lead to our separation. Let us have another week or two for consideration, and of happiness."

"I cannot imagine why you indulge these gloomy anticipations," he rejoined; "why think that my speaking to M. de Castella will be the knell of our hopes. Believe me, Adeline, the St. Johns are not accustomed to find their overtures for an alliance despised: they have mated with the noblest in their own land."

"Oh, Frederick! it is not that—you know it is not. But—hark!" she suddenly said, "there are footsteps! If it should be papa!—or De la Chasse!"

"And what if it be?" he returned, drawing her hand within his arm, and raising himself to his haughty height: "I will explain all now; and tell them you are doing no wrong or harm in being here, for that you are my affianced wife."

But the footsteps, whoever they were, passed off in an opposite direction, and St. John threw his arm round her waist, and they strolled on, talking till they came to the borders of the lake. It was nearly as light as day, warm and beautiful. White, fleecy clouds floated around the moon, and Adeline, as she looked on the peaceful scene, became calmer.

"What made you so late?" she suddenly asked.

"I have been to Odesque," and, as he answered, he drew from his pocket a small paper, which Adeline soon saw contained a plain gold ring. He took her hand, and proceeded to place it on her finger, speaking solemn words:

"With this ring I will thee wed, with my body I thee worship, with all my worldly goods I will thee endow, until death us do part; and thus do I plight unto thee my troth."

She knew that the slightly-altered words were in the English Protestant marriage service, for she had heard Rose, and some of the other school-girls, repeat them over in their thoughtless pastime; and there was also a solemnity about Mr. St. John's manner which awed her feelings. The tears of deep emotion rose to her eyes, and her frame trembled: she could scarcely have felt more had she indeed been kneeling with him before the holy altar.

"Take care of it, Adeline," he whispered. "Let none remove it as I removed the other. It shall be your wedding-ring."

"It is not *his* ring?"

"His! Look here, Adeline."

He took the other ring from his pocket, as he spoke. It was cut in two parts, and he threw them into the lake.

"There goes his ring, Adeline. May his pretensions go with it."

"It is for this you have been to Odesque!"

"It is. Now they cannot question you; and they may think it his, if they will. The time will soon come when they will be undeceived."

They turned towards the house, neither caring that Adeline's absence should be prolonged so as to be noticed. She continued to give utterance to her suspense and fears.

"If mamma could but be stopped from ordering the trousseau! But I dare not hint so to her."

"Where is the necessity of any hint?" he asked, significantly.

She looked up at him, and caught the fond smile, full of meaning, on his face, apparent in the moonlight.

"The things ordered and intended for Madame De la Chasse—will they not do equally well for Mrs. Frederick St. John?"

"Oh—but—" she hesitated, her downcast face wearing a higher colour, "it is so early—nothing will be wanted yet."

"Indeed they will. Do you think, my darling," he added, laughingly, "they would let me take you to the South, without our first being married!"

"I am not going to the South," she quickly said.

"Yes, Adeline. I mean to make it our wedding tour, and winter there."

"I am quite well now," she repeated. "I need not go to the South at all."

"The medical men pronounced it necessary for your health, your parents also consider it to be essential: do you think, my love, I should be less careful of you than they? And even if it be a superfluous precaution, you would not be dismayed at the prospect of passing a whole winter with me alone."

Dismayed! To the uttermost parts of the earth with him, and for a whole life. Father—mother—country—home—what were they all now, in comparison with him?

As they emerged to the open lawn, a dark figure crossed their path, and Adeline shrank at being seen thus alone with Mr. St. John: It was Father Marc, the officiating priest of the little neighbouring chapel, and the family confessor. He merely said "Bon soir, mon enfant," and took off his hat to Mr. St. John. The latter coolly raised his own: the priest was no favourite of his.

Adeline glided onwards to a side door, that she might gain her chamber, and see what she could do towards removing the traces of emotion from her face; whilst Mr. St. John strode round to the front entrance, and rang such a peal upon the tinkling old bell that it brought all the servants to the door, on the run.

And, as Adeline stood that night by his side in the brilliant ball-room, and watched the admiration his gifts of person and mind excited, and saw the cordial regard in which her father held him, and remembered his high lineage and connexions, and the fortune and position that must eventually be his, she almost felt as if overtures for her from such a man could never be declined. We shall see.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

RUSSIA reckons three historical dynasties—the first commencing with Rurik, a prince of Scandinavian origin; the second, that of the Grand-Princess of Wolodomir, commencing in 1157 with Andrew Yourewitch, who was assassinated in his palace; the third, that of the House of Romanoff, commencing in 1613 with Michael, and numbering among its descendants Peter the Great, who organised against Europe that great destructive power, known as the Russian Empire, and reformed his country with a hatchet in his hand instead of a sceptre. He was the Baal of the seventeenth century.

Nicholas I. was the ninth of ten children of Paul I.—who was strangled in his own scarf on the night of the 23rd of March, 1801—by his second marriage with Maria Feodorowna, of Wurtemberg, and was born on the 25th of June (old style), 1796, at Gatschina, near St. Petersburg. No demonstrations of joy, beyond those of an official character, were made at his birth. Why should it have been otherwise? The empire had been already divided, by Catherine II., between his two elder brothers, Alexander and Constantine. Alexander was destined by her to be the Czar of Russia; Constantine, Emperor of Greece; and with these views she had provided for the education of the two grand-dukes. On Nicholas she had no such boon to confer, nor was she enabled to form any plan regarding his future, he being but four months old when she died.

The boy Nicholas was not five years of age when the night palace murder made him an orphan. His brother Alexander was enthroned, and took the oath at the hands of his father's assassins, having been privy to the murder, and having been in the room immediately below at the time it was perpetrated. The empress, his mother, a woman of intelligence, superintended the education of Nicholas, which she committed to General de Lambsdorff, who was assisted, amongst others, by the Countess de Lieven, the philologist Adelung, the councillor Stork, and Dupuget of Lausanne. Nicholas showed no inclination for deep study; his tastes seemed to be for military life and modern languages, and especially for music, in which he was early so skilful as to be able to compose several parade marches.

When the French invasion took place, Nicholas was too young to take part in the noble defence which Russia made, or to join in those great military operations which ultimately led to the overthrow of Napoleon and the occupation of his capital. The year 1814 giving peace to the Continent, Nicholas availed himself of the free egress opened to set out on a tour to the chief courts of Europe; that of St. James's amongst others. In July, 1817, he

married Maria Charlotte, or Charlotte Louisa, the eldest daughter of Frederick William of Prussia, and sister of the present king. The royal bridegroom was hardly twenty-one, the bride some years younger. In accordance with the law of Russia, she had previously adopted the Greek religion, and with it the names of Alexandra Feodorowna. There was a strong resemblance between the youthful pair in personal appearance as well as in mind and in character. The issue of this marriage are—1st, Alexander, born on the 29th of April, 1818; 2nd, Maria, the widowed Duchess of Leuchtenberg; 3rd, Olga, Princess of Wurtemberg; 4th, Constantine, born on the 21st of September, 1827; 5th, Nicholas, born on the 8th of August, 1831; and 6th, and lastly, Michael, born on the 25th of October, 1832.

A few moments before dying at Taganrog, the Emperor Alexander raised himself upon his bed and designated Nicholas Paulowitch as his successor to the throne. The Grand-Duke Constantine had previously renounced in his favour, from motives upon which history throws no sufficient light. Nicholas is accused of a two-fold degree of dissimulation upon this occasion: in the first place, in assuming ignorance of the deed of resignation; and the second, in affecting unwillingness to avail himself of it.

The accession to the throne was, however, by no means a proceeding unfraught with trouble and danger. A vast conspiracy, composed of two classes—the dreamers of a republic, and the old Russian party, the supporters of Constantine—had existed for some time. It now broke into open rebellion. The soldiers shouted alternately, “Hurrah, Constantine! Hurrah, *Constitutia!*” The latter, according to the author of “*Revelations of Russia*,” they believed to be the name of Constantine’s wife! The insurrection was not stayed without sacrifice of life. After a plentiful use of grape-shot, when the Neva had received the dead, and the living had been handed over to the executioner, Nicholas confronted personally a few veterans who still held together on Isaac-place, and, in a firm, martial tone, bade them return to their ranks, obey, and down upon their knees! “How sad a commencement of my reign,” he is said to have observed, with much emotion, on his return to his palace; but five scaffolds were erected on the esplanade of the fortress of St. Petersburg, thirty-six nobles were executed, and eighty-five sent to Siberia, before the emperor considered himself firmly seated on his throne.

The only other conspiracy that broke out under Nicholas’s reign was that of the military colonies of the south. The leader of this conspiracy was Colonel Paul Pestel; he was seconded by the brothers Mouravief, and acted in concert with the malcontents of Poland. Luckily for Nicholas, the plot was betrayed, and the soldiers, further finding that the views of the conspirators did not accord with theirs, the whole thing miscarried. This time Nicho-

las, who had shown himself pitiless in 1825, spared most of those who were compromised, excepting the ringleaders.

Only a few months had passed after the conspiracy, when the Empress-Dowager Elizabeth was laid in the tomb at St. Petersburg, by the side of him whom she had so faithfully loved. Her death delayed the coronation of Nicholas, which was not celebrated until the 3rd of September, 1826. The Grand-Duke Constantine, believing the coronation to have been fixed for the 15th, had arrived from Warsaw the day before, without having apprised his brother of his intention. An aide-de-camp hastened to announce him to the Czar. Nicholas, who was employed in dressing, and thought that the visitor was his brother Michael, the grand-duke would have excused himself for a few minutes; but the aide-de-camp seemed embarrassed. Nicholas looked inquiringly at him, and the officer answered to the look "The Czarowitch." The emperor ran, with a joyful exclamation, to meet his brother; Constantine seized his hand and kissed it, with a low bow; but Nicholas, embracing him warmly, made the deepest protestations of respect and gratitude. Schnitzler, from whom the above is somewhat abbreviated, describes the coronation, with its magnificent attendant pageantry, at full length.

The genius of peace certainly did not seem to smile on Nicholas. Hardly had the excitement subsided which was caused by the two-fold conspiracies, when, by an imperial manifesto, war was declared against Persia, in consequence of the invasion of the so-called province of Elizabetopol by Abbas Mirza, heir to the Persian crown. After a campaign of eighteen months a treaty was signed, on the 22nd of February, 1828, by which the Khanat of Erivan was ceded to Russia, besides an indemnity of 20,000,000 roubles. General Paskiewitch, who had the merit of obtaining an issue so advantageous to his country, was rewarded with the title of D'Erivan, or, as it is expressed in Russia, Erivanski; and, after the second conquest of Poland, the same officer was made Prince of Warsaw and Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Poland.

The Greek insurrection, to which the policy of Alexander had secretly contributed, served to extend the influence of Russia in the East; and in 1828 war was declared between the young emperor and the Sublime Porte, in consequence, as Nicholas asserted, of the Sultan having occasioned insurrection among the Circassian tribes, interrupted peace with Servia, and encouraged the outbreak of Persia. Great was the amazement and horror of the Turks when, in 1829, a Russian army, under General Diebitch, effected the passage of the Balkan—the Hæmus of ancient Greece—and appeared before the walls of Adrianople. The Osmanlis were completely humbled, and a temporary peace was purchased at an ignoble price. The Czar's protection of Greece and of the Greek subjects of the Porte was admitted; the authority of

Nicholas in Wallachia and Moldavia recognised; and the Dardanelles were thrown open. At the same time the prostrate Turks were to pay an indemnification of 12,000,000 of Dutch ducats, and all the Turkish fortresses on the left side of the Danube were to be razed to the ground.

The revolution in France, in 1830, imparted for the time a more wary policy to the Russian autocrat. He was led by that signal lesson to despots to moderate his career of ambition and aggrandisement. Nicholas even wrote a civil letter to Louis Philippe, in answer to one in which the King of the Barricades announced his accession to the throne. But he in reality meditated mischief. The seizure of state papers at Warsaw, in the portfolio of the Grand-Duke Constantine, and a letter to the Czar from Lubecki, the minister of finance, produced before the French "Chambre" on the 22nd of March, 1831, by La Fayette, show that a war with France was premeditated, if not resolved upon.

But if so, the revolution that broke out in Poland, as a sequence of that in France, diverted the emperor's attention to difficulties nearer home. England and France preserved a very impolitic neutrality, whilst Austria and Prussia aided the Czar in crushing the insurgent patriots, and destroying a reviving nationality. After an heroic resistance Poland was reconquered, the Russians entered Warsaw, and an iron despotism was substituted for the semblance of constitutional government which had been previously permitted to exist. A citadel was built on the heights above Warsaw; and when, in 1835, the citizens went out to compliment the Czar, pointing to the citadel, he exclaimed, "You see that fortress; if you stir, I will order your whole city to be destroyed: I will not leave one stone upon another; and when it is destroyed it will not be rebuilt by me."

"The Russian government resolved on making examples of those who had been foremost in this insurrection: the population of Warsaw was invited to witness the exhibition of justice, the whole of the Russian garrison being put under arms, and the artillerymen, with lighted matches, standing beside their pieces, which were pointed on the crowd to prevent a rescue. The citizens poured out by thousands, the mournful silence of the multitude contrasting strongly with the merry tunes played in defiance of popular feeling by the Russian military band as the prisoners were brought forth to die; when they appeared on the scaffold, the vast and sympathising crowd fell on their knees with one accord, and offered up a prayer for the victims about to suffer!

"A Polish lady had through peculiar interest been permitted to have an interview with her son, who had been imprisoned on suspicion; she was led to his cell, and admitted to speak with him only in the presence of witnesses, and on condition of remaining blindfolded. 'Oh! my child,' said she, mournfully, 'how hard it

is that I cannot see you!' 'It is well you cannot, mother,' replied the prisoner, in a voice so altered by suffering as to be scarcely recognisable, 'for you would not know your son!' He dared say no more, and the unhappy parent was led out; her imagination harrowed by the cruelties she concluded to have been practised on her child.*

The annihilation of Polish nationality and the destruction of Polish freedom had scarcely been achieved, when, as if in vindication of an outraged justice, the cholera appeared in St. Petersburg (1831-32), and that as a most fearful plague and scourge. In few places was it more fatal, and nowhere was it the cause of so much superstitious and barbarous feeling. Never, since the middle ages, was a great and civilised city so near the point of utter destruction. The whole population had assembled in the vast square of the Sennaia, bent upon the extermination of Germans, Poles, Jews, and all strangers alike. The emperor, according to some versions of the tale, was as irresolute as on the occasion of the sanguinary insurrection which heralded his advent to the throne. But at length he was induced to go forth in his drosky; and being driven into the presence of the crowd, he had recourse to the same resource as on previous occasions: "Down upon your knees!" he cried out, with a loud, commanding voice, "and ask pardon of God; for it is He who strikes you and punishes you." The people, who confound the Divinity and the Czar in one and the same image, went down upon their knees, as they were bade to do, and wept tears of repentance. And, under the circumstances, it was the best thing they could do.

The advance of the Syro-Egyptian army, under Ibrahim, to Koniah, in 1832, gave to Russia an excuse for establishing an army on the Bosphorus, and forcing new concessions from the tottering Porte. From that period—the epoch of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—the under current of Russian intervention in the affairs of Turkey has been incessant, and can be traced till it reached, in 1853, that point which has brought about the arming of the West to support the crumbling empire of the Osmanlis.

In 1840, a new excuse for a second occupation by the Russians, and further concessions to the autocrat, upon the renewed war with Ibrahim Pasha and the defeat of the Turkish army at Nizib, was averted in the most sagacious and timely manner by Lords Palmerston and Ponsonby taking the expulsion of the Egyptians from Syria and the restoration of the provinces to the Sultan, in their own hands. The move nearly entailed a war with France, owing to the narrow-minded policy of Thiers, who would have

* Russia and her Czars. By E. J. Brabazon. Robert Theobald. A well-timed little book, from which as much information can be obtained regarding the history of Russia in an hour or two's reading, as from more ponderous tomes in as many days.

sacrificed Turkey to the Czar rather than that the Egyptians should have lost Syria. The practical wisdom of Louis Philippe and of his able adviser, Guizot, led to the adoption of a better policy, and the fruits thereof are now seen in France and England fighting side by side in defence of the Sultan.

Upon the occurrence of that political earthquake in 1848 which shook half the thrones of Continental Europe, the Emperor Nicholas alone seemed quite prepared to meet the shock; or, rather, he had reduced his subjects to such a state of utter mental prostration, that the rebound could not reach his dominions. Although he did not refuse his assistance to the Emperor of Austria when it was required, still he was prudent enough to seek no pretext for interference in the affairs of other states, nor did he take any unfair advantage of the weakness and confusion into which other countries were thrown. The conduct of the Emperor Nicholas during those eventful and perilous years, from 1848 to 1851, raised him higher in the estimation of many persons than he had ever stood before; and led to his being well received in this country during the short time that he came to feel his way in a partition of the Turkish Empire. He was, indeed, at that time one of the wisest, as well as one of the most powerful, sovereigns of Europe; and those even who detested his despotic government could not deny his sagacity.

"Nicholas," says the Marquis de Custine, in his work, "*Russia in 1839*"—"Nicholas forgets his majesty only in domestic life, where he is reminded that man has his happiness independent of state duties." His domestic habits were simple, and exhibited, as in his pertinacity in sleeping on straw, certain remnants of the barbarism of the Vladimirs and Ivans, and of his own ancestors, Mikhail Romanoff and Peter the Great.

"He rises early," writes Mr. Brabazon, "and goes soon to the business of the day, having taken a short walk. The most scrupulous order reigns in his study, the walls of which are adorned with pictures of regimental costumes; the furniture is elegant, nowhere exhibiting a trace of useless ornaments. The dinner meal usually takes but little time, for it is served quickly, and the dishes are comparatively few; the Czar eats heartily, but is very moderate in his drink; he neither smokes nor takes snuff; in the evening he has two or three cups of strong tea, and spends the interval till bedtime at some favourite game. He shows kindness and affection to the Empress; when her delicate health confines her to her apartment he frequently visits her there, and during the burning of the winter palace in 1836, on hearing from Count Orloff that the fire was about to reach the imperial private cabinet, he promptly directed that his *portfolio* should be saved: it was the only possession there about which he gave any order. 'Save only my portfolio,' said he; 'it contains the letters of the Empress, which she wrote me during our engagement.'"

There was no doubt, however, that even in his family circle the despotic manners and "corporalism," or military precision, of the emperor, interfered with that ease which is necessary to the happiness of domestic life. Dress, occupations, and visits, were regulated in the imperial palace as absolutely as in the order of the day of a well-disciplined garrison.

The Duke de Leuchtenberg was several times placed under arrest for not having buttoned his coat according to rule.

"A dark and irritating disquietude," says Morell, in his "*Russia as It Is*," "made Nicholas desire to be always moving about from place to place. He travelled quickly and often; rest was tiresome to him; reflection oppressive; and thought would drive him mad."

"In his court, the conduct of Nicholas is still more despotic than in his family. A curious instance of his expectation, that even nature herself must bend to his will, occurred one day whilst he was walking through the botanic gardens with Professor Ledebuhr. 'All these flower-pots, professor,' said he, 'ought to be the same:' meaning that the plants should range like soldiers on parade. 'How could that be,' inquired the professor, 'unless the plants were cut down?' 'Well, then, let them be cut down,' replied the imperious Czar.

"It is, however, but fair to allow that Nicholas does occasionally relax from his habitual rigidness, as was experienced by a giddy young officer, whose disregard of his royal master's well-known antipathy to foreign tastes and manners, might have ended more seriously.

"It is customary in all the regiments of the Guards to entrust the purchase of the horses to young men of fortune, as an economical plan. These officers have a year's leave of absence granted them, and usually at the expiration of that term are promoted; but they are expected not to bring back any animals which are worth less than double the regimental price. This onerous charge had been accomplished by a certain youth, named Yakovloff, satisfactorily to his colonel, but yet he was not promoted. He left the service, but was refused permission to travel. Obligated to stop, in idleness, at home, he consoled himself by going the full length of Anglo and Gallo-mania; and whilst one day sauntering about in the Neffsky-Prospect (the St. James's-street of St. Petersburg), the imperial carriage drove past, and abruptly stopping short, the Emperor leaned out, and beckoned the dandy to approach him. Yakovloff bethought him of his dress! On his head was a little peaked hat, like a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief, with a giant bow, was tied around his neck; a cloak, so short as to seem but a cape, was thrown over his shoulders; he wore a beard *à la Henri Quatre*; he had an enormous cudgel in his hand; a glass, stuck in the corner of his eye; and a bull-dog following at his heels.

"'Pray,' said Nicholas, eyeing him with humorous curiosity,

‘in the name of all the saints, who are you, and where do you come from?’

“ ‘May it please your Majesty, I have the honour to be your Majesty’s faithful subject, Save-Saveitch Yakovloff.’

“ ‘Indeed!’ replied the Emperor, with much gravity, ‘we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save-Saveitch; oblige us by just stepping up, and taking a seat beside us.’

“Yakovloff slyly dropped the cudgel, and not without some misgivings, took his seat.

“ ‘But stop,’ said the Emperor, when they had driven on a little way, ‘where is your stick, Save-Saveitch?’

“ ‘Never mind the stick, your Majesty!’

“ ‘But I do mind it, Save-Saveitch Yakovloff!’

“The carriage was turned back, the cudgel picked up, and orders given to drive on straight to the winter palace. When there, the Emperor alighted, and made a signal to his alarmed fellow-traveller to follow.

“ ‘Oh! Save-Saveitch,’ said he, sarcastically, ‘pray don’t take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are, hat, stick, cloak, and all!’

“The Emperor led the way to the apartments of the Empress. ‘Pray, my dear,’ he inquired of her, ‘do you know this animal?’

“ ‘No,’ replied the Empress, unable to repress a laugh at the strange figure before her.

“ ‘Then allow me to inform you that this is our faithful subject, Save-Saveitch Yakovloff. What do you think of him?’ said Nicholas, turning him round; ‘is he not a pretty fellow?’

“The unfortunate Save-Saveitch, whose feelings may be imagined, after having afforded the royal couple much diversion, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion. But, before he departed, he received a salutary hint that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently.

“Among *the much*, which, but too well authenticated, gives an unfavourable impression of the Czar, it is pleasing to meet with redeeming incidents, like the following: A runaway horse, belonging to Count Adelberg, had been caught by the police, and thereby became legally forfeited. The animal being a particular favourite with the count, the latter hastened to entreat the Emperor to interfere in his favour, offering at the same time to substitute another from his stud, of at least equal value. ‘Take as many as you please from the imperial stables,’ replied Nicholas, ‘but do not—no, count—do not ask me to break the law!’

“Another incident has been related which is highly creditable to Nicholas. Passing, on a winter’s evening, by one of the guard-houses in St. Petersburg, he had curiosity to see what was going on in the interior. The officer on duty was seated near a table, tranquilly sleeping, but with helmet on, sword at his side, and

accoutrements irreproachable. The Emperor made a sign to the sentinel to let him enter, and, approaching the table, he perceived on it a paper, on which the following memorandum was written:

'State of my expenses and of my receipts.'

DEBT.	
Lodging, maintenance, fuel, &c.	2000 roubles.
Dress and pocket-money	2500
Debts	3000
Alimentary pension to my mother.....	500
Total.....	8000
CREDIT.	
Pay and other receipts	4000
Deficit.....	4000

'Who will pay this sum?' This question terminated the account, and the officer, unable to find any answer, had fallen asleep with the pen in his hand. The Emperor approached him, and having recognised one of the best-conducted amongst his Guards, took the pen gently and wrote beneath the appalling question the significant name of 'NICHOLAS;' he then quietly withdrew without awakening the officer, or having been seen by any other of the soldiers on guard. The surprise of the guardsman may be imagined, who, on awaking, found the Emperor's signature on the paper before him, and learned the mysterious visit with which he had been favoured. The next morning, to his further surprise and delight, he was presented, by an orderly, with a letter from Nicholas, in which he was admonished to choose for the future better time and place to sleep, but to continue, as in the past, to serve his Emperor, and to take care of his mother."

One evening, shortly after the revolution of February, an officer of the gendarmerie presented himself in the room of an inhabitant of St. Petersburg, who related this story to us himself,* and requested his attendance at the ministry of police. At the sight of the pale blue uniform, the relations and friends of Mr. X—— were struck with terror and apprehension. There was, however, no alternative but to obey and follow.

It was in vain that the family of Mr. X—— waited for him the livelong night; he never appeared, nor the next day, nor the day after, nor the following days. Six months of agonising suspense elapsed without a word of news having been received from him.

One day he reappeared, thin, livid, sickly-looking, his eyes sunk in his head. "No one would believe that it was me," Mr. X—— related, "so much was I changed. They asked me what had

* L'Empereur Nicolas. Par Edmond Texier.

become of me during six months' absence? This is the explanation I gave them:

"When I was taken from home, instead of being led to the minister's, I was shut up in a low, narrow room, where I remained in utter darkness. In the middle of the night they led me down a long staircase, and I was thrown, chained as I was, into one of those boxes in which we sometimes see prisoners of state conveyed from place to place. I could see nothing around me, only by a little trellice above, I guessed rather than saw a slight light as if produced by the reflexion of snow. The fatal carriage, carried along at full speed by two horses, travelled the whole night long.

"In the morning we stopped; a soldier bandaged my eyes and conducted me into a prison like the first enveloped in utter obscurity. The next night my journey recommenced, and so it continued upon the following nights. My gaolers never answered my questions. According to my calculation, we had been travelling for three months. There was no longer any doubt about it: I was on my way to Siberia.

"I felt for a moment the terrible anguish of a man who is about to leave his relations, his friends, and his country to perish day by day, hour by hour, in an icy sepulchre; but the grief was too much for me; after a short space of time my heart lost all sense of impressions, I ceased to suffer, I no longer lived, I was dead to all feeling.

"One day the vehicle and its box stopped earlier than usual. In the midst of the night I was aroused by people coming into my prison with torches in their hands. Among them I recognised the officer who had arrested me. I thought I had arrived at the end of my journey.

"The officer came towards me and told me to follow him.

" 'Where do you lead me to?'

" 'To your house,' he answered, with the greatest politeness.

"These words appeared to me like excruciating irony. I asked him if my home was in Siberia?

"He opened the windows and said:

" 'Look, sir.'

" 'We have returned to St. Petersburg!' I exclaimed, upon recognising the domes of my native city.

" 'We have never left it. Every night you was dragged over the same road to return to the same cell. It was not wished to exile you, but just to give you a hint.' "

Mr. X—— had friends who had interceded for him. It was from them that he afterwards learned the cause of the ingenious "hint" given to him by the police. The evening before his arrest, being at a mixed party, he had entered into details connected with the organisation of the secret societies of 1825, which he had gathered from the mouth of one who was concerned in them.

Here is another better known, but not less striking, example of

that close and terrific system of espionage by which Nicholas was enabled to face the storm of 1848 without a recoil:

"A lady, still living, was stepping out of her carriage, in her ball dress, when she was arrested; her destination was Siberia! When she arrived there, she was lodged in a hut, which contained two separate rooms, each leading to a court some feet square, surrounded by a wall, which admitted only the light from the sky. A sentinel stood always on guard without; her gaoler laid down her food without speaking. When she had been two years thus immured, the court door opened, and a second prisoner was thrust in. He was a noble-looking Pole, who had long inhabited a neighbouring cell, and whom they displaced to make room for another. In this chamber, or rather den, she remained twelve years with her unhappy companion. One morning her door was opened, a voice called her *number*, which was the usual mode of accosting her on the few occasions when she was spoken to. She went out,—the door was shut before she could take leave of her companion, she was led to a carriage which was in readiness, made again a pilgrimage of many months, and one night found herself at St. Petersburg, in the bureau of the grand-master of police. From a little closet was now taken the ball-dress, of which the functionaries had dismantled her on the night of her exile. The ornaments were gone, but except these, nothing was missing, not a ribbon, nor a flower. They even restored her withered bouquet, in which successive generations of spiders had lived and died. She was then set at liberty; she never learned the cause of her punishment or her pardon. When asked if she had not sought to enlighten herself on the subject, she replied, 'I have not been so long in Siberia without having learned discretion.' 'And what said they to your reappearance?' 'Nothing.'"

It would not be surprising if, whilst they are subject to such treatment, a constant apprehension of ill should appear in the very countenances of the Russians; and if the observation be correct of a certain shrewd Boniface of Lubeck, such is in reality the case.

The Marquis de Custine relates in his diary a conversation which he held, previously to embarking for St. Petersburg, with the landlord of his inn at Lubeck, who endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended journey.

"You have been in Russia?" said the marquis.

"No, sir; but I know the Russians; many pass through Lubeck, and I judge of their country by the physiognomy of its inhabitants."

"What do you find in the expression of their faces that should prevent you from visiting them at home?"

"Sir—they have two expressions of face. When they disembark to commence their travels in Europe, they appear gay, free, and contented; they are like birds escaped from their cages; men and women, old and young, are like schoolboys let out to

play. On their return, the same people show us long, anxious, melancholy faces; their mode of speaking has become short and snappish, and their brows are clouded by care. From this difference I have drawn the conclusion, that a country which there is so much joy in quitting and regret in returning to, must be a very bad one."

Nicholas died on the 2nd of March, 1855, after a reign of twenty-nine years, three months, and one day. According to a distinguished physician, Dr. Granville, his health has been shaken for the last five years. He had become irritable, passionate, fanciful, more than usually superstitious, capricious, hasty, precipitate, and obstinate withal—all from ill health, unskilfully treated; and of late deteriorating into a degree of cerebral excitement which, while it took from him the power of steady reasoning, impelled him to every extravagance—in the same manner as with his father in 1800; as with Alexander, in Poland, in 1820; as with Constantine, at Warsaw, in 1830; as with Michael at St. Petersburg, in 1848-9. Like them his nature felt the fatal transmission of hereditary insanity—like them he was also hurried irresistibly to his fate. The same period of life, between forty-five and sixty years of age, sees the career of this fated family cut short.

This remarkable man and ambitious monarch met, however, his death with the utmost calmness and resignation. A dynasty which holds sway over a seventh of the inhabitable globe, lives under the impression that it has a great mission to fulfil. If it does happen, in the ordinary course of things, that this great object cannot be attained during the life of one Czar, he leaves the task to his successor, in the full hopes that it may be brought about in his time. Hence it is that each new reigning monarch pledges himself under "Providence which has called him to that high mission" to consolidate Russia in the highest degree of power and glory, in order that the views and desires of Peter and Catherine may be accomplished. Hence it is, also, that each family has a prince with a Muscovite name to succeed to the throne of Russia, and a Constantine in abeyance for the empire of Greece. There have already been several Constantines, and there may even be more before the idea which consecrates the name shall have become a reality.

END OF VOL. CHIL.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.





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